R8c

A

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

MR. DIBDIN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE NEWEST AND MOST FAVOURITE

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Let there be Muſic, let the Maſter touch
The ſprightly String, and ſoftly breathing Flute.

——Ev'n Age itſelf is cheer'd with Muſic;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back paſt joys, and warms us into tranſport!

Rowe.

If to be merry's to be wiſe, to be wiſe is to be merry.

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Same as page 27.

DIBDIN's

SELECTED SONGS.

SONG—IN THE WEDDING RING.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
Cry'd
'My power you shall know,'
Then he levelled his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

BALLAD—IN THE DESERTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty slaughter:
For I'd have you to know
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau,
She always laid low;
And her portion, as I understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill,
That never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage:
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damſel of ſuch fame ſir,
That knights and ſquires ſought her;
But they ſoon were told
That ſome were too bold,
And ſome too cold,
And ſome too old;
And ſhe gave them to underſtand
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be ſold:
For ſays Betty, ſays ſhe,
Since my virtue to me
Is dearer than gold,
Let 'em go from whence they came ſir.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

But when the miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morrice-dancer,
His perſon quickly caught her;
For who ſo clean
Upon the green
As Ned was ſeen,
For her his queen:
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and ſing,
Like any thing:—
Says he, 'My life,
'Woot be my wife?'
A bluſh, and yes, was Betty's anſwer.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

TWO youths for my love are contending in vain;
For, do all they can,
Their ſuff'rings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
Which, which is the man
That deſerves me the moſt? Let me aſk of my heart;—
Is it Robin, who ſmirks, and who dreſſes ſo ſmart?
Or Tom, honeſt Tom, who makes plainneſs his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;

Yet ſurely papa and mamma are in fault;
To a different man
They, each, have adviſed me to yield up my heart,
Mamma praiſes Robin, who dreſſes ſo ſmart:
Papa honeſt Tom, who makes plainneſs his plan:
Which, which is the man?

Be kind then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth;
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wiſhes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin, who ſmirks, and who dreſſes ſo ſmart?
Or Tom, honeſt Tom, who makes plainneſs his plan?
Which, which is the man?

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friar's bridge uſed for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.
He look'd ſo neat, and row'd ſo ſteadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat ſo readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with ſo charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What ſights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out ſo nice, and ſo painted withal;
He was always firſt oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care.
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to ſee how ſtrangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damſel ſo lovely and charming,
That ſhe ſmil'd, and ſo ſtraitway in love he did fall.
And would this young damſel but baniſh his ſorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow,
And how ſhould this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare.

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

THEN farewel my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge farewel;
Never more at Chelſea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell.

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where expoſed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then, may-hap, when homeward ſteering,
With the news my meſſmates come,
Even you, the ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry poor Tom!

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

INDEED, Miſs, ſuch ſweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few,
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priſcilla, and Sue,
But inſtead of all theſe were there twenty,
I never ſhould think but of you.

Falſe hearts all your money may ſquander,
And only have pleaſure in view,
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unleſs to get money for you.

The tide, when 'tis ebbing and flowing,
Is not to the moon half ſo true,
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart is to you.

BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

'TWAS in a village, near Caſtlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell;
And for a time no two ſo merry.
Their happineſs no tongue can tell,

But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much ſtrife,
For going to a neighb'ring alehouſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her ſo vilely,
What did this wife, good creature do?
Kept ſnug, and found a method ſlily
To wring his heart quite through and through:

For Dick the tapſter and his maſter,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this diſaſter,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was ſold,
She ſeem'd to approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold.

So when the cobler's cares were over,
He ſwore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other than his wife.

BALLAD—IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE world's a ſtrange world, child, it muſt be confeſt,
We all of diſtreſs have our ſhare;
But ſince I muſt ſtruggle to live with the reſt,
By my troth 'tis no great matter where.
We all muſt put up with what fortune has ſent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So there is but a portion of eaſe and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and ſo there's an end;
If one honeſtly gets juſt enow,
And ſomething to ſpare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we buſy'd appear;
And I've ſaid it again and again,
Since quit it one muſt, if ones conſcience be clear,
By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

RONDEAU—IN THE SERAGLIO.

Blow high, blow low, let tempeſts tear,
The main maſt by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-ſtor'd,
Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes on ſhore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcud along,
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be
To think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong.
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their ſweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ſhip rolls through the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be
Blow high, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE little birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with anxious care,
How free their pleaſures they purſue,
How void of every care.
But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
Some conſtant to their loves:
Are chatt'ring ſparrows half ſo ſweet
As tender cooing doves?

Birds have their pride, like human kind,
Some on their notes preſume,

Some on their form, and ſome you'll find
Fond of a gaudy plume.
Some love a hundred; ſome you'll meet
Still conſtant to their loves;
Are chatt'ring ſparrows half ſo ſweet
As tender, cooing doves?

SONG—IN POOR VULCAN.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But an humble village dame,
Coarſe and homely trappings fold me,
And Miſtreſs Maudlin is my name.

Yet here no leſs is paid that duty
Ever due to Venus's worth,
Not more inſenſible of beauty
Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

THAT nature's every where the ſame,
Each paſſing day diſcovers;
For that in me
Some charms they ſee,
Behold me, though a country dame,
Leading a crowd of lovers.

My ſporting ſquire to keep at bay
The courſe I'll double over,
Whilſt he, intent
On a wrong ſcent,
Shall always find me ſtole away
When he cries 'Hark to cover.'

With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier
May think to ſtorm and bluſter,
And ſwear by Mars,
My eyes are ſtars,
That light to love:—he'll ſoon find here
Such ſtuff will ne'er paſs muſter.

Thus will I ſerve thoſe I diſtruſt,
Firſt laugh at, then refuſe 'em;

But, ah! not ſo
My ſhepherd Joe?
He like Adonis look'd, when firſt
I preſs'd him to my boſom.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd to my groom;
And, my head heavy ſtill, from the fumes of laſt night,
Took a bumper of brandy to ſet all things right;
And now were well ſaddled Fleet, Dapple, and Gray,
Who ſeem'd longing to hear the glad ſound hark away.

Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupled his hounds,
Whoſe extacy nothing could keep within bounds;
Firſt forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better ſtaunch harriers ne'er ſtarted hare;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one,
Who, while we were jogging on blithſome and gay,
Sung a ſong, and the chorus was—Hark, hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every buſh beat,
And no ſigns of madam, nor trace of her feet;
Nay, we juſt had began our hard fortunes to curſe,
When all of a ſudden out ſtarts miſtreſs Puſs;
Men, horſes, and dogs all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

The chaſe was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd, to the horns my boys, hark, hark away.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

COME all ye gem'men volunteers,
Of glory who would ſhare,

And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum head repair;
Or to the noble ſerjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay,
You'll enter into preſent pay,
My lads the bargain ſtrike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Beſides the Lord knows what renown,
His majeſty the donor,
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on the bed of honor.

Does any 'prentice work too hard,
Fine cloaths would any wear,
Would any one his wife diſcard,
To the drum head repair.
Or to the, &c.

Is your eſtate put out to nurſe,
Are you a caſt-off heir,
Have you no money in your purſe,
To the drum head repair.
Or to the, &c.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

COME, every man now give his toaſt,
Fill up the glaſs, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the miſtreſs I love moſt,
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Well ſaid my lad, ne'er let it ſtand,
I give my Chloe, nymph divine,
My love and wine go hand in hand;—
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Fill up your glaſſes to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline,
Twas Hebe taught me firſt to drink;—
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

Gem'men I give my wife, d'ye ſee;
May all to make her bleſt combine,
So ſhe be far enough from me;—
This is my toaſt, now give me thine;

Let conſtant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches ſigh and pine,
For me the firſt kind girl I meet
Shall be my toaſt—now give me thine.

You toaſt your wife, and you your laſs,
My boys, and welcome; here's the wine,
For my part, he who fills my glaſs
Shall be my toaſt—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toaſt away,
I have ſtill one with yours to join;
That we may have enough to pay:
This is my toaſt—now give me thine.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

MADAM, you know my trade is war,
And what ſhould I deny it for?
Whene'er the trumpet ſounds from far,
I long to hack and hew;
Yet madam credit what I ſay,
Were I this moment call'd away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

Did drums and ſprightly trumpets ſound,
Did Death and Carnage ſtalk around,
Did dying horſes bite the ground,
Had we no hope in view;
Were the whole army loſt in ſmoke,
Were they the laſt words that I ſpoke,
I'd ſay, and dam'me if I joke,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did e'en the braveſt face appear
Impreſs'd with ſigns of mortal fear,
Though never veteran knew
So terrible and hot a fight,
Though all my laurels it ſhould blight,
Though I ſhould looſe ſo fine a ſight,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

DUET.

JOE.

WHEN Serjeant Belſwagger, that maſculine brute,
One day had been drinking, to ſwear a recruit,
He kiſs'd you, I ſaw him, or elſe may I die,
And you cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cry'd O fie!

Again, when the ſquire had come home from the chaſe,
You receiv'd him, O Gods, with a ſmile on your face,
Henceforth, then, my ſheep harum ſkarum may run,
For Maudlin is faithleſs, and I am undone.

MAUDLIN.

Ah, Joe! you're a good one; one day in my place—
My huſband at home—I was forced to ſend Grace:
I know for a truth, which you cannot gainſay,
You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.

Nay, ſwore you'd be hers—and, what is worſe yet,
That you only lov'd me juſt for what you could get;
As for charms then I ne'er will believe I have one,
For Joey is faithleſs, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know then the truth on't? I touz'd her I own,
Though I rather by half would have left it alone;
But I did it to ſee if you jealous would prove,
For that, people ſay, is a ſure ſign of love.

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the ſquire ſaid ſoft things in my ear,
I ſuffer'd it, thinking he'd call for ſtrong beer;
And as to the ſerjeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kiſs'd, than be teaz'd—by a fool.

BALLAD—IN THE QUAKER.

I LOCK'D up all my treaſure,
I journied many a mile,
And by my grief did meaſure
The paſſing time the while.

My buſineſs done and over,
I haſten'd back back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

But this delight was ſtifled,
As it began to dawn:
I found the caſket rifled,
And all my treaſure gone.

SONG—IN THE QUAKER.

WOMEN are Will o' th' Wiſps 'tis plain,
The cloſer they ſeem, ſtill the more they retire;
They teaze you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of ſhelter,
Ding dong, helter ſkelter,
Through water and fire;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may baniſh,
And you're near the poſſeſſion of what you deſire,
That inſtant they vaniſh,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By ſome they're not badly compared to the ſea,
Which is calm and tempeſtuous within the ſame hour,
Some ſay they are Sirens, but, take it from me,
They're a ſweet race of angels o'er man that has pow'r,
His perſon, his heart, nay his reaſon to ſeize,
And lead the poor devil wherever they pleaſe.

BALLAD—IN THE QUAKER.

A Kernel from an apple's core
One day on either cheek I wore,
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge beſpeak;

Hodge in an inſtant dropt to ground,
Sure token that his love's unſound,
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is conſtant love.

Laſt May I ſought to find a ſnail,
That might my lover's name reveal,
Which finding, home I quickly ſped
And on the hearth the embers ſpread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I ſaw it mark a curious L:
O may this omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for love.

RONDEAU—IN THE QUAKER.

While the lads of the village ſhall merrily ah,
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I ſay unto thee, that merrily ah,
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.

Juſt then, when the youth who laſt year won the dow'r,
And his mate ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from each bow'r,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one,
While the lads, &c.

Thoſe joys that are harmleſs what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth ſhould be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the ſame,
Believe thou ſhalt preſently ſee,
While the lads, &c.

BALLAD—IN ROSE AND COLIN.

I loſt my poor mother
When only a child,
And I fear'd ſuch another,
So gentle and mild,
Was not to be found:

But I ſaw my miſtake,
For ſcarce was ſhe gone,
But I prov'd I had mother and father in one:
And though at this minute he makes my heart ach,
There's not ſuch another ſearch all the world round.

I'd reach'd my teens fairly,
As blithe as a bee,
His care, late and early,
Being all to pleaſe me:
No one thing above ground
Was too good for his Roſe;
At wake, or at fair,
I was dreſt out ſo gaily, lord, people would ſtare,
And I ſay it again, though he's peeviſh, God knows,
There's not ſuch another, ſearch all the world round.

But love, who, they tell us,
Does many ſtrange things,
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad—even kings
They ſay he can wound.
This love is the ſore:—
Since Colin came here,
This father ſo kind is a father ſevere;
Yet ſtill will I ſay, though he ſcolds more and more,
There's not ſuch another, ſearch all the world round.

BALLAD—IN ROSE AND COLIN.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work;
Theſe little bobbins to and fro,
How oft I've ſeen her fingers jerk,
Her pretty fingers, white as ſnow.
Each object to me is ſo dear,
My heart at ſight on't throbbings goes;
'Twas here ſhe ſat her down, and here
She told me ſhe was Colin's Roſe.

This poeſy for her when ſhe's dreſs'd,
I've brought, alas! how happy I,
Could I be, like theſe flowers, careſs'd,
And, like them, on her boſom die.

The violet and pink I took,
And every pretty flower that blows;
The roſe too, but how mean twill look
When by the ſide of my ſweet Roſe.

BALLAD—IN ROSE AND COLIN.

There was a jolly ſhepherd lad,
And Colin was his name,
And all unknown to her old dad,
He ſometimes to ſee Peggy came—
The object of his flame.
One day of his abſence too ſecure,
Her father thunder'd at the door,
When, fearing of his frown,
Says ſhe, 'dear love the chimney climb;'
'I can't,' cries he, 'there is not time
'Beſides, I ſhould tumble down.'

What could they do, ta'en unawares?
They thought, and thought again;
In cloſets underneath the ſtairs
To hide himſelf 'twere all in vain,
He'd ſoon be found, 'twere plain:
'Get up the chimney, love yo muſt,'
Cry'd ſhe, 'or elſe the door he'll burſt,
'I would not for a crown;'
Young Colin ſeeing but this ſhift,
E'en mounted up—Peg lent a lift,
And cry'd, 'don't tumble down.'

With throbbing heart, now to the door,
Poor Peggy runs in haſte;
Thinking to trick her father ſure;
But haſte, the proverb ſays, makes waſte,
Which proverb's here well plac'd.
Her father ſcolded her his beſt,
Call'd names, and ſaid, among the reſt,
'Pray have you ſeen that clown?'
She ſcarce had time to anſwer no,
When all over black as a crow,
Poor Colin tumbled down.

BALLAD—IN ROSE AND COLIN.

EXCUSE me, pray ye do, dear neighbour,
But Roſe, you know, and I
Have oft partook one ſport or labour,
While you have pleas'd ſtood by.
And ſince from little children playing
You've kindly called me ſon,
I thought to Roſe I might be ſaying
'Good day,' and no harm done.

When you and father gravely counted,
One morning in the barn,
To how much in a day it mounted
That both of us could earn,
Since then you down the law were laying,
And calling me your ſon,
I thought to Roſe I might be ſaying
'Good day,' and no harm done.

BALLAD—IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

YOUNG, and void of art or guile,
From ill intention free,
If love I've cheriſh'd all this while,
It came in ſpight of me.

When you've to me, and I've to you,
Try'd who could kindeſt prove,
If that was love—what then to do
To fly from this ſame love?

When abſent from you I have mourn'd,
And thought each hour a ſcore;
When on a ſudden you returned,
I've thrill'd with joy all o'er;

They ſay 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Had made my heart thus move;
Alas what can a poor girl do,
To fly from this ſame love?

To every thing that you can aſk,
What ſhould I ſay but yes?

It is becauſe I like the taſk,
I freely grant each kiſs.
You're all to me—I'm all to you—
This truth our deaths would prove,
Were we to part :—What then to do
To fly from this ſame love ?

DUET—IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

BAILIFF.

THEY tell me you liſten to all that he ſays ;
That each hour of the day you are full of his praiſe ;
That you always together your flocks lead to graze :
Is this true damſel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Miſter Bailly.

BAILIFF.

They tell me alſo you are ſo void of grace
As to brag that dear form, and that dear pretty face,
That young dog ſhall be welcome to kiſs and embrace :
Is this true damſel ?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Miſter Bailly.

BAILIFF.

The neighbours all ſay, though I credit them not,
They have heard you declare that, content with your lot,
Any king you'd refuſe for that lout and a cot :
Is this true damſel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Miſter Bailly.

BAILIFF.

But one thing I vow frights me out of my life,
'Tis allow'd on all hands, that is, barring the ſtrife,
That you both live together juſt like man and wife :
Is this true damſel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Miſter Bailly.

DUET—IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft, in the ſame mead,
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's ſide we've ſat;

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true for thee this cot I roſe,
Where thou tak'ſt pleaſure to repoſe;
For which I found the greeneſt plat:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true when tired thou fain would'ſt reſt,
And thy dear lips to mine I've preſs'd,
Thy breath, ſo ſweet! I've wonder'd at:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

Ah, but 'tis true, when thou haſt ſlept,
Cloſer and cloſer have I crept;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

BALLAD—IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

A PLAGUE take all ſuch grumbling elves,
If they will rail, ſo be it;
Becauſe we're happier than themſelves,
They can't endure to ſee it.

For me, I never ſhall repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Annette ſhall be mine,
Though all the world forſake us.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not,
The hours ſhall paſs on gaily,
In ſpite of every ſnare and plot
Of that old doating Bailly.

No, never, Annette, thou'lt repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Lubin ſhall be thine,
Though all the world forſake us.

BALLAD—IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

MY Lord, and pleaſe you, he and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in every weather,
From little children, not this high,
In the ſame cottage liv'd together.

Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, let no one put upon her:
'No, that I won't,' ſays he, 'I ſwear;'
And he ne'er lies, and like your honour.

As I was ſaying, we grew up,
For all the world ſiſter and brother,
One never had nor bit nor ſup,
Unleſs it was partook by t'other:

And I am ſure, inſtead of me,
Were it a ducheſs, he had won her;
He is ſo good, and I've, d'ye ſee,
A tender heart, ank like your honour.

But, woe is ours, now comes the worſt,
To-day our ſorrows are beginning,
What I thought love—oh, I ſhall burſt—
That naſty Bailly ſays was ſinning.

With Lubin, who, of all the bliſs
I ever taſted is the donor,
I took delight to toy and kiſs,
Till I'm with child, and like your honour.

BALLAD—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BROTHER ſoldiers why caſt down?
Never, boys, be melancholy:

You ſay our lives are not our own,
But therefore ſhould we not be jolly?
This poor tenement, at beſt,
Depends on fickle chance: mean while,
Drink, laugh, and ſing; and, for the reſt,
We'll boldly brave each rude campaign;
Secure, if we return again,
Our pretty landlady ſhall ſmile.

Fortune his life and yours commands,
And this moment, ſhould it pleaſe her
To require it at your hands,
You can but die, and ſo did Cæſar.

Our ſpan, though long, were little worth,
Did we not time with joy beguile:
Laugh then the while you ſtay on earth,
And boldly brave, &c.

Life's a debt we all muſt pay,
'Tis ſo much pleaſure, which we borrow,
Nor need, if on a diſtant day
It is demanded, or to-morrow.

The bottle ſays we're tardy grown,
Do not the time and liquor ſpoil,
Laugh out the little life you own,
And boldly brave, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John, for her, would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the nobleſt don.
She's his queen,
He's her don;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean,
Is ſure to burſt the ſides of John,
Does ſhe, for grief, look thin and lean,
He inſtantly is pale and wan:
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John loves Jean.
And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glaſs of happy John;
And, heavens! how joyful was ſhe ſeen
When he was for a licenſe gone!
Joyful ſeen,
They'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the ſpouſe of John,
Sh no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.
No more queen,
No more don;
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleaſes Jean,
Is certain now to diſpleaſe John;
With ſcolding they're grown thin and lean,
With ſpleen and ſpite they're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John,

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wiſhes John;
He'll dancing on her grave be ſeen,
She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They'll gay be ſeen,
Dead and gone.
For John hates Jean,
And Jane hates John.

BALLAD—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN thou ſhalt ſee his boſom ſwelling,
When ſoft compaſſion's tear ſhall ſtart,
As my poor father's woes thou'rt telling,
Come back and claim my hand and heart.

The cauſe bleſt eloquence will lend thee;
Nay, haſte, and eaſe my ſoul's diſtreſs;
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy ſucceſs.

BALLAD—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

'TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines
Can boaſt no gem ſo bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby ſhines,
Her cheeks, that ſhame the bluſhing roſe,

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
Her boſom, white as Venus' dove,
That made her my affection's queen,
But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The roſy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And juſtly the fir'd lover charm:

But tranſient theſe—the charm for life,
Which reaſon ne'er ſhall diſapprove,
Which truly ſhall enſure a wife,
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

SONG—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

LET your courage boy be true t'ye,
Hard and painful is the ſoldier's duty;
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a ſtranger,
Each threat'ning danger,
That whiſtles through the duſky air;
Where thund'ring jar
Conflicting arms,
All the alarms,
And dreadful havock of the war.

Your duty done, and home returning,
With ſelf-commended ardour burning,
If this right pride
Foes ſhould deride,
And from your merit turn aſide,
Though than the war the conflict's more ſevere,
This is the trial you muſt learn to bear.

BALLAD—IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

WHILE up the ſhrouds the ſailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landſman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Caſts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountians high the waves that ſwell
The veſſel rudely bear,
Now ſinking in the hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainſt rocks and quickſands roar
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy ſhore,
Or burning near the line.
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While ſplinter'd maſts go by the board,
And ſhot ſing through the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

I SAIL'D in the good ſhip the Kitty,
With a ſmart blowing gale and rough ſea,
Left my Polly, the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea.

She blubber'd ſalt tears when we parted,
And cry'd now be conſtant to me;
I told her not to be down hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea.

And from that time, no worſe nor no better,
I've thought on juſt nothing but ſhe;
Nor could grog nor ſlip make me forget her,
She's my beſt bower anchor, Yo Yea.

When the wind whiſtled larboard and ſtarboard,
And the ſtorm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her ſhould be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I returned with no rhino from ſea,
Miſtreſs Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

BALLAD—IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

IF 'tis love to wiſh you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Becauſe at ſea you floating rove:
If of you to dream at night,
To languiſh when you're out of ſight,
If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To aſk of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove;
If void of falſhood and deceit,
I feel a pleaſure now we meet,
If this be loving—then I love.

To wiſh your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forſake,
Though low in poverty we ſtrove;
If, ſo that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all;
If this be loving—then I love.

BALDAD—IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

Yet though I've no fortune to offer,
I've ſomething to put on a par;
Come then, and accept of my proffer,
'Tis the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

Ne'er let ſuch a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleaſure a bar,
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kiſſes,
With the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

Beſides, I am none of your ninnies;
The next time I come from afar
I'll give you your lap full of guineas,
With the kind, honeſt heart of a tar.

Your lords, with ſuch fine baby faces,
That ſtrut in a garter and ſtar,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind, honeſt heart of a tar.

I've this here to ſay, now, and mind it,
If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are ſeeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

BALLAD—IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

Come here ye rich, come here ye great,
Come here ye grave, come here ye gay,
Behold our bleſt, though humble fate,
Who, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

The gay plum'd lady, with her ſtate,
Would ſhe in courts a moment ſtay.
Could ſhe but gueſs our happy fate,
Who, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

Nature we love, and art we hate,
And, blithe and cheerful as the day,
We ſing, and bleſs our humble fate,
And, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor ſays him nay,
But ſhares content, an humble fate,
And, while the ſun ſhines, they make hay.

The captain puts on board his freight,
And cuts through waves his dangerous way,
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow friſk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

Come then, and quit each glitt'ring bait,
Simplicity ſhall point the way

To us, who bleſs our humble fate,
And, while the ſun ſhines, make our hay.

BALLAD—IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

HOW kind and how good of his dear majeſty,
In the midſt of his matters ſo weighty,
To think of ſo lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your ſparks to come round me, in love with each charm,
Says I, I have nothing to ſay t'ye;
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll ſee,
And one that will never ſay nay t'ye;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long paſt your youth,
You'll have lovers in ſcores beg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

BALLAD—IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

PARENTS may fairly thank themſelves,
Should love our duty maſter,
Checking his power, the ſenſeleſs elves
But tie the knot the faſter.

To trick ſuch dotards, weak and vain,
Is duty and allegiance,
Whilſt love, and all his pleaſing train,
To fly were diſobedience.

As fickle fancy, or caprice,
Or headlong whim, adviſes,
Children, and all their future peace,
Become the ſacrifices:

Then trick theſe dotards, weak and vain,
'Tis duty and allegiance;
Whilſt love, and all his pleaſing train,
To fly were diſobedience.

SONG—IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

THIS life is like a troubled ſea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ſhip will neither ſtay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear;
All ſeamanſhip in vain we try,
We cannot keep her ſteadily,
But, juſt as fortune's wind may blow,
The veſſel's toſticated to and fro;
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleaſure ſtor'd,
No ſtorm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

BALLAD—IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

MY name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
And man and boy, upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying Vauxhall watch:
And as that time's a little ſhort,
With ſome ſmall folks that here reſort,
To be ſure I have not had ſome ſport,
Crying Vauxhall watch.
Oh of pretty wenches dreſt ſo tight,
And macaronies what a ſight,
Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night,
Crying Vauxhall watch.
The lover cries no ſoul will ſee,
You are deceived my love, cries ſhe,
Dare's that Iriſh taef there—meaning me—
Crying Vauxhall watch.
So they goes on with their amorous talk,
Till they gently ſteals to the dark walk,
While I ſteps aſide, no ſport to balk,
Crying Vauxhall watch.
Oh of pretty wenches, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WIVES' REVENGE.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue none was ever ſuch,
She led ſo pure, ſo chaſte a life,
Hodge ſaid 'twas vartue over much:
For ſays ſly old Hodge, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt d'ye ſee.

Curtis ſaid if men were rude
She'd ſcratch their eyes out, tear their hair;
Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wond'rous good,
However, let us nothing ſwear.
For ſays, &c.

One night ſhe dreamt a drunken fool
Be rude with her in ſpight would fain;
She makes no more, but, with joint ſtool,
Falls on her huſband might and main.
Still ſays, &c.

By that time ſhe had broke his noſe,
Hodge made ſhift to wake his wife;
Dear Hodge, ſaid ſhe, judge by theſe blows,
I prize my vartue as my life.
Still ſays, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell;
However I his project marr'd:
Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite ſo hard.
For ſays, &c.

At break of day Hodge croſs'd a ſtile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And ſaw, and curſt his ſtars the while,
Curtis and Numps in am'rous play.
Was'nt I right, ſays Hodge, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt d'ye ſee.

GLEE—IN THE WIVES' REVENGE.

YOUNG Paris was bleſt juſt as I am this hour,
When proud Juno offer'd him riches and power,
When ſtately Minerva of war talk'd and arms,
When Venus beam'd on him a ſmile full of charms.

Venus' charms gain'd the prize, what an idiot was he!
The apple of gold I'd have parted in three;
And, contenting them all by this witty device,
Given juno, and Pallas, and Venus a ſlice.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

WHEN jealous out of ſeaſon,
When deaf and blind to reaſon,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Nor why, nor wherefore knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

But when the fit is over,
And kindneſs from the lover
Does every doubt deſtroy,
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BY love and fortune guided,
I quit the buſy town;
With cot and ſheep provided,
And veſtments of a clown.

Thus have I barter'd riches
For a ſhepherd's little ſtock;
A crook to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock:
A faithful dog, my ſteps to guide,
A ſcrip and hautboy by my ſide,
And my horn, to give the alarm,
When wolves would harm
My flock.

Ah, ſay then, who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam;
But, if the chaſe ſhould tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.

Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

THE riſing ſun Lyſander found,
Shedding tears o'er Phillis' tomb,
Who ſwore he ne'er would leave the ground,
But paſs his life in that dear gloom.
Tearing his hair, the frantic youth
Cry'd, food and raiment I deny;
And with my life ſhall end my truth,
For love of Phillis will I die.

The radient god made half his tour,
The kine ſought ſhelter from his heat,
Which paſs'd within the cottage door,
Where poor Lyſander drank and eat.
His dinner finiſh'd, up he roſe,
Stalk'd, ſighing, ſilently and ſlow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chaſe his woe.

The ſun to Thetis made his way,
When, underneath a friendly ſhade,
A ſhepherd ſung in accents gay,
His paſſion for a gentle maid.
O lovers, what are all your cares!
Your ſighs! your ſufferings! tell me what!
To Daphne 'tis Lyſander ſwears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.

SONG—IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

MY tears—alas! I cannot ſpeak!
Muſt thank this goodneſs, ſure, divine!
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor to vent ſuch thoughts as mine.

The ſun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inſpire;
Whoſe kindly heat and piercing light,
We wonder at, and we admire.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

THE coy Paſtora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay;
Damon, who never fair purſu'd
But ſhe became an eaſy prey.
Yet, with this nymph, his ev'ry power
In vain he tries, no language moves;
Thus do we ſee the tender flower
Shrink from the ſun whoſe warmth it loves.

Piqued at the little angry puſs,
Cry'd he, ſhe ſets me all on fire!
Then plagues herſelf, and makes this fuſs,
Only to raiſe her value higher.
For, that ſhe loves me every hour,
Each moment ſome new inſtance proves:
Thus do we ſee the tender flower
Shrink from the ſun, whoſe warmth it loves.

How to reſolve then? what reſource?
By fair means ſhe will near come to;
What of a little gentle force?
Suppoſe I try what that will do?
I know ſhe'll tears in torrents pour;
I know her cries will pierce the groves:
Thus do we ſee the tender flower
Shrink from the ſun, whoſe warmth it loves.

RONDEAU—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

AH men! what ſilly things you are,
To woman thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but ſpreads her ſnare,
Or, at her timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, Pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
Or'e clover, graſs, or ſtubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Juſt as ſhe takes the trouble.
Ah men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of ſetting,
As well as ſhooting, and can train
The ſhyeſt man our net in.
Ah men, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BRIGHT gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every leſſer ſtar,
That darting each a downward ray,
Conſole us for the loſs of day,
Begone! e'en Venus, who ſo bright,
Reflects her viſions pure and white,
Quick diſappear, and quit the ſkies,
For lo! the moon begins to riſe!

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant ſuch artleſs tales of love,
The throſtle, gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his ſilver note,
The ſoaring lark, the whiſtling thruſh,
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, huſh,
Fly, vaniſh, diſappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to ſing.

BALLAD—IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

HERE ſleeps in peace, beneath this ruſtic vaſe,
The tendereſt lover a huſband could prove;
Of all this diſtreſs, alas! I am the cauſe,
So much I ador'd him, heaven envied my love.
The ſighs I reſpire ev'ry morn I ariſe,
The miſery I cheriſh, the grief, and the pain,
The thouſand of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the ſad comforts for me that remain.

When, his colours diſplay'd, honour call'd him to arms,
By tender perſuaſions I kept him away,
His glory forgetting for theſe fatal charms,
And to puniſh me he is deprived of the day.

Since when to his memory I've rais'd this ſad tomb,
Where to join him, alas! I ſhall ſhortly deſcend;
Where ſorrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come,
And where both my love and my crime ſhall have end.

BALLAD—IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

IN all your dealings take good care,
Inſtructed by the friendly ſquare,
To be true, upright, juſt, and fair,
And thou a fellow-craft ſhalt be:
The level ſo muſt poiſe thy mind,
That ſatisfaction thou ſhalt find,
When to another fortune's kind:—
And that's the drift of maſonry.

The compaſs t'other two compounds,
And ſays, though anger'd on juſt grounds,
Keep all your paſſions within bounds,
And thou a fellow craft ſhalt be.
Thus ſymbols of our order are
The compaſs, level, and the ſquare;
Which teach us to be juſt and fair:
And that's the drift of maſonry.

BALLAD—IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

THE Sun's a free-maſon, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn;
Then from labour at reſt,
At his lodge in the weſt,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glaſs on his way.
Thence ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To Dame Thetis' charms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.
So do we, our labour done,
Firſt the glaſs,
And then the laſs,
And then

Sweet ſlumbers give freſh force
To run our courſe,
Thus with the riſing ſun.

The courſe of the ſun all our myſteries defines:
First maſonry roſe in the eaſt,
Then, to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind;
Beſides, who'll deny but he well knows the ſigns?
The Grand Maſter he
Then of maſons ſhall be,
Nor ſhall ought the craft harm,
Till to ſhine and to warm
He has ceas'd.
Then like him, our labour done, &c.

BALLAD—IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

AT a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
This one told his ſtory, and that ſung his ſong,
And did what he could leſt the time ſhould ſeem long.
Apollo read verſes, the Graces wreath'd flowers,
The Muſes of harmony ſung forth the powers,
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and ſly Momus his jeſt;
Yet their mirth wanted ſomething to give it a zeſt.

Said Jove, our aſſembly to-day's pretty full,
Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull;
We have all the ingredients that mirth ſhould inſpire,
But ſome clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire,
I have it—in this I'll a mixture incloſe
Of all the delights whence good fellowſhip flows,
And we'll taſte of its produce, for mirth's bad at beſt
When there's any thing wanting to give it a zeſt.

So ſaying, ſo doing, he buried the ſhrine,
Which quickly ſprung up in the form of a vine,
The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit deepeſt blue,
Whence a juice flow'd that health, love, or youth might renew.
Its influence to feel, they came round it in ſwarms,
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank charms;
Momus ſwallow'd bon mots, Cupid love—ſo the reſt,
While Jove, ſpurning nectar, cry'd—This is the zeſt.

BALLAD—IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

HERE I was, my good maſters, my name's Teddy Clinch,
My cattle are ſound, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to White Chapel I well know the town,
And many's the time I've took up and ſet down:
In ſhort, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
A young youth who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

Oh the notions of life that I ſee from my box,
While faces of all kinds come about me in flocks;
The ſot whom I drive home to ſleep out the day,
The kind one who plies for a fare at the play;
Or, your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Weſtminſter Hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and ſea,
So I touch but my fair you know all's one to me;
The men of the gown, and the men of the ſword,
A ma'am, or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord;
To wherever you're going I well know the ſpot,
And, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

THE ladies' faces, now a-days,
Are various as their humours,
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumer's.

Hid as it were beneath a cloak,
The beauty's falſe that wins you,
Then parpon me, by way of joke,
If I prefer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your roſes and your lillies;
The more you rub, the more you may,
My Dingy dingy ſtill is.

Beſides, her hair is black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India;
Rail as you liſt then, I ſhall yet,
For joke's ſake love poor Dingy.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

DID fortune bid me chuſe a ſtate
From all that's rich, and all that's great,
From all that oſtentation brings,
The ſplendor, pride, and pomp of kings;
Theſe gifts, and more, did ſhe diſplay,
With health, that felt not life's decay,
I'd ſpurn with ſcorn the uſeleſs lot,
Were my Camilla's name forgot.

But did ſhe for my fate aſſign,
That I ſhould labour in a mine;
Or, with many wretches more,
In ſlavery chain me to an oar;
Or from the ſight of men exiled,
Send me to a Siberian wild,
For this and more would ſhe attone,
Were my Camilla all my own.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

WHEN Yanko dear ſight far away,
Some token kind me ſend;
One branch of olive, for dat ſay
Me wiſh de battle end.
The poplar tremble as him go,
Say of dy life take care,
Me ſend no laurel, for me know
Of that him find him ſhare.

De ivy ſay my heart be true,
Me droop ſay willow tree,
De torn he ſay me ſick for you,
De ſun-flower tink of me.
Till laſt me go, weep wid the pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead;
He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

SONG—IN THE ISLANDERS.

I'LL mount the cliffs, I'll watch the coaſt,
  Anxious ſome welcome tidings ſoon to bear,
Nor let your fortitude be loſt,
  Confiding ſtill in honeſt Yanko's care,
Though to my comrades I'm untrue,
  Honour ſhall infidelity applaud,
And call in charity to you,
  My broken faith to them a pious fraud.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

ORRA no talk, no ſay fine word,
  No dreſs him, no look gay,
Vay little ſing you hear von bird,
  Him mate be gone away.
Orra tell true, ſhe have no grace
  Of lady for him part,
Dare beauty all be in him face,
  But Orra in him heart.

Orra do little, all ſhe do;
  Frogive, for ſhe no gall,
To every ting ſhe promiſe true,
  Love Yanko, and dat all.
    But Orra, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
  Do he be gone forever,
For he no dead, he ſtill live here,
  And he from here go never.
Like on a ſand me mark him face,
  De wave come roll him over,
De mark him go, but ſtill the place
  'Tis eaſy to diſcover.

I ſee fore now de tree de flower,
He droop like Orra, ſurely,
And den by'm bye there come a ſhower,
He hold him head up purely:
And ſo ſome time me tink me die,
My heart ſo ſick he grieve me,
But in a lily time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

SONG—IN THE ISLANDERS.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down every height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

Reaſon's a fountain, calm ſerene,
Which, near gay fields, and laughing bow'rs,
While it reflects th' enchanting ſcene,
Is born among a bed of flowers.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

A BED of moſs we'll ſtraight prepare,
Where, near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and ſtroke his hair,
And watch him while he's ſleeping.

Sweet flowers of every ſcent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roſes,
And blooming hyacinths we'll ſtrew,
As ſweetly he repoſes.

And we'll with fond emotion ſtart,
And while, with admiration,
We ſoftly feel his fluttering heart,
Partake its palpitation.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

COME, courage lads, and drink away,
A man upon his wedding day
Ought rarely well his part to play
At Stingo, or October:

For, who would be that ſtupid elf
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
To poiſon, hang, or drown himſelf,
Or marry when he's ſober.

For madam's will at nothing ſtops,
She muſt have balls, and routs, and fops,
And often ranſack all the ſhops,
In gay attire to robe her:
Then drink the day you take a wife,
As the laſt comfort of your life:
For, ever after, noiſe and ſtrife
Are ſure to keep you ſober.

BALLAD—INTENDED FOR THE QUAKER.

THOU'ST heard thoſe old proverbs, ne'er lean on a ruſh,
A bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh,
'Tis the money paid down that decides who's the winner,
Who waits upon fortune's ne'er ſure of a dinner:
Out of ſight out of mind, delaying breeds danger,
He ought to be cozen'd who truſts to a ſtranger;
Heaven take my friend, and the old one my brother,
Promiſing's one thing, performing another.

Much may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip,
The builder's receipt's the beſt ſail in the ſhip,
'Tis a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow,
Pay me to-day, and I'll truſt you to-morrow.
Brag is a good dog, but hold-faſt a better,
You may gueſs at a word when you know the firſt letter,
There's not the moſt fire where you ſee the moſt ſmother,
Promiſing's one thing, performing another.

BALLAD—IN THE MISCHANCE.

O THINK on the time when you came home at night,
And ſupp'd upon muſcles, no lily more white,
When I u'ed to provide you with many a treat
Of as fine Melton oyſters as ever were eat.
Now ſee what a change! all the muſcles for me
May be trod under foot, or thrown into the ſea;
My Joey is falſe! and the once ſprightly tone
With which I cry'd oyſters is ſunk to a drone!

When the laſt kit of ſalmon we ſat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as ſound as a roach,
How ſweet was my temper! what joys did I feel,
Little thinking you'd ſlip through my hands like an eel.
But my temper's now chang'd—I, that once was ſo mild,
I was thought to be gentle and meek as a child,
So cruſty am grown, I ne'er ſpeak a word civil,
And my cuſtomers ſay I'm as croſs as the devil.

My ſtall was ſo clean, and my tubs were ſo white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a ſight:
I liſten'd with joy when the folks told me ſo,
For my ſtall and my tubs were both ſcower'd for Joe.
But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by,
For his ſake I pleaſure in cleaning them found,
He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

BALLAD—IN PANDORA.

WHAT naughty things we women are,
Who long for fruit forbidden;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
The leaſt thing from us hidden.
But what we ſee will we believe,
Though ill on ill we're heaping,
Though to this day, from mother Eve,
We have always paid for peeping.

Thus curious girls, urged by their youth,
Thoughtleſs what they were doing,
Have fallhood found diſguis'd like truth,
And maſk'd like pleaſure, ruin.
Inſtead of ſmiling, who muſt grieve,
Whoſe joys are turn'd to weeping,
And who too late, like mother Eve,
Find they have paid for peeping.

Should I to my deſires give way,
I may encounter ſorrow,
And that I think a good to-day,
May prove an ill to-morrow.
Yet, cautious prudence, by your leave,
The ſecret's in my keeping;
I am weak woman, and, like Eve,
Cannot refrain from peeping.

BALLAD—IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A Wolf who had been a Lawyer.—

By roguery, 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Juſt like any other profeſſional ſinner;
An orphan, d'ye ſee,
Would juſt waſh down my tea,
And a poor friendleſs widow would ſerve me for dinner.

I was, to be ſure,
Of the helpleſs and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how—ſays you—tell?
Why I let them all ſtarve, to take care of myſelf.

With theſe tricks I went on
Till, faith ſir, anon,
A parcel of ſtupid, mean-ſpirited ſoul's,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me.
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.

In the pillory, that fate
For rogues, ſoon or late,
I ſtood, for the ſport of a diſſolute mob;
Till my neck Maſter Ketch
Was ſo eager to ſtretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf—from their dams
I ſteal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an inſatiable glutton—
In much the ſame ſphere
When a man, I move here,
Make and break laws at pleaſure, and kill my own mutton.

Then ſince, for their ſport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer,
I ſhall ever preſer,
With your leave, my good ſir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

BALLAD—IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A hog who had been an alderman—

FOR dainties I've had of them all,
At taverns, Lord Mayor's, and Guildhall,
Where the purveyors, nothing ſtingy,
To fill the wallet,
And pamper the palate,
Have rarities brought from India.

Then what ſignifies what one takes in,
For, when one's cram'd up to the chin,
Why, really, good friend to my thinking,
If on veniſon and wines,
Or on hogwaſh, one dines,
At laſt 'tis but eating and drinking.

Beſides, I've no books I arrange,
Nor at two need I e'er go to change;
Have no buſineſs with note, bond, or tally,
Nor need I, from any ill luck,
Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck,
Ever fear waddling out of the alley.

For dainties, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

—A bull who had been an Iriſhman—

IS'T my ſtory you'd know?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,
A jolman, and Ireland my nation,
To be ſure I was not a tight fellow too, honey,
Before my tranſmogrification.

I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels!
And wid huſbands, becaſe why I won their wives' hearts,
I did not fight plenty of duels.

Then arrah, bodder how you can,
You'll ne'er perſuade me, honey,
For I ſhall always, bull or man,
Be Patrick Mulrooney.

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes's, or Boodle's,
I've ſat up all night in the morning,
'Mongſt black legs, and coggers, and pigeons, and noodles,
The calling to uſe I was born in:
To be ſure many honeſt gold guineas it yields,
But, ſince 'tis a ſervice of danger,
I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields,
To popping and tilting a ſtranger.

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WERE Patience kind to me
Oh he de nos!
Far plyther than a coat I'd be,
Oh he de nos!

Leap, ſkip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh,
And capriole, and caper too,
And friſk, and jump, and dance, look you,
Oh he de nos!

But Patience very cruel is,
Oh he de nos!
With jibes, and cheers, and mockeries,
Oh he de nos!

Which makes to ſigh and ſob Ap Hugh,
And whining, his ſad fortune rue,
And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,
Oh he de nos!

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn,
Borrow a luſtre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn,
Health bids awake, and homage pay
To him who gave another morn.
And, well with ſtrength his nerves to brace,
Urges the ſportſman to the chaſe.

Do we purſue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn ſhe bounds?
Still of her ſafety have we care,

While ſeeming death her ſteps ſurrounds,
We the defenceleſs creature ſpare,
And inſtant ſtop the well taught hounds:
For cruelty ſhould ne'er diſgrace
The well-earn'd pleaſure of the chaſe.

Do we purſue the ſubtle fox,
Still let him breaks and rivers try,
Through marſhes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds ſhall following fly
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpitied ſhall the culprit die:
To quell this cruel, artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chaſe.

Return'd, with ſhaggy ſpoils well ſtor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toaſt, and firſt our country's lord,
Anxious who moſt ſhall do him right;
The fair next crowns the ſocial board,
Britons ſhould love as well as fight—
For he who ſlights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chaſe.

SONG—IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHO to my wounds a balm adviſes,
But little knows what I endure;
The patient's pain to torture riſes
When medicine's try'd, and fails to cure.

What can the wiſeſt counſel teach me,
But ſad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! your kindneſs cannot reach me,
It gives but words—I aſk relief.

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY-HALL.

JACK RATLIN was the ableſt ſea-man,
None like him could hand, reef, and ſteer,
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear:
In fight a lion—the battle ended,
Meek as a bleating lamb he'd prove;

Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he ſigh, and all for love.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
For none of theſe had Jack regard;
He, while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair ones beauties,
Swear never from ſuch charms to rove,
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, ſigh—to end his love.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the reſt, brought Jack ſome tidings,
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh fate—her death defac'd the letter,
Inſtant her pulſe forgot to move,
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh—and dy'd for love!

GLEE—IN LIBERTY HALL.

WHAT if my pleaſures fools condemn,
Becauſe I am not dull, like them,
Becauſe no minute I let paſs,
Unmark'd by a convivial glaſs?
Or elſe retir'd from ſtrife and noiſe,
I tempt the fair to ſofter joys;
A mortal with a ſoul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.

Theſe ſhall on earth my being ſhare,
And when I'm gone, if in my heir
My ſpirit live, let him not mourn,
But ſee emboſs'd upon my urn,
Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this inſcription underneath:
"This mortal had a ſoul divine,
"Alternate crow'd with love and wine."

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN fairies are lighted by night's ſilver queen,
And feaſt in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My Lambkin aſide lays his plough and his flail,

By yon oak to ſit near me, and tell his fond tale.
And though I'm aſſur'd the ſame vows were believed
By Patty and Ruth, he forſook and deceived,
Yet, ſo ſweet are his words, and like truth ſo appear,
I pardon the treaſon, the traitor's ſo dear.

I ſaw the ſtraw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The roſe-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,
The ſhoe-ties of Bridget, and ſtill worſe than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for ſtealing a kiſs.
All theſe did I ſee, and with heart-rending pain,
Swore to part; yet I know, when I ſee him again,
His words and his looks will like truth ſo appear,
I ſhall pardon the treaſon, the traitor's ſo dear.

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY HALL.

SEE the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun
The confuſion but hear!—I'll bet you ſir—done, done;
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the tir'd ear:
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now renard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh,
Hounds, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at this bruſh;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by ſcent and by view cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe,
Always ſure to come thorough, a ſtaunch and fleet horſe;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, uſed up, and turn'd out of the ſtud.
Lame, ſpavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won the ſweepſtakes, his ſire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge ale houſe door,
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hour-glaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now, cold and lifeleſs, expoſed to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

BALLAD—IN LIBERTY HALL.

DO ſalmonds love a lucid ſtream?
Do thirſty ſheep love fountains?
Do Druids love a doleful theme?
Or goats the craggy mountains?
If it be true theſe things are ſo,
As truly ſhe's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carie I,
Rooi fit dwyn de garie di,
As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go
The bells of Aberdovey.

Do keffels love a whiſp of hay?
Do ſprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peaſants morice dancing?
If it be true, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff! had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And, ſpight of the rules
Of the ſchools,
The old fools
Would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink:—ſaid I—father your health.
So I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog.
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en thev aliant more brave.
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

BALLAD—IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

WHAT arguſies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
And when our time's come we muſt go.

Then drink and ſing—hang pain and ſorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now live and luſty—to-morro
Perhaps may be ſtretch'd on the deck. w

Then drink and ſing—hang pain and ſorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now live and luſty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be ſtretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linſtock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Poll cry'd, but her grief was ſoon over,
And then ſhe got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill uſed by Bet Crocker,
And ſo took to guzzling the ſtuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what arguſies calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.
Then drink, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A Sailor's love is void of art,
Plain ſailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly:
'Twere hard enough at ſea to war
With boiſterous elements that jar—
All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from ſight of ſhore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he briſk and jolly:
And while carouſing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The ſmiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon preſs,
Mocking our ſignals of diſtreſs,
E'en then dull melancholy,
Dares not intrude:—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The ſnowy arms of Polly.

BALLAD—IN THE MILK MAID.

SWEET ditties would my Patty ſing,
Old Chevy Chaſe, God ſave the King,
Fair Roſemy, and Sawny Scot,
Lilebularo, the Iriſh Trot,
All theſe would ſing my blue-ey'd Patty.
As with her pail ſhe'd trudge along,
While ſtill the burthen of her ſong
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping froſts and chilling rain
Too ſoon alas choak'd every ſtrain;
Too ſoon, alas! the miry way
Her wet ſhod feet did ſore diſmay,
And hoarſe was heard my blue-ey'd Patty.
While I for very mad did cry;
Ah could I but again, ſaid I,
Hear the ſweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!

Love taught me how—I work'd, I ſung,
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,
Till I had form'd from out the fire,
To bear her feet above the mire,
An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
Again was heard each tuneful cloſe,
My fair one on the patten roſe,
Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

BALLAD—IN HARVEST HOME.

AS Dermot toil'd one ſummer's day,
Young Shelah, as ſhe ſat behind him,
Fairly ſtole his pipe away—
Oh den to hear how ſhe'd deride him.
Where, poor Dermot is it gone,
Your lily lily loodle?
They've left you nothing but the drone.
And that's yourſelf, you noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
Poor Dermot's pipe is loſt and gone,
And what will the poor devil do?

Fait, now I am undone and more,
Cry'd Dermot—ah will you be aesy?
Did not you ſtale my heart before?
Is it you'd have a man run crazy?
I've nothing left me now to moan,
My lily lily loodle,
That uſed to chear me ſo is gone—
Ah Dermot thou'rt a noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
What next will cruel Shelah do?

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,
Cry'd ſhe, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
Ye fool to ſteel it out of tricks,
Only to ſee how much you lov'd me.
Come cheer thee Dermont, never moan,
But take your lily loodle,
And for the heart of you that's gone,
You ſhall have mine, you noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
Shela's to church with Dermot gone,
And for the reſt—what's dat to you.

BALLAD—IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

THIS, this my lad's a ſoldier's life,
He marches to the ſprightly ſife,
And in each town to ſome new wife,
Swears he'll be ever true;
He's here—he's there—where is he not?
Variety's his envied lot,
He eats, drinks, ſleeps, and pays no ſhot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domeſtic woes
He kiſſes off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cauſe—
For theſe, through danger, without pauſe,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at laſt, in honour's wars,
He earns his ſhare of danger's ſcars,

Still he feels bold, and thanks his ſtars
He's no worſe fate to rue:
At Chelſea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the ſlain,
And, in fond fancy, once again,
Follows the loud tattoo.

BALLAD—IN TOM THUMB.

IS it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles?
Arrah ſend him for playthings ſome whiſtles and rattles:
At the ſight of a ſword all his nerves would be quaking;
He fight! he kill giants! is it game you are making?
As well may you tell us that eagles fear larks,
That mice eat up lions, and ſprats ſwallow ſharks:
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me—
Wid your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.

Tom Thumb! ſuch a ſhrimp ſure no eyes ever ſaw—
He handles his arms as a fly hugs a ſtraw:
To be ſure in the wars dangers certain to quit him,
For the taef's ſuch a flea dare's no bullet can hit him.
And then as to courage, my jewel—hoot, hoot!
Arrah did not I find him chin deep in my boot?
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me,
Wid your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.

Tom Thumb marry you!—muſha honey be aeſy,
Were it not for your ſenſe, I ſhould think you gone crazy:
Shall a fine ſtately oſtrich thus wed a cock-ſparrow?
'Twere a halberd ſtuck up by the ſide of an arrow—
Or a fly on a church, or a mountain and mouſe,
Or a piſmire that crawls by the ſide of a houſe:
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me,
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboodle liddle lee.

BALLAD.

THAT all the world is up in arms,
And talks of nought but Celia's charms,
That crowds of lovers near and far,
Come all to ſee this blazing ſtar,

Is true—who has not heard on't.
But that ſhe all at diſtance keeps,
And that her virtue never ſleeps—
I don't believe a word on't.

That for one lover had ſhe ten,
In ſhort, did ſhe from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good ſenſe, and, I believe,
Would never grow abſurd on't:
But for ſoft dalliance ſhe'd refuſe
Some favourite from the crowd to chuſe—
I don't believe a word on't.

That in the face of ſtanders-by
She's modeſty itſelf's no lie;
That then were men rude things to ſay,
'Twould anger her—oh I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't:
But to her bedchamber, d'ye ſee,
That Betty has no private key
I don't believe a word on't.

BALLAD.

I Thought we were fiddle and bow,
So well we in concert kept time,
But, to ſtrike up a part baſe and low,
Without either reaſon or rhime:
What a natural was I ſo ſoon
With pleaſure to quaver away!
For I'm humm'd, I think, now to ſome tune,
She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive ſhe's in glee,
And thinks I ſhall be ſuch a flat
As to ſhake, but ſhe's in a wrong key,
For ſhe never ſhall catch me at that.
Whoe'er to the crotches of love
Lets his heart dance a jig in his breaſt,
'Twill a bar to his happineſs prove,
And ſhall ſurely deprive him of reſt.

BALLAD.

I ſing of a war ſet on foot for a toy,
And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy,
Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and coblers you ſtumble,
And of mortals and gods meet a very ſtrange jumble,
Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy,
How ſweetly they did one another deſtroy!
Come, fill up your bumpers, the whiſky enjoy,
May we ne'er ſee the like of the ſiege of Troy!

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except that ſhe led him a devil of a life,
Wid dat handſome taſe Paris ſhe'd toy and ſhe'd play,
Till they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran away.
Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his houſe,
Soon took up the cauſe of this hornified ſpouſe,
While Juno ſaid this thing, and Venus ſaid that,
And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.
Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den ſuch a ſlaughter, and cutting of trotes,
And ſlaying of bullocks, and offering up goats!
Till the cunning Ulyſſes, the Trojans to croſs,
Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horſe.
Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den for to ſee the maids, widows, and wives,
Crying ſome for their virtue, and ſome for their lives;
Thus after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down!
Sing didderoo, &c.

But to ſee how it ended's the beſt joke of all,
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus aſcended the wall,
But he blubb'ring ſaw Helen, and, oh ſtrange to tell,
The man took his mare, and ſo all was well.
Sing didderoo, &c.

BALLAD.

I Sing Ulyſſes, and thoſe chiefs
Who, out of near a million,

So luckily their bacon ſav'd
Before the walls of Ilion.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Black negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town
We'll make you drunk with bumbo.

Who having taken, ſack'd, and burnt,
That very firſt of cities,
Return'd in triumph, while the bards
All ſtruck up amorous ditties.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Cyclops firſt we viſited,
Ulyſſes made him cry out,
For he eat his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he pok'd his eye out.
Yankee doodle, &c.

From thence we went to Circe's land,
Who faith a girl of ſpunk is,
For ſhe made us drunk, and chang'd us all
To aſſes, goats, and monkies.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And then to hell and back again,
Then where the Syrens Cara,
Swell cadence, trill, and ſhake, almoſt
As well as Madam Mara.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To ſcll Charibdis next, and then
Where yawning Scylla grapples
Six men at once, and eats them all,
Juſt like ſo many apples.
Yankee doodle, &c

From thence to where Apollo's bulls
And ſheep all play and ſkip ſo,
From whence Ulyſſes went alone
To the Iſland of Calypſo.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there he kiſs'd, and toy'd, and play'd,
'Tis true upon my life ſir,
Till, having turn'd his miſtreſs off,
He's coming to his wife ſir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

GLEE.

WE, on the preſent hour relying,
Think not of future, nor of paſt,
But ſeize each moment as 'tis flying,
Perhaps the next may be our laſt.
Perhaps old Charon, at his wherry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;
Then charge your glaſſes, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er ſhould charge them more.

With brow auſtere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow ſour, and at our joy repining,
Blame pleaſures which they cannot ſhare.
Put round the glaſſes, and be jolly,
In ſpight of all ſuch idle ſtuff,
Whether 'tis wiſdom or 'tis folly,
'Tis pleaſure boys, and that's enough.

BALLAD.

I'VE made to marches Mars deſcend,
Juſtice in jigs her ſcales ſuſpend,
Magicians in gavots portend,
And Furies black wigs briſtle:
To preſtos Pallas Ægis' blaze,
Snakes twiſt to fugues a thouſand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze,
At ſound of the prompter's whiſtle.

I've made a ſun of poliſh'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghaſtly grin,
A canvas ſea, the which within
Did leather Dolphins caper;
I've ſtrung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made ſheep and oxen dance with wire,
And have deſtroyed, with painted fire,
Grand temples of cartridge paper.

I've made a ſwain, his love aſleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating ſheep,
While he himſelf did bawling keep,
Like boatman at a ferry:

I've racks made that no blood could ſpill,
Foul poiſon that could do no ill,
And daggers queens and princes kill,
Who are alive and merry.

BALLAD.

WHEN laſt from the ſtraights we had fairly caſt anchor,
I went, bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables ſtor'd, for our voyage was a ſpanker,
And bran new was every ſail:
But I knew well enough how, with words ſweet as honey,
They trick us poor tars of our gold,
And when the ſly gipſies have finger'd the money,
The bag they poor Jack give to hold.

So I chaſed her, d'ye ſee, my lads, under falſe colours,
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I'd ſported away all my good-looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend:
Oh then had you ſeen her, no longer my honey,
'Twas varlet, audacious and bold,
Begone from my ſight—now you've ſpent all your money
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of ſhiners,
And ſcornfully bid her good bye,
'Twould have done your heart good had you then ſeen her fine airs,
How ſhe'd leer, and ſhe'd ſob, and ſhe'd ſigh;
But I ſtood well the broadſide, while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold,
And bearing away, as I ſack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

BALLAD—INTENDED FOR THE QUAKER.

THOU man of firmneſs turn this way,
Nor time by abſence meaſure,
The ſportive dance, the ſprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleaſure:
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay, as we ſhall prove thee;

Then cheer thee, laugh away thy ſpan,
And let the ſpirit move thee.

None are more juſt, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profeſſion are,
But are they without feelings?
E'en now I know thy honeſt heart
Full ſorely doth reprove thee;
Be gay then, in our joy take part,
And let the ſpirit move thee.

BALLAD.

IN Paris, as in London,
Vice thrives, and virtue's undone;
Errors, paſſions, want of truth,
Folly, in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare,
But honeſt uſurers, friends ſincere,
And judges with their conſcience clear,
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris All things vary;
Sixteen and ſixty marry;
Men preſuming on their purſe,
Heirs with their eſtates at nurſe,
Are things by no means rare:
But doctors who refuſe a fee,
And wives and huſbands who agree,
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris idle paſſion
And folly lead the faſhion;
Attention paid to ſhew and dreſs,
Modeſt merit in diſtreſs,
Are things by no means rare:
But friendſhip in ſarcaſtic ſneers,
And honeſty in widow's tears,
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

BALLAD.

BEHOLD the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm, though low of ſtature,

'Gainſt giant vice ſhall make a ſtand,
Pourtraying human nature.

We've characters of every mould,
All tempers, forms, and ſizes,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint diſguiſes.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

We have a prieſt who never ſwears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A man and wife, who both on crutch
Are now obliged to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a ſquabble,
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A magiſtrate upright and wiſe,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A learn'd phyſician of great ſkill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabbers latin.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A country ſquire who hates the ſmell
Of Stingo and October,
A modern poet who can ſpell,
And a muſician ſober.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Diſplay your ſportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore falſe charms,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

BALLAD.

CHAIRS to mend, old chairs to mend.
Like mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—

One man tinkers up the ſtate,
Another mends the nation.
Your parſons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Phyſicians patch with terms of art
And latin want of knowledge.
But none for praiſe can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas;
They manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers uſe romancing:
Fortunes are mended up and made,
Too frequently, with places—
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.
But none for praiſe, &c.

BALLAD.

A Tinker I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My perſonal eſtate
Lies all within this bundle.
Work for the tinker ho, good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war
The man of the bar,
Phyſicians, prieſts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Thoſe 'mong the great
Who tinker the ſtate,

And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

BALLAD.

ART one of thoſe mad wags, whoſe brain
Intruder reaſon can't contain,
Who are of ſuch unruly minds,
They buffet waves, aud ſplit the winds;
In blanket robe, and crown of ſtraw,
Who to mad ſubjects deal mad law?
If this 'tis makes thy boſom ſwell,
Hie demoniac to thy cell.

Or art thou drunk—a frenzy too,
One of that hair-brain'd, noiſy crew,
Who vigils keep at Bacchus' ſhrine,
And drown good reaſon in bad wine?
Every deſire in life who think
Compris'd in a deſire to drink!
If by this demon thou'rt poſſeſt,
Hie the good drunkard home to reſt.

Or art in love, and ſo gone mad?
Doſt go with folded arms? art ſad?
Doſt ſigh? doſt languiſh? doſt play pranks?
For which contempt is all thy thanks?
Doſt pant? doſt long for ſome frail charms,
Devoted to another's arms?
Is this thy madneſs, ſtupid elf?
Hie thee away and hang thyſelf.

BALLAD—IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his beſt,
If my ſoldier appears with more grace than the reſt,
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly ſhine,
Let him turn, wheel, or face, march, kneel, ſtoop, or ſtand,
Anxious ſtill to obey every word of command;
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the general, 'tis all to pleaſe me.

If with ſmoak and with duſt cover'd over by turns,
To gain a ſham height, or falſe baſtion, he burns;
If, of danger in ſpight, and regardleſs of fear,
He ruſhes to fight when there's nobody near:
In ſhort, let him turn, &c.

BALLAD—IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

A Novice in love, and a ſtranger to art,
As pure as my wiſhes my unpractis'd heart;
When I roſe with the lark, and out-warbled the thruſh,
Free from falſhood or guile, for I knew not to bluſh:
Thoſe paſt days I deplore.
When innocence guarded my unſullied fame,
When to think, and to act, and commend were the ſame;
When on my face,
In artleſs grace,
Danc'd frolic ſport and pleaſure—now no more.

Ere I liſten'd and lov'd, ere man ſmil'd, and betray'd,
Ere by horror appall'd, and of conſcience afraid;
Loſt to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
By a hard judging world look'd at, pity'd, and ſcorn'd,
Thoſe paſt joys I deplore:
Thoſe joys, ere by man's artful treachery forſook,
Which, guiltleſs and pleaſed, with the world I partook;
When on my face,
With artleſs grace,
Danc'd frolic ſport and pleaſure—now no more.

DUET—IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

PLATOON.

SAY Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Perils to face, by land and ſea,
That tongue can never tell ye?
And wilt thou all theſe dangers ſcorn,
Whilſt in theſe arms
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry opening morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Yés, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee
In danger, whatſoe'er it be—
Believe 'tis truth I tell you:
My conſtant mind ſhall peril ſcorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
I hold thee every opening morn,
When the drum beats leveillez.

PLATOON.

Still Fanny wilt thou go with me?
Suppoſe the cruel fates decree,
Alas how ſhall I tell you?
The news ſhould come—thy ſoldier fell,
And thou ſhalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morning his fatal paſſing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Still fearleſs will I go with thee,
Reſign'd to cruel fate's decree,
And bravely this I tell you:
When on the ſpot my ſoldier fell
I'd ſhed a tear,
The world ſhould hear,
Mingling with his, my paſſing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

BOTH.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,
Where thou art, danger ne'er can be;
My joy no tongue can tell ye:

And ſure ſuch love may perils ſcorn,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold thee every op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

BALLAD.

NOSEGAYS I cry, and, though little you pay,
They are ſuch as you cannot get every day.
Who'll buy,? who'll buy?—'tis noſegays I cry.
Who'll buy? who'll buy?—'tis noſegays I cry.
Each mincing, ambling, liſping blade,
Who ſmiles, and talks of bliſſes
He never felt, is here portray'd
In form of a Narciſſes.
Noſegays I cry, &c.

Stateſmen, like Indians, who adore
The ſun, by courting power,
Cannot be ſhewn their likeneſs more
Than in th' humble ſun-flower.
Noſegays I cry, &c.

Poets I've here in ſprigs of bays,
Devils in the buſh are friars;
Nettles are critics, who damn plays,
And ſatiriſts are briars.
Noſegays I cry, &c.

BALLAD—IN TOM THUMB.

THE younker, who his firſt eſſay
Makes in the front of battle,
Stands all aghaſt, while cohorns play,
And bullets round him rattle
But pride ſteps in, and now no more
Fell fear his jav'lin lances,
Like dulcet flutes the cannons roar,
And groans turn country dances

So frights, and flurries, and what not,
Upon my fancy ruſhes,
I fear I know not why or what,
I'm cover'd o'er with bluſhes,

But let the honey ſeaſon fly,
To ſecond well my clapper,
The kitchen's whole artillery
Shall grace my huſband's napper.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

'TIS ſaid we venturous die-hards, when we leave the ſhore,
Our friends ſhould mourn,
Leſt we return
To bleſs their ſight no more:
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't underſtand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And ſome on the land:
Then ſince 'tis clear,
Howe'er we ſteer,
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempeſts howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers preſs:
Of thoſe in ſpight, there are ſome joys
Us jolly tars to bleſs,
For Saturday night ſtill comes my boys,
To drink to Poll and Beſs.

One ſeaman hands the ſail, another heaves the log,
The purſer ſwops
Our pay for ſlops,
The landlord ſells us grog;
Then each man to his ſtation,
To keep life's ſhip in trim,
What argufies noration?
The reſt is all a whim:
Cheerly my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly reſolved to ſink or ſwim;
The mighty ſurge
May ruin urge,
Of thoſe in ſpight, &c.

For all the world juſt like the ropes aboard a ſhip,
Each man's rigg'd out
A veſſel ſtout,
To take for life a trip:

The ſhrouds, the ſtays, and braces
Are joys, and hopes, and fears,
The halliards, ſheets and traces,
Still, as each paſſion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the ſails,
As on the ſea of life he ſteers:
Then let the ſtorm
Heaven's face deform,
And danger preſs:
Of thoſe in ſpight, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

THE grey-ey'd Aurora, in ſaffron array,
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
And though broader and broader ſtill brightened the day,
Nought could wake me, ſo ſound did I ſleep.
At length roſy Phœbus look'd full in my face,
Full and fervent but nothing would do,
'Till the dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the chaſe,
And ſhouting appear'd the whole crew.
Come on, voices honies, hark forward my boys,
There ne'er was ſo charming a morn,
Follow, follow, wake Echo, to ſhare in our joys—
Now the muſic, now echo—mark! mark!
Hark! hark!
The ſilver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow ton'd horn.
Freſh as that ſmiling morn from which they drew breath,
My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Bleſt with roſy contentment, that nature's beſt wealth,
Which monarchs aſpire to in vain:
Now ſpirits like fire every boſom invade,
And now we in order ſet out,
While each neighb'ring valley, rock, woodland, and glade,
Re-vollies the air-rending ſhout.
Come on, &c.

Now renard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,
Now we've loſt him ſo ſubtily he turns,
But the ſcent lies ſo ſtrong, ſtill we fearleſs purſue,
While each object impatiently burns:
Hark! Babler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver, and Sly,
The fox now the covert forſakes,
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
Now, now to the river he takes,
Come on, &c.

From the river poor renard can make but one puſh,
No longer ſo proudly he flies,
Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are cloſe to his bruſh,
And conqer'd, like Cæſar, he dies.
And now in high glee to board we repair,
Where ſat, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let every man ſhare,
And promote the convivial laugh.
Come on, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be paſſion's ſlave,
Approv'd by reaſon, ſweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleaſure is the grave.
Then ſtill to reaſon's dictates true,
Select the ſweets of life like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But ſuch as on reflection pleaſe.

Wine exhilirates the ſoul,
Inſpires the mirth of every feaſt,
But gluttons ſo may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beaſt:
Then mirth and wiſdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle ſeize;
What though your pleaſures are but few!
They're ſuch as on reflection pleaſe.

Love the ſource of human joys,
The mind with bliſs that ſweetly fills,
Too often its own end deſtroys,
And proves the ſource of human ills.
Here reaſon's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell eaſe,
The real joys of life are few
But ſuch as on reflection pleaſe.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honor to the heart,
And ceaſing to prize theſe alone,
Deplore our frailty, ſigh, and part;
Meanwhile to reaſon's dictates true,
Select the ſweets of life like bees,
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But ſuch as on reflection pleaſe.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

THE ſpangled green confeſs'd the morn,
The roſe bud dropt a tear,
And liquid priſms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy ſought his dear:

Sure never loon was e'er ſo croſs'd—
Ye ſhepherds ſwains impart,
Where did ſhe gang? ah me! I've loſt
The laſſy of my heart.

Her charms are felt as ſoon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem,
But of her beauties there's no end,
Why need I talk of them?

Each ſhepherd ſwain finds, to his coſt,
What power they can impart,
But moſt poor Sandy, who has loſt
The laſſy of his heart.

But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief,
How could I raſhly dare!
Oh I have ſinn'd beyond relief,
'Gainſt all that's ſweet and rare:

But ſee, ſhe comes! ceaſe heart to bound,
Some comfort ah impart?
She ſmiles! ah ſhepherds I have found
The laſſy of my heart!

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

OF all ſenſations pity brings,
To proudly ſwell the ample heart,
From which the willing ſorrow ſprings,
In others grief that bear a part.

Of all ſad ſympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:

Of theſe would you the feeling know,
Moſt gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,

That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a ſoldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come he braves them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undiſtinguiſh'd doom'd to fall:

Yet wrapt in conſcious worth ſecure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obſcure,
And quits it with a willing ſmile.

Then trav'ler one kind drop beſtow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a ſoldier's grave.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs d'ye ſee
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good ſea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike;
Though the tempeſts top gallant maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bouze every thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud:
Avaſt! nor don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they ſays there's a providence ſits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls, heaven, mercy, and ſuch,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as high Dutch:
But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow;
For, ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top-ſails of ſailors aback,
There's a ſweet little cherub that ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling, and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be!
Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore,
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye ſee there's a cherub ſit ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ſhip,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my Rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's;
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As for grief to be taken aback,
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT though from Venus Cupid ſprung,
No attribute divine
—Whate'er the bawling bards have ſung—
Had he, his bow till Bacchus ſtrung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine:
Till old Si'enus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the ſource of mortal joy;
The urchin ſhook his dewy wings,
And careleſs levelled clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine.

When Theſeus on the naked ſhore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think ſhe did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or boſom tore,
Like one of hope bereft:

Not ſhe indeed; her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine,
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car aſcends amidſt a grove
Of vines, ſurrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almoſt half gone with wine.

Ma'm Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own,
But hotteſt love will ſooneſt cloy,
He ne'er had brought her ſafe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry goſſip mixed a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging ſpirits up,
And Helen drank it every ſup;
This liquor is 'mongſt learned elves,
Nepenthe called, but 'twixt ourſelves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe and its flowery brink
Let muſty poets prate,
Where thirſty ſouls are ſaid to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former ſtate,
What is there in this ſoulleſs loſs,
I pray you ſo divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our lethe ſhare,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

RONDEAU—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

SMILING grog is the ſailor's beſt hope, his ſheet anchor,
His compaſs, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot canker,
Though dangers around him
Unite, to confound him,
He braves them, and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compaſs, his cable, his log,
The ſailor's ſheet anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in truſt
His prize money convey,
Who to his bond of faith unjuſt,
Cheats him and runs away:
What's to be done? he vents a curſe
'Gainſt all falſe hearts aſhore,
Of the remainder clears his purſe,
And then to ſea for more.
There's ſmiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often ſwore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns aſhore,
Claſp'd in a rival's arms:
What's to be done? he vents a curſe
And ſeeks a kinder ſhe,
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purſe,
And goes again to ſea.
To croſſes born, ſtill truſting there,
The waves leſs faithleſs than the fair;
There into toils to ruſh again,
And ſtormy perils brave—what then?
Smiling grog, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

YANKO he tell, and he no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely yiei
Sweetly on Orra look:
Him ſee big world fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood;
Great king! but Yanko ſay what den
If he no honeſt good?
Virtue in foe be virtue ſtill,
Fine ſtone be found in mine,
The ſun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him ſhine.

You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world ſhould call,
For nature ſay, and ſhe ſay true,
That men be broder all.
If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirſt of blood,
Poor man:—be noble—pity him,
That he no honeſt good:

Virtue in foe be virtue ſtill,
Fine ſtone be found in mine,
The ſun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him ſhine.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am a jolly fiſherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net;
Fiſh, juſt like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, Codfiſh,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'liſh ſight of odd fiſh.

Thus all are fiſhermen through life,
With weary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour;
Then praiſe the jolly fiſherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net.

Then pike to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world as you and I,
Have ſeen your men of law:
He who to lazineſs devotes
His time, is ſure a numb fiſh,
And members who give ſilent votes
May fairly be called dumb fiſh:
Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
The roach reſembles true ones!
Like gold fiſh we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praiſe, &c.

Like fiſh then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and ſold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis ſaid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,

Or any thing that's ſhining :
With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait
For thoſe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd phyſician.
Then praiſe, &c.

SONG—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

ARM'D with jav'lin, arm'd with dart,
With mighty arm and ſteady heart,
We to the battle go ;
Yet, 'ere we part,
We join with all our friends ſo dear,
And fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.
Then void of fear,
We ruſh to meet the foe :
Station'd on impervious ground,
We watch their number ſcatter'd round ;
The ſubtle ambuſh then prepare,
And ſee they fall into the ſnare !
Hid as in the woods we lay,
They tread the unſuſpected way ;
Sudden and fierce from every buſh,
Upon the aſtoniſh'd foe we ruſh,
Bold and reſolved :—and now around,
Hark ! the dreadful war-whoop ſound,
Confuſion, terror, and diſmay,
It ſcatters as it wings its way :
They fly ! confuſion in their train,
And ſlaughter treads the ſanguine plain !
Hark of our friends the welcome cry,
Proclaims for us the victory ?
Then fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.

See the feſtive train advance,
Breathe the muſic, lead the dance !
Sound the cymbals !
Beat the tymbals !
Haſte, in glad proceſſion come
To our anxious friends at home,
For our reception who prepare,
While acclamations rend the air,

And loudly a whole nation cry,
Honour, glory, victory.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

BE it known to all thoſe whoſoe'er it regards,
That we ſingers of ballads were always call'd bards;
And from Ida to Grub-ſtreet the muſes who follow
Are each mother's ſon the true ſpawn of Apollo:
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a ſtar,
Or the ſpheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer ſung ballads and ſo do I.

Don't you know what the ancient's were—great things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegaſus—that's to ſay, walk'd—
That near kindred gods they drove Phoebus's chariot,
The Engliſh of which is—they liv'd in a garret:
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer ſung ballads and ſo do I.

Thus did they ſtrange whimſical notions purſue,
Some argued on one leg, and ſome upon two;
To which laſt my pretenſions are not hypothetic,
For 'tis certainly clear I'm a perapatetic:
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other.
Old ſongs ſuch as mine are will nobody buy?
Come, Homer ſung ballads and ſo do I.

Hiſtoric was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine,
Great Cicero argued to every man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad:
Thus to great men of old, who have made ſuch a rout,
My claim to call couſin I've fairly made out,
And if any hereafter my right ſhould deny,
Tell' em Homer ſung ballads, and ſo do I.

BALLAD—IN THE BY-STANDER.

Look fairly all the world around,
And, as you truth deliver,

Tell me what character is found
A real favoir vivre?
Who truly merits ſober fame—
To find you need not wander,
None can detect life's fraudful game
So well as the By-ſtander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and ſlips,
The eaſy fair to buſſle,
And ſtill to win that ſtake her lips,
Will deal and cut, and ſhuffle:
Still will he ply each ſubtle art,
Till he has quite trapann'd her,
And then is ſure to trump her heart,
If abſent the By-ſtander.

Preferment is a bowling green,
Where, placed in each poſition,
Bowls joſtling in and out are ſeen,
To reach the Jack ambition.
The bias int'reſt ſtill they try,
Twiſt, turn, and well meander,
Yet their manœuvres, rub or ſly,
Are known to the By-ſtander.

The law's a game at whiſt, wherein
The parties nine are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing:
And while they, a ſure game to nick,
Their client's money ſquander,
Full many more than one odd trick
Diſcovers the By-ſtander.

The coxcomb plays at ſhuttlecock,
The wit commands and queſtions,
The carping cits to commerce flock,
Each follows his ſuggeſtions.
Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the ſhafts of ſlander,
And on the ſquare life's motely game
Beſt plays is the By-ſtander.

BALLAD—IN THE GRACES.

AT firſt like an infant appearing,
With neither his bow nor his darts,

To his wiles we attend without fearing,
Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts.
When ſoon for our folly requited,
This gueſt the ſole maſter we find,
For ſcarce to the boſom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

BALLAD—IN THE GRACES.

SAY, fluttering heart,
Why after days of ſweet delight,
Where conſcious innocence bore part,
Serene as ſmiling morn, peaceful as ſilver night,
Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beams ſhone bright.
Say, how one hour,
One little inſtant could remove
That vacant careleſs joy? what power
Inflict the torments we now prove;
Cynthia forbid it ever ſhould be love.

Dear goddeſs, for fair honour's ſake,
Relieve the torments we partake!
Teach us to cure our am'rous fires,
Or elſe permit us our deſires:
And this with zealous care perform,
Swift as the wind that rules the ſtorm;
Swift as the glowing god of day
Darts from afar a downward ray,
And ſo ſhall vot'ries to thy praiſe
A thouſand, thouſand altars raiſe.

BALLAD—IN THE HONEST IMPOSTORS.

THAT girl who fain would chuſe a mate,
Should ne'er in fondneſs fail her,
May thank her lucky ſtars if fate
Should ſplice her to a ſailor.
He braves the ſtorm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds ſhe could eat,
Would ſeek her honeſt ſailor.

If ſhe'd be conſtant, ſtill his heart
She's ſure will never fail her;
For, though a thouſand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her ſailor.

If ſhe be falſe, ſtill he is kind,
And abſent does bewail her,
Her truſting as he truſts the wind,
Still faithleſs to the ſailor.

A butcher can procure her prog,
Three threads to drink a tailor,
What's that to buiſcuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her ſailor.

She who would ſuch a mate refuſe,
The devil ſure muſt ail her;
Search round, and, if your wife, you'll chuſe
To wed an honeſt ſailor.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

'TWAS in the good ſhip Rover
I ſail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground;

At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That time bound ſtraight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the ſhore:

She lay, ſo did it ſhock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We ſtood to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,

Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to ſea again.
Yet ſtill am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God bleſs his royalty,
Who ſav'd me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to ſea again.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

THE morning breaks,
Thoſe ruddy ſtreaks
Proclaim the opening day,
With glowing health,
The ſportſman's wealth,
Away boys, come away.

The mellow horn
On the ſtill morn
Pours ſounds which echo mocks,
While following bound
Man, horſe, and hound,
T' unearth the wily fox.

Hark echo mocks
The winding horn,
That on the expanded wing of morn,
Though ſweet the ſound in dreadful yell,
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.

Now off he's thrown,
The day's our own,
See yonder where he takes;
To cheat our eyes,
In vain he tries
The rivers and the brakes.

The mellow horn
Breaks on the morn,
And leads o'er hills and rocks;
While following bound
Man, horſe, and hound,

T' entrap the wily fox.
Hark echo mocks, &c.

Now, now he's ſeiz'd,
The dogs well pleas'd
Behold his eye-balls roll;
He yields his breath,
And from his death.
Is born the flowing bowl.

The mellow horn
That through the morn
Led over hills and rocks,
Now founds a call
To ſee the fall
Of the expiring fox.

GLEE—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

COME around me and weep, to your hearts take deſpair:
'Tis a cauſe that all nature muſt mourn,
Poor Hylas, of love from all had a ſhare,
From our wiſhes for ever is torn.

That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a ſmile,
As we bleſſings from heaven would obtain,
Whoſe form was ſo faultleſs, whoſe tongue knew no guile,
Is gone, and our wiſhes are vain.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

'TIS true the marks of many years
Upon my wrinkled front appears,
Yet have I no ſuch idle fears
This will my fortune ſpoil:
Gold ſtill ſome happineſs beſtows,
E'en where no youthful ardour glows;
For proof dear girl, take theſe rouleaus,
And give a ſweet ſmile.
'Tis true upon my haggard face
No marks of beauty can you trace,
Nor wears my figure ought of grace
To enſure the lover's bliſs?

Yet am I no ſuch horrd fright
But that bank notes may ſet things right,
Take then theſe bills all drawn at ſight,
And give me a ſweet kiſs.
'Tis true I know not to be kind,
And that within my harden'd mind
To more a jewel can you find
Than beauty in my face:
But one within this caſket here
May make amends, its luſtre's clear,
Nor ſhall I think I've ſold it dear
Paid by a ſweet embrace.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

COME painter, with thy happieſt ſlight,
Portray me every grace
In that bleſt region of delight,
My charming Silvia's face:

And hear me painter, to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That ſtole away my heart,

Her forehead paint, in ſway and rule,
Where ſits, with pleaſure grac'd,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana Chaſte:

Then paint her cheeks—come, paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while,
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
In an eternal ſmile.

Next draw—preſumptuous painter hold;
Ah think'ſt to thee 'twas given
To paint her boſom?—would'ſt ſo bold
Preſume to copy heaven!

Nay leave the taſk, for 'tis above;
Far, far above thine art!
Her portrait's drawn—the painter love,
The tablet my fond heart.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly:
Bleſt with a ſmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, riſe, or fall,
To fate's laſt verge he'll jog:
The cadge to weigh,
The ſheets belay,
He does it with a wiſh!
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pondrous anchor fiſh:
For while the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:
We ſing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and ſwear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And ſwig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger;
Bleſt with the ſmiling grog we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high;
Spight of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck
To clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief:
Though perils threat around,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.
We ſing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us,
For coming home, a ſweet reward,
With ſmiles our ſweethearts greet us!
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gayly ſing and laugh:
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat diſplay;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey;
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:
We ſing a little, &c.

CATCH—IN THE BY-STANDER.

HERE lies a philoſopher, knowing and brave,
From whom madam nature ne'er hid the leaſt wonder,
Who looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave,
And diſdain'd that ſame earth where he rotting lies under.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

AWAY and join the rendezvous,
Good fellowſhip reigns here,
Joys ſtandard flying in your view,
To invite each volunteer.
Hark! pleaſures drum
Cries come, come, come,
Obey the kind ſalute,
The echoing hall
Reſounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.

Behold the dinner in array,
A column it appears;

While pyramids of whips diſplay
A corps of grenadiers.
Hark! pleaſure's drum, &c.

See rivers, not of blood, poured out,
But nectar, clear and ſtrong,
Young Ganemede's become a ſcout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.
Hark! pleaſure's drum, &c.
Mow down the ranks, ſee, ſee, they fly,
Attack them glaſs in hand;
Cloſe quarters, rally, fight or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark! pleaſures drum, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

To Bachelor's-Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chaſe that makes up our delight;
We have ſpirits like fire, and of health ſuch a ſtock,
That our pulſe ſtrike the ſeconds as true as a clock.

Did you ſee us, you'd ſwear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chaſe.
Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with ſmiles uſhers in the bright day.

Dick Thickſet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
But the horſe of all horſes that rivall'd the day
Was the ſquire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, ſo well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknoſe, a good one at ſcenting a fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and ſearch,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, ſo dead at a lurch.
Young Sly-looks, who ſcents the ſtrong breeze from the ſouth,
And muſical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horſes thus all of the very beſt of blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud:

And for hounds our opinions with thouſands we'd back,
That all England throughout can't produce ſuch a pack.
Thus, having deſcribed you dogs, horſes, and crew,
Away we ſet off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly renard's brought home, while the horns ſound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall,
The fav'ry ſirloin grateful ſmoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſures that ſpring from the chaſe;
Hark away, hark away, while our ſpirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

LET bards elate,
Of Sue and Kate
And Moggy take their fill O,
And pleas'd rehearſe
In jingling verſe
The laſs of Richmond hill O:

A laſs more bright
My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly ſing,
Like any thing,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare
The favourite fair
To every thing in nature;
Her eyes divine
Are ſuns that ſhine,
And ſo on with each feature.

Leave, leave, ye fools,
The hackneyed rules,
And all ſuch ſubtle quirkings,
Sun, moon, and ſtars
Are all a farce,
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
Were it a tree,
Why I ſhould be
For all the world a foreſt;

Five hundred fops,
With ſhrugs and hops,
And leers, and ſmiles, and ſmirkings,
Moſt willing ſhe
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

'TWAS Saturday night the twinkling ſtars
Shone on the rippling ſea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was laſh'd a-lee;
The ample can adorn'd the board:
Prepar'd to ſee it out,
Each gave the laſs that he ador'd,
And puſh'd the grog about.

Cried honeſt Tom, my Peg I'll toaſt,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portſmouth's favourite boaſt:
I'd venture life and limb.
Sail ſeven long years, and ne'er ſee land,
With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
So tight a veſſel to command—
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely ſtate,
Top gan'tſails ſet, ſhe is ſo tall,
She looks like a firſt rate:
Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wiſh to know,
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handſome, neat, and tight,

What joy ſo fine as ſhip to man,
She is my heart's delight!
So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
I'd ſail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for ſuch a wife,
Then puſh the grog about.

Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his beſt manner tried;
Till, ſummon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in ſoft viſions gentle ſleep
Still puſh'd the grog about.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

THAN marriage and muſic can ought be more like?
Both are bound and cemented by ſtrong chords;
Hymen's chains, tho' they gall, yet with ecſtaſy ſtrike,
Exactly like diſcords and concords:
Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing,
Strife all wedding happineſs garbles,
But when hearts born for pleaſure in uniſon ſing,
'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

When the wife or the huſband a note founds too ſharp,
In alt both immediately ſoar;
On family diſcords they mutually harp,
Nor will either come down a note lower.
Thus like hooting, &c.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace,
Dutch harmony, not Italiano;
She thunders the counter, he grumbles the baſs,
And the children ſquall out the ſoprano.
Thus like, &c.

RONDEAU—IN THE ODDITIES.

ALAS where ſhall I comfort find?
My peace is gone, diſtreſſed my mind,

My heart beats high,
I know not why,
Poor heart! ah me, ah me!
So tender, artleſs, and ſo young,
I liſten'd to his flatt'ring tongue,
Nor did I e'er
Suſpect a ſnare
From one who went to ſea.

For ſailors kind and honeſt are,
They injured virtue make their care,
One, only one, did e'er depart
From that prov'd rule, and he,
Ah me!
Was born to break my ſimple heart.
Alas, &c.

When abſent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each riſing morn beheld my tears,
The ſofteſt breeze, in my fond fears,
Did the horizon ſtraight deform,
And zephyr grew into a ſtorm:
Yet to be cheated of my bliſs,
And was I then ſo kind for this?
Alas, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

HOW much I love thee girl would'ſt know,
Better than roſin loves the bow,
Than treble ſhrill the growling baſs
Or ſpruce guitars a tawdry caſe.
No more then let us ſolo play,
To Hymen's temple jig away,
There when we get,
In a duet,
Of pleaſure will we take our ſwing,
Joy's fiddle ſhall play,
Love's bells ſhall ring:
And while we celebrate the day,
We'll friſk away,
And laugh and play,
And dance and ſing,
And friſk away like any thing.

I love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
Than dancing-maſters love a kit,
Or jolly ſailors fal dral tit.
No more then, &c.

I love thee Griddy Oh much more
Than fingers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to ſcratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
No more then, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

THE wind was huſh'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the veſſel's ſides could lave,
When in the mizen top his ſtand
Tom Clueline taking, ſpied the land.
Oh what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native ſoil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the ſighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
'Oh what avails,' cried ſhe, 'my pain?
'He's ſwallow'd in the greedy main:
'Ah never ſhall I welcome home,
'With tender joy, my honeſt Tom.'

Now high upon the faithful ſhroud,
The land awhile that ſeem'd a cloud,
While objects from the miſt ariſe,
A feaſt preſent Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay,
Now ſee him on his hat diſplay,
The given ſign to ſhew that fate
Had brought him ſafe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whoſe heights command
A proſpect of the ſhelly ſtrand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden, with rapture, ſhe exclaim'd,

'But ſee, oh heaven! a ſhip in view,
'My Tom appears among the crew,
'The pledge he ſwore to bring ſafe home,
'Streams on his hat—'tis honeſt Tom.'

What now remains were eaſy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To ſerve his king, he ſtays at home.
Recounts each toil, and ſhews each ſcar,
While Kitty and her conſtant tar
With rev'rence teach to bleſs their fates
Young honeſt Toms and bonny Kates.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

WHY I be ſquire Ned of Gobble-hall,
I be come to London town with father,
And they that little I a gooſe goes to call,
Should call me a fox much rather.
I be ſilent and ſly,
And cunning, and dry,
And with a kawk's-eye
To watch what's ſaid and done am ready;
So they that goes to hope
To hang me for a fool,
Will find in the rope
A knave, that he wool:
So you never muſt
To faces truſt,
For I be ſly,
And queer, and dry
And they that thinks to make a fool of I,
Are all deceiv'd in little Neddy.

When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vow'd, and kiſs'd her
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the dancing-maſter kiſſes ſiſter:
So they thinks me to chouſe,
While I goes about the houſe,
As tame as a mouſe,
By the nick name of ſimple Teddy;

But 'tis all one to me
If, in day time, d'ye ſee,
They meets their ſpark,
I kiſs maids in the dark,
So you never muſt
To faces truſt, &c.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout, and no better,
He ſpells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter,
What does I do, d'ye think?
To myſelf while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burns the letter, and makes love to the lady:
Thus, while down to the ground,
I tricks them all round,
Pretty ſiſter and mamma,
And my reverend pappa:
So you never muſt
To faces truſt, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

BEN Backſtay lov'd the gentle Anna,
Conſtant as purity was ſhe,
Her honey words, like ſucc'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to ſea.
One fatal morning ſaw them parting,
While each the other's ſorrow dried,
They, by the tear that then was ſtarting,
Vow'd to be conſtant till they died.
At diſtance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the ſky deform,
Ben ſighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful ſtorm:
Alas in vain—the veſſel batter'd,
On a rock ſplitting, open'd wide,
While lacerated, torn, and ſhatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, ſigh'd, and died.
The ſemblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art ſtood ſubſtitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, ſav'd from the wreck.

In fervent hope while Anna, burning,
Bluſh'd as ſhe wiſh'd to be a bride,
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She ſaw, grew pale, ſunk down, and died!

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

ABERGAVNEY is fine, Aberiſtwith alſo,
And the laſſes it is fine when to market they go;
The birds and the pretty finches ſing fine in the grove,
But the fineſt bird of all is that little rogue luff.
Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy ſhall ſoon be man and wife.
The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If when I came there I ſhould meet with my luff.
Luff me, &c.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long,
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's ſong,
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,
And think it a day, were I bleſt with my dear.
Luff me, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And ſcarce a ripple ſhook the ſea,
When thus, for ſailors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of ſtrong ſenſe, a bounteous ſhare
By obſervation well ſupplied:

While thus, in bold and honeſt guiſe,
For wiſdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from reaſon comfort's drop
In truth and fair reflection wiſe,
Right cheerfully ſung
Little Ben that kept his watch on the main top,

Why ſhould the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do aſhore.
Ne'er let the noble mind deſpair,
Though roaring ſeas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First rate or wherry, man or fly:
If there's a power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis ſo—
For honeſt hearts what comfort's drop—
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top?

What though to diſtant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The ſweeter is my welcome home,
To bliſsful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps ſhe on that ſober moon
A lover's obſervation takes,
And longs that little Ben may ſoon
Relieve that heart which forely achs.
Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below—
For honeſt hearts what comfort's drop—
As well as kings and emperors,
Will ſurely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

CROWN me Bacchus, mighty god,
The victory is thine,
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And love ſubmits to wine:

Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the ſage an aſs,
Love cannot vie with thoſe ſweet joys
That crown the ſparkling glaſs.

To plunge in care let lovers whine,
Such fools who will be may,

Good fellows glaſs in hand combine
To drive pale care away:
With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to pleaſe ſome laſs;
We too go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fir'd by the ſparkling glaſs.

How many dangle on a tree
Who buckle to love's tether,
True to our honeſt purpoſe we
Hang too, but 'tis together:
The lover numbers, by his ſighs,
The moments as they paſs,
We count them in a way more wiſe.
By putting round the glaſs.

See in his cage the huſband ſing,
Wife, children, ſquall ſonorous,
We make the air and glaſſes ring,
While ſinging freedom's chorus:
No never ſhall preſumptuous love
The joys of wine ſurpaſs,
Worn out by bickerings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glaſs.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

OF the ancients is't ſpeaking my ſoul you'd be after,
That they never got how came you ſo?
Would you ſeriouſly make the good folks die with laughter?
To be ſure their dogs tricks we don't know.
Wid your ſmalliliow nonſenſe, and all your queer bodderns,
Since whiſky's a liquor divine,
To be ſure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a ſly ſup of good wine.

Apicius and Æſop, as authors aſſure us,
Would ſwig till as drunk as a beaſt,
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feaſt!
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could ſubdue,
Shed tears to be ſure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,

To refreſh him—and pray would not you?
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Den dat tother old fellow they call'd Ariſtotle,
Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef ſtagger'd into the ſea.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a libation,
Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground, muſha what boderation,
To be ſure 'twas not thrown down their troats.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

I ſail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how ſhe ſmack'd through the breeze,
She's a veſſel as tight to my fancy
As ever ſail'd on the ſalt ſeas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
Our girls, and our dear native ſhore,
For if ſome hard rock we ſhould ſplit on,
We ſhall never ſee them any more.
But ſailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we muſt go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought ſhe'd have ſunk,
For the wind ſo began for to altar,
She yaw'd juſt as thof ſhe was drunk.
The ſquall tore the mainſail to ſhivers,
Helm a weather the hoarſe boatſwain cries,
Brace the foreſail athwart, ſee ſhe quivers,
As through the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.
But ſailors, &c.

The ſtorm came on thicker and faſter,
As black juſt as pitch was the ſky,
When truly a doleful diſaſter
Befel three poor ſailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
By a blaft that came furious and hard,
Juft while we were furling the mainfail,
Were ev'ry foul fwept from the yard.
But failors, &c.

Poor, Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
As for I, at the rifk of my neck,
While they funk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and fo landed on deck.
Well what would you have, we were ftranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that fail'd, never landed
But I and I think twenty-two.
But failors, &c.

After thus we at fea had mifcarried,
Another gueſs way fat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a laſs that was comely and kind!
But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For failors, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

SURE 'ent the world a maſquerade,
Wid ſhrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive underneath bare faces?
Pray don't the lover, let me aſk,
Hid by a faſcine battery,
Steal hearts away? and what's his maſk?
To be ſure it is not flattery.
Then join the general maſquerade,
That men and manners traces,
To be ſure the beſt maſks dat are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himſelf, in t'other ſcale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar to a novice preach,
To holineſs to win her,
Their maſks dropt off, what are they each?
He a taef and ſhe a ſinner.
To be ſure they 'ent, &c.

For her huſband ſee yon widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my ſoul ſhe weeps wid but one eye,
For ſhe's leering with the tother.
Yon courtier ſee, who, in a crack,
Will promiſe fifty places,
By my ſoul his friends ſcarce turn their back
But he laughs before their faces.
To be ſure he don't, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

DEAR Yanko ſay, and true he ſay,
All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and maſay,
Through all the world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what diſgrace,
That ſcandal ſo he uſe 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtue in the boſom.
Dear Yanko ſay, &c.

What harm dere in a ſhape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
The heart make human creature,
Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty,
For beauty Yanko ſay attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko ſay, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They ſay the ſun's my dad,

And truly I believe it, ſir,
For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I the world delight,
And make it look ſo gay,
The difference is I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun,
For I queer tricks and fancies ſpy
Folks never ſhew the ſun:
Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wiſe ones ſay,
And ſo d'ye mind I ſees at night
Things never ſees by day.

At night men lay aſide all art,
As quite a uſeleſs taſk,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the maſk:
Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw diſguiſe away,
And ſin it openly all night
Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miſer views,
Miſſes from friends decamp,
And many a ſtateſman miſchief brews
To his country o'er his lamp:
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are juſt on the ſame lay,
I bare-fac'd ſinners light by night,
And he falſe ſaints by day.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn,
That, like a priſm, reflects the morn;
Sweet is the cheering ſolar ray,
That compaſſes the ample day:
Sweet is the balmy evening's cloſe,
That ſhuts the foliage of the roſe:
Theſe to creation joys impart
Like thoſe which warm the grateful heart.

The little ſongſters on the ſpray
Spontaneous chant their grateful lay,
Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven,
They ſip, and lift their heads to heaven;
Or, for the worm or inſect fly,
To feed their craving progeny:
Feelings a leſſon that impart
To ſtimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wond'rous ſight!
See how the germ breaks into light!
The fruitful ſhower the tree receives,
And freſher green adorns its leaves:
Man cultivates the grateful ſoil,
And flowers and fruit reward his toil:
Plants, birds, all nature thus impart
Joys ſuch as warm the grateful heart.

SONG—IN THE ODDITIES.

FIRST chuſe a pretty melody,
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And ſuddenly
Prepare to ſhift
The key;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats:
Then chatter like monkies—now low, and now high,
Then whine and then ſigh,
And all through the noſe,
And then ſwim and die,
And then come to a cloſe.

Among the flats and ſharps now a tedious journey travel,
Then loſe yourſelf in knots of chords,
And then thoſe knots unravel:
Then ſigh, and die,
And faint in bliſs extatic,
And then the half tones try,
For a touch of the chromatic.
Then where you ſet out come again,
And now—you're welcome home again.

Then once more the melody,
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And ſuddenly
Prepare to ſhift
The key;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats,
Then chatter like monkies—now low, and now high,
And all through the noſe;
And then ſwim and die,
And then come to a cloſe.

Yet not ſhabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low boy,
Still follow'd by the hautboy,
And all through the noſe,
And then ſwim and die,
And then come to a cloſe.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I AM the world's epitome,
Look round it, and then ſay,
Nature and man may ſit to me,
Their likeneſs to pourtray:

As nature, in her motley round,
Oft ſhifts from day to night,
So fickle man is varying found,
Still changing wrong and right.

The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type,
So turn me round,
I ſhall be found,
From right to left, and left to right,
Look how you will,
To vary ſtill,
From white to black, and black to white.

Do but that learned counſel ſee,
Who proves that wrong is right,

And presently augment his fee,
His argument takes flight:
And now, unswearing what he swore,
The burden of his song
Reverses what he said before,
And proves that right is wrong.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of that lawyer am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

Behold yon lordly statesman frown,
At mention of a bribe,
As if disgrace it had brought down
On him and all his tribe:
But left behind, he'll instant seize
Upon the well-fill'd sack,
Nor could the strength of Hercules
Have power to get it back.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of that statesman am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

When basking in prosperity,
Each friend to serve you burns,
And boasting his sincerity,
The smiling white side turns:
But let uncertain fortune frown,
And take her blessings back,
Instant the friendly white is flown,
And every man looks black.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT a plague cried young Colin would Chloe be at?
I ne'er will be caught in a noose:
Odds wounds I'm resolv'd, and who'd wager 'gainst that,
Were it even a guinea, he'd lose.
I told the young baggage, says I, to her face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

Cry'd young Thyrſis, pray Colin this bluſtering hold,
What you've utter'd is only through fear;
In the abſence of danger all cowards feel bold,
But you'd ſoon change your tone were ſhe near:
She has honour and truth, and I ſay't to your face,
With her you'll ne'er toy till the prieſt ſhall ſay grace.

Away then cried Colin a ſoldier I'll go,
In each quarter to find out a wife;
I'll roar and I'll rant, rake a little, or ſo,
But no one ſhall ſnap me for life;
For in ſpite of their fancies, I'll ſay't to their face,
Toy as much as you will, but no prieſt ſhall ſay grace.

As he utter'd thoſe words, charming Chloe came by,
Unaffected and lovely as May;
Adieu then poor Colin cried ſhe, with a ſigh,
While the ſun ſhines begone and make hay.
Cried Thyrſis, d'ye hear, you may well hide your face!
With ſuch beauty would'ſt toy till the prieſt ſhould ſay grace.

Odd rot it, cried Colin, woot let me alone,
With vexation my heart how it boils;
Why for her peace of mind I would forfeit my now—
Woot forgive me ſweet Chloe?—She ſmiles!
See, ſee glad conſent lightens up in her face!
Then let us to church, where the prieſt ſhall ſay grace.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

WHAT thof I be a country clown,
For all the fuſs that you make,
One need not to be born in town
To know what two and two make:
'Squire fop there thinks his empty pate
Worth all ours put together,
But how can that have any weight
That's only made of feath'r.
Then duont ye be ſo proud, d'ye ſee,
It 'ent a thing that's ſuiting;
Can one than tother better be,
When both are on a footing?

Now here's a man who ſeas and land
Has dreamt that he can croſs over,

That all the world's at his command,
For he's a great philoſopher:
That to each ſecret he no bars
E'er finds but can unlock it,
And conjure down the moon and ſtars,
And put them in his pocket:
But when you've caught him where's the prize
So mighty to the getter?
For ſartin he can make us wiſe,
But can he make us better?

My lady there, becauſe ſhe's dreſs'd
In lappets, frils, and flounces,
See how with pride her flutt'ring breaſt
Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces.
And then 'tis ſaid they makes a face,
New ſpick and ſpan each feature,
As if they thought that a diſgrace
That's ready made by nature.
The money for a head ſo high,
Such ſcollops and ſuch carving,
Would keep an honeſt family
A month or more from ſtarving.

As for the doctors and their pill,
Odds waunds I can't endure them,
For ſartin they their patients kill
More oftener than they cure them.
And as for maſter poet here,
Who writes for fame and glory,
I th'nks as he's a little queer
Poor ſoul in the upper ſtory.
I've yet another wipe to ſpare,
For wounds I'll give no quarter,
Next time you'd find a fool, take care
You do not catch a taratr.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

TO look upon dreſ, upon ſhew, upon birth,
As the nobleſt diſtinction of life,
On riches as all that give p'eaſure on earth,
And th at only cure ſorrow and ſtrife;

And though to theſe maxims one might ſay *quoi bon*,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Stale virtue and vice to eraſe from their liſt,
Thoſe of life make a pitiful part,
Things certainly in people's mouths that exiſt,
But have nothing to do with the heart:
To maxims like theſe one may well ſay *quoi bon*,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Upon prudence as vulgar, and honeſty low,
On each man of merit a brute,
As an angel an ape, or, 'tis all one, a beau,
Dreſt out in an elegant ſuit;
To maxims like theſe one may well ſay *quoi bon*.
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

To be ſhort—in a church as the beſt place to make
Appointments, or charms to diſplay.
And the time moſt commode of all others to take
On Sunday for cheating at play:
Theſe maxims 'tis certain *ne ſont pas trop bon*,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I WAS, d'ye ſee, a waterman,
As tight and ſpruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horſley down
I earn'd an honeſt penny:
None could of fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,
My cot was ſnug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the ſty:
With wherry tight
And boſom light
I cheerfully did row,
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like theſe awhile,
Folks far and near carreſs'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly
The preſs-gang came and preſs'd me:

How could I all theſe pleaſures leave ?
How with my wherry part ?
I never ſo took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That ever I ſhould thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully
While on the billows rolling,
And, night or day,
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling :
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quickſands and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taſte again
The joys I left behind :
In climes afar,
The hoteſt war,
Pour'd broadſides on the foe,
In hopes theſe perils to relate,
As by my ſide attentive fate,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At laſt it pleaſ'd his majeſty
To give peace to the nation,
And honeſt hearts
From foreign parts,
Came home for conſolation :
Like lightning—for I felt new life,
Now ſafe from all alarms—
I ruſh'd, and found my friend and wife,
Lock'd in each other's arms !
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame like a lubber :—No ;
For ſeeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.

BALLAD.

COTCHELIN sat all alone,
Devil a soul beside her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her;
His pipes, which she'd been used to hear,
Careless left behind him,
She thought she'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again she'd find him.
'Twill not do, you loodle loo,
Arrah now be easy,
Tad was born with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down,
And now her bosom's panting,
And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,
Caze why? dere's something wanting:
And now she plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his favourite strain,
Arrah be easy Paddy.
Ah 'twill not do, you loodle loo,
Arrah now be easy,
Tad was born with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

Taddy from behind a bush,
Where he'd long been listening,
Now like lightening forth did rush,
His eyes with with pleasure glistening,
Snatching up his pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleasure,
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did measure:
Ah well will do this loodle loo,
Arrah now be easy,
Tad was born with joy to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,

No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him too:
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
In vain Tom's life had doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE ſtorm had ceas'd, the veſſel, ſtriving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When the drown'd crew ſcarcely ſurviving,
Jack pin'd his deſtiny forlorn:
Where are thoſe friends whom late I cheriſh'd,
That manly, noble, honeſt band,
Ah do I live, my meſſmates periſh'd,
To wail them in a foreign land.

Where is my love, my charming Kitty,
Alas unmindful of my grief,
To others woes ſhe gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack moſt wants relief.
But ſee what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the ſtrand!
Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.

But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me,
Or, if they do, what out-ſtretch'd arms
Are theſe thus tender'd to relieve me?
Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to ſo much beauty.
Fate to reward with partial hand,
This pattern ſends of love and duty,
To ſave me in a foreign land.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I vow I thought you, at firſt ſight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or ſome hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken:
With noſe and chin like ram's horns curl'd,
And brows in furrowed wrinkles furl'd,
Well, 'tis amazing in this world,
How one may be miſtaken.

For now I ſee, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your ſhambling trotters ply,
As if by palſy ſhaken:
You're young as Ganemede and fair,
Narciſſus had not ſuch an air,
Well, 'tis amazing I declare,
How one may be miſtaken.

BALLAD.

ONCE on a time to mighty Jove,
Complaints came from afar,
From men of unſucceſsful love,
Miſcarriages in war:
In law the want of equity,
Of mirth at city feaſts,
Of pathos in their poetry,
And of good works in prieſts.

So loud and clam'rous were theſe clods,
That Jove, ne'er left at reſt,

Conven'd a ſynod of the gods,
And Bacchus 'mongſt the reſt:
He, merry wag, knew what on earth
Thus cauſed them to repine,
And inſtant ſent them genuine mirth,
Caſk'd up in tons of wine.

The lover drank and eas'd his care,
Heroes grew high in fame,
A comely paunch mark'd each Lord Mayor,
And lawyers juſt became.
Bards ſung divine, prieſts put up prayers,
For ſuch a bleſſing given,
And Bacchus to this day declares,
There's no ſuch drink in heaven.

BALLAD.

WHEN laſt in the Dreadful your honour ſet ſail,
On Newfoundland banks, there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, red lightening, and cold whiſtling hail,
Enough the old gemman to ſcare;
One who threaten'd your life, daſh'd below by a wave,
Your own hand I ſaw ſnatch'd from a watery grave;
And you ſaid 'twas well done, for that ſtill with the brave
The nobleſt of glory's to ſpare.

When yard arm and yard arm long ſide of a foe,
When the blood from the ſcuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
To ſtrike we ſaw Mounſeeur prepare:
If a broad ſide below, or a volley above,
The men were ready to give her for love,
How oft has your honour cry'd not a hand move,
A hero's true glory's to ſpare.

SONG.

FAR from ſtrife and loves alarms,
With joyous heart, and mind at eaſe.
Time was when reſiſtleſs charms,
Bacchus knew the way to pleaſe.

When while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I ſaw each minute paſs,
Nor ever had I heard a ſound
Like the ſweet tinkling of the glaſs.
My flaſk now broke, and ſpilt my wine,
For Cupid Bacchus' joys I quit,
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And love, turn'd Fate, cries out ſubmit.

BALLAD.

I WENT to ſea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the ſcorn,
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:
Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wiſh to live,
Still willing, for my poor heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

The firſt word, when on Engliſh ground,
I ſpoke was her falſe name,
And ſoon upon enquiry found
—For ſcandal flies—her ſhame:
She lov'd a youth before the wind,
Who cut and let her drive;
Avaſt, cried I, 'twere now too kind,
To forget and to forgive.

While of theſe thoughts my mind was full,
While adverſe hopes and fears,
Like winds did this and that way pull,
She came to me in tears:
Down went my colours, and I ſwore
For her alone I'd live,
Kiſs'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er,
To forget and to forgive.

BALLAD.

THE boatſwain calls, the wind is fair,
The anchor heaving,

Our ſweethearts leaving,
We to duty muſt repair,
Where our ſtations well we know:
Caſt off halliards from the cleets,
Stand by well, clear all the ſheets;
Come my boys,
Your handſpikes poiſe;
And give one general huzza:
Yet ſighing as you pull away,
For the tears aſhore that flow,
To the windlaſs let us go,
With yo heave ho!

The anchor coming now apeak,
Leſt the ſhip, ſtriving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring yards muſt ſeek,
And back the foretop-ſail well we know:
A pleaſing duty! from aloft
We faintly ſee thoſe charms were oft,
When returning,
With paſſion burning;
We fondly gaze, thoſe eyes that ſeem
In parting with big tears to ſtream;
But come, leſt ours as faſt ſhould flow,
To the windlaſs once more go,
With yo heave ho!

Now the ſhip is under weigh,
The breeze ſo willing,
The canvaſs filling,
The preſt triangle cracks the ſtay,
So taught to haul the ſheet we know:
And now in trim we gaily ſail,
The maſſy beam receives the gale,
While freed from duty
To his beauty,
Leſt on the leſs'ning ſhore afar,
A fervent ſigh heaves every tar,
To thank thoſe tears from him that flow,
That from his true love he ſhould go,
With yo heave ho!

BALLAD—IN THE LONG ODDS.

AND did you hear what ſad diſaſter,
Poor Peg of Mapledown befel,
For love that ſtouteſt hearts can maſter,
Alas! that thoſe who love ſo well,
In ſorrow's train
Should mourn in vain:
Her ſtory does ſuch grief impel,
That woe is me the while I tell.

She lov'd a youth of honeſt kindred;
At church behold the happy pair;
And aſk what 'twas their bliſs that hinder'd,
For he was young, and ſhe was fair:
Accurs'd be wars,
And party jars,
Why muſt the handſome danger ſhare:
Alas it fills me with deſpair.

Onward to his liege lord's dwelling
A rebel rout had cut their way;
What ſhrieks enſued! and what a yelling!
For he a true man muſt away;
He ſwore the fight
Would end ere night,
And he'd return with garlands gay,
Sweet trophies for his wedding day.

Night came, and ſaw the youth returning?
Accurs'd be war's deſtructive knife;
She ran to claſp, with paſſion burning,
Her wedded lord—depriv'd of life!
Oh cruel ſpight,
What! not one night,
Is not her tale with miſery rife?
At once a maiden and a wife.

BALLAD—IN THE LONG ODDS.

A Sailor, and an honeſt heart,
Like ſhip and helm, are ne'er apart
For, how ſhould one ſtem wind and tide

If tother ſhould refuſe to guide ?
With that ſhe freely cuts the waves.
And ſo the tar,
When claſhing waves around him jar,
Conſults his heart and dangers braves
Where duty calls ; nor aſks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl aſhore.

'Tis not a thouſand leagues from home
More horrid than the billows foam ?
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in diſtant ſeas ;
Danger ſurrounds him far and near :
But honeſt tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Conſults his heart and ſcorns to fear,
The riſks he runs endears him more
To grog aboard, and girl aſhore.

'Tis not that in the hotteſt fight
The murd'rous ball will ſooner light
On that than any other ſpot,
To face the cannon is his lot ;
He muſt of danger have his ſhare :
But honeſt tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Conſults his heart, and ſhakes off care :
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl aſhore.

BALLAD—IN HARVEST HOME.

WOUNDS, here's ſuch a coil ! I am none of your poor
Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure ;
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For I've chattles, and goods, and ſtrong beer of my own :
Beſides, 'tis a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait but the generous ale.

My intereſt I love ; thee I love too, good wife,
But ſtill I love better a jovial life :
And for thee, or my lady, with duty devout
I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.

But 'tis always a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait, but the generous ale.

SONG—IN HARVEST HOME.

AWAY, pale fear and ghaſtly terror!
Fly, at a parent's voice away!
Correcting every youthful error,
She deigns to bid, and I obey:
And Oh, my heart! thou murmur'ſt treaſon,
Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;
This ſacrifice I make to reaſon,
Lie ſtill, poor flutt'rer, and approve!

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

TRULY friend Gil thou chooſeſt well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For often times ſad tales they tell,
Of wives who are too comely:
But cheer thee Perez, and be gay,
From furniſh'd brows exempted,
For how can ſhe e'er go aſtray
Who never will be tempted.

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not bloſſom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel:
Up with thy heart then Gil, be gay,
From furniſhed brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go aſtray,
For ſhe will ne'er be tempted.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

AH let not an inſtant of life paſs in vain,
The moments eſcape us, and age brings on pain,

Life's too precious to fugitive joy,
The flowers which yeſterday zephyr diſcloſed,
Droop'd their heads on their ſtalks before Phœbus repos'd,
Thus one ſingle day ſerves to form and deſtroy.

Then think not of ought but the moment that flies,
To learn to be happy's to learn to be wiſe,
Seize pleaſure while pleaſure's our own,
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above,
Chance but obeyed Fate, and bleſt with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

THIS life's a days journey, we riſe in the morn,
The ſun, trees, and flowers our proſpect adorn,
When, perhaps, we have ſcarcely been ſet out an hour,
But ſlap we're o'ertaken and ſouſed in a ſhower:
To ſhelter then quickly, and ſee now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good ſpirit we ſet out once more,
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with duſt, and now popp'd in a ſlough.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear ſky,
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer,
Now refreſh'd we ſet forward to end our career:
But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemired,
And jolted, and joſtled, and tumbled, and tired,
Yet we keep a good heart, and our ſpirits are light,
In hopes we ſhall meet with a good inn at night.

BALLAD.

FORGIVE me if thus I preſuming
Come hither your heart to ſurpriſe,
Smile, ſmile, and my hopes re-illumine:
But my pardon I read in your eyes:
No impoſtor the paſſion I own is,
And heaven what delight could I be

As truly to you an Adonis,
As you are a Venus to me.
The gods who ſo often delighted
In borrow'd forms, ſome fair nymph to purſue,
Might confeſs they were never excited
By an object ſo charming as you.
No impoſtor, &c,

BALLAD.

OUR Jupiter has near his throne,
Two veſſels which he fills,
The one with benefits alone,
The other crams with ills:
From the good veſſel, health, content,
Plenty and bliſs he gives,
While from the evil forth are ſent
Gout, ſtone, and ſcolding wives.

Thus to mankind with heedful care,
In juſt proportion weigh'd,
The lot to each, each beſt can bear,
By Jove's decree convey'd:
Unleſs his patience when to rub,
Juno the devil drives,
Then headlong from the left hand tub,
Go troops of ſcolding wives.

Oft his complaint on me like air,
From men ſtill paſſed away,
Till that ſame type of Juno there
Let looſe her tongue to-day:
But now entreating Jove I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other ſpot of woe,
Who're plagu'd with ſcolding wives.

BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

CELIA's an angel, by her face
The roſe and lily's ſhamed,

The treſſes of love's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be named:
The gods, cried one, that face with care
Formed in their beſt of humours,
What pity 'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's.

Celia has ſworn to love till death;
For words ſo full of bliſs,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To ſteal an ardent kiſs:
Rapture itſelf is poor and cold,
To joy that ſhe diſcovers,
What pity ſhe the ſame has told
To fifty other lovers.

Celia is young, behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe,
My aunt, ſays ſhe, was juſt fifteen
Some thirty years ago:
Thus youth and beauty's beſt delights
Sweet Celia are adorning,
For ſhe a Venus is at nights,
A ſybil in the morning.

BALLAD.

THE wind blew hard, the ſea ran high,
The dingy ſcud drove croſs the ſky,
All was ſafe lathed, the bowl was ſlung
When careleſs thus Ned Haulyard ſung:
A ſailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whiſtle, he can ſing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ſhip,
And toaſts his girl, and drinks his ſlip.

Down topſails boys, the gale comes on,
To ſtrike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the ſail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful ſings upon the yard:
A ſailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak!—come lads be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold,
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark while working at the pump:
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned preserved, with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore:
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumbered perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last
In tatters to his Poll and home
See honest Haulyard singing come:
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea:
A sailor's life, &c.

WELCH BALLAD.

I PRAY you when your sweetheart pouts,
And sleers, and flouts,
And glours, and glouts,
Ne'er mind the pursing of her prow,
But pout again I pray you now:
Is it not true that females sex,
Plague, and perplex
The other sex,
With whimsies in their heads that grow,
And fantisies I pray you now?

Rack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts,
Do not their arts,
And whims, and starts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that crow,
And jealousies I pray you now?
Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
But change your air,
And shake off care

Nor to their tricks and fancies pow,
But let them ko I pray you now.

BALLAD.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You muſt very well know how to hand, reef, and ſteer,
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongſt ſeamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to ſound:
Which a ſailor can tell from a bay to a ſhoal,
But the beſt ſort of ſounding is ſounding the bowl.

I've ſounded at land, and I've ſounded at ſea,
I've ſounded a-weather, and ſounded a lee,
I've ſounded my quine, at the randivoo houſe,
And I've ſounded my purſe without finding a ſouſe:
What then, we've a brother in each honeſt ſoul,
And ſailors can ne'er want for ſounding the bowl.

All men try for ſoundings wherever they ſteer,
Your nabobs for ſoundings ſtrive hard in Cape Clear,
And there is not a ſoul from the Devil to the Pope,
That could live but for the ſounding the Cape of Good Hope:
No fear then nor danger our hearts ſhall controul,
Though at ſea, we're in ſoundings while ſounding the blow.

BALLAD.

IN which of all thy various joys,
The tongue of fame that ſo employs,
Didſt thou beſt taſte, ſay mighty Jove,
The pure, unmix'd delights of love?
Not with Europa:—there recourſe
Thou boldly had'ſt to brutal force;
Her wiſhes took with thee no part,
She gave her perſon, not her heart.

Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou aſſumedeſt her huſband's name;
For, though ingenious was the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of him:

Not then when in a glitt'ring ſhower,
Thou viſit'ſt Danae in the tower:
The gold prevail'd 'tis true, and ſhe
Yielded to intereſt, not to thee.

Nor Semele, whom to obey
Thou cam'ſt in terrible array,
She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove:
No; 'twas Menoſyne, ſweet fair,
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there,
Joys hadſt thou not, no bard had ſung,
For thence the immortal ſiſters ſprung.

BALLAD.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment all:
I muſt leer and ogle the pretty,
Tell the ſhort ones they're neat, and majeſtic the tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.
Thus agreeable falſehood ſtill paſſing for truth,
I ſhall tickle their vanity ſnugly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleaſure to youth,
And conſole with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lillies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on roſes,
Call ſquinting a leer, find a ſmile in a grin,
And proportion where chins kiſs with noſes:
Thus agreeable falſehood ſtill paſſing for truth,
I'll their vanity tickle ſo ſnugly,
That I'll pleaſe tall and ſhort, fat and lean, age and youth,
And reconcile even the ugly.

BALLAD.

IF tars of their money are laviſh,
I ſay brother take this wipe from me,
'Tis becauſe we're not muck-worms, nor ſlaviſh,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to ſea.

What's cunning, and ſuch quivication,
And them ſly manœuvres to we,
To be rougiſh is no valuation
To hearties who plough the ſalt ſea.

As for cheating—light weights, and ſhort meaſures,
And corruption, and bribery d'ye ſee,
Theſe never embitter the pleaſures,
Of good fellows who plough the ſalt ſea:
You've aſhore actions, writs, ceſſeraries,
And a regiment of counſel to fee,
Jack knows not of ſuch like vagaries—
We never truſt lawyers at ſea.

'Tis ſaid that with grog and our laſſes,
Becauſe jolly ſailors are free,
That money we ſquander like aſſes,
Which like horſes we earn'd when at ſea:
But let them ſay this, that, or tother,
In one thing they're forc'd to agree,
Honeſt hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the ſalt ſea.

GLEE.

WOULD ye know where freedom dwells,
Where jovial hearts carouſe and ſing,
Haunt theſe grots, explore theſe cells,
Here every ſubject is a king!
Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
And joy that knows no liſtleſs pauſe;
For how ſhould we dull ſorrow fear,
Who ſquare our lives by pleaſure's laws?
What's fortune!—is it chance or worth?
Peaſant and prince their race muſt run—
Nor is there that poor ſpot on earth
But's cheriſh'd by the genial ſun.

BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

AN infant defenceleſs, of ſuccour bereft,
On this rude barren wild was I thrown,

My ſole ray of comfort I had not been left,
To brood o'er my ſorrow's alone:
To ſee cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
Or the awful loud war in the deep,
Is the fate poor Flametta was born to deplore,
Which ſhe oft would wiſh kinder, and weep.

To all this aſſemblage of horrors enured,
What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had ſo much endured,
Fate ſhould ſtore up a torment like love.
'Tis too much, I've decided, and who ſhall relate
When her and her miſeries ſleep,
The tale of Flametta, will ſure wiſh her fate,
Poor wretch, had been kinder, and weep.

BALLAD.

DEVOTED to Celia, and bleſt in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delights as I ran o'er her charms,
When methought on each grace as I gaz'd with ſurprize,
For pre eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes:
Like counſel this open'd, and t'other replied,
Appealing to me as the judge to decide.

Her mouth opening ſweetly, thus ſaid with a ſmile,
'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can ſpeak, I can ſing, I can vent the fond ſigh,
And vain may eyes promiſe, if I ſhould deny:
Then while rows of pearls vermeil lips ſweetly hide,
On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

With ineffable ſweetneſs, while looking me through,
Her eyes careleſs cried—'Why I can ſpeak too;
And in ſuch charming language, ſo made to controul,
That of ſenſible lovers it goes to the ſoul:
Mouths may fib, but while eyes to the heart are the guide,
'Twere no difficult taſk on our charms to decide.'

Tranſported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
'Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love with you both:
To expreſs your ſweet influence no language has terms,
One makes me a promiſe which t'other confirms:

'Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
'Oh your different claims then how can I decide?'

BALLAD.

TO a ſlight common wound it is ſome diminution,
Diverting its throbbing, to ſmile at the ſmart,
But where's the firm mind can boaſt ſuch reſolution;
On the face to wear ſmiles when the wound is in the heart?
The wand'rings and errors of folly are treaſon,
And ſhould be condemn'd as diſloyal to love:
But reverence is due to the errors of reaſon,
Which, though they're a weakneſs, we're forc'd to approve.

Then pray ceaſe to jeſt: were my griefs ſuperficial,
Unconcern'd, like yourſelf Sir, I merry might be,
But ſuch cruel jeſts can but prove prejudicial,
And though paſtime to you, may be mortal to me:
Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairneſs of candour might blot,
But gratefully juſt, may alone the intention
In my memory be cheriſh'd, the action forgot.

BALLAD.

CURS'D be the ſordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth,
Firſt drew crude heaps of ſhining ore,
Stamp'd the rude maſs, and gave it worth
Ere yet diſtinctions and degrees
In lovers wiſhes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to pleaſe,
And heart was made the price of heart.

Henceforth ye lovers nothing hope,
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold:
Love has no influence, pow'r or ſcope,
But that which it derives from gold:

Long you may languiſh, long expect,
Vows laviſh, wiſhes, ſighs employ,
A brittle temple to erect,
Which gold can in an hour deſtroy.

BALLAD.

PROPITIOUS gods that rule our fate,
Whoſe ears are tir'd with idle prayers
To baniſh ills that men create,
And chaſe imaginary cares:
And firſt they aſk, in rank and pow'r,
A fate from every care exempt?
Vain hope!—ambition laſts its hour,
Then dwindles into juſt contempt.

Next reputation in the field,
Renown, and to be great in ſtory,
In all ſuch horrid honours yield,
No brother's blood ſhall by my glory.
A ſumptuous pace, georgeous board,
A train of followers next they crave:
Poor fool! his gueſts retir'd, the lord
Is but a ſolitary ſlave.

Next to their memories they'd erect,
A ſtatue, laſting fame to give:—
I aſk but reaſon, and expect
My little pleaſures while I live.
Happy in honours, power, wealth,
If you but grant my fond deſire,
A blameleſs heart, unſhaken health,
My friends, my bottle, and my lyre.

BALLAD.

SUCH love as holy hermits bear,
The ſhrine where they put up their prayer,
As love the feather'd race the air,
Or ſportive fiſh the ſea:
Such as in breaſts of Seraphs ſpring,
When on the expanſe of heav'n they wing

To greet that power by whom they ſing,
Such love I bear to thee.

Such thankful love as warm muſt glow
In thoſe who ſunk in night and ſnow,
When welcome beams firſt faintly ſhew
The long-loſt ſun they ſee.
As pleaſure youth comfort the old,
Virtue the good, or fame the bold,
As health the ſick, or miſers gold,
Such love I bear to thee.

BALLAD.

GIVE round the word diſmount, diſmount,
While echoed by the ſprightly horn,
The toils and pleaſures we recount
Of this ſweet health-inſpiring morn.
'Twas glorious ſport, none e'er did lag;
Nor drew amiſs, nor made a ſtand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Acteon been the ſtag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddeſs of the chace.

The hounds were out and ſnuffed the air,
And ſcarce had reach'd th'appointed ſpot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And preſently drew on the ſlot.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl:
And echo note for note repeats,
While ſprightly horns reſound a call.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now the ſtag has loſt his pace,
And while war-haunch the huntſman cries,
His boſom ſwells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he ſtruggles, and he dies,
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

WOULD you hear a ſad ſtory of woe,
That tears from a ſtone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tar you muſt know,
As honeſt as e'er biſcuit broke:
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The moſt true, the moſt kind, the moſt brave,
But harſh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more:
His heart was all kindneſs and love:
Though on duty an eagle he'd ſoar,
His nature had moſt of the dove:
He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate,
His father to intereſt a ſlave,
Sent him far from his love where hard fate
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

A curſe on all ſlanderous tongues,
A falſe friend his mild nature abuſed,
And ſweet Kate of the vileſt of wrongs,
To poiſon Ben's pleaſure abuſed:
That ſhe never had truly been kind,
That falſe were the tokens ſhe gave,
That ſhe ſcorn'd him, and wiſh'd he might find,
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too ſure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accompliſh'd its end;
Ben, all truth and honour himſelf,
Suſpected no fraud in his friend:
On the yard, while ſuſpended in air,
A looſe to his ſorrows he gave,
Take thy wiſh, he cried, falſe cruel fair;
And plung'd in a watery grave.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

TO aſk would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd diſcern,

He's as honeſt a fellow I'd have youto know
As e'er ſtept between ſtem and ſtern:
Let furious winds the veſſel waft,
In his ſtation amidſhips, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Caſt off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaſt, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and ſteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to ſwig.

The firſt voyage I made to ſea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main top gallant maſt went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's Head;
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremoſt of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Caſt off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaſt, yo ho!
And hand, reef and ſteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight;
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to ſwig.

There was Kit with a caſt in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And ſhambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe:
Three lads though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Caſt off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaſt, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and ſteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
And their joy and delight

Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to ſwig.

Then over life's fortune I'll jog,
Let the ſtorm or the Spaniards come on,
So but ſea room I get, and a ſkin full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don:
For I'm the man that's ſpract and daſt,
In my ſtation amidſhips, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Caſt off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaſt, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and ſteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig,
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to ſwig.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas are the children of ſorrow;
And though briſk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow:
For ſunſhine's ſucceeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's ſtormy weather,
Leſt pleaſure ſhould only bring pain,
Let us all be happy together.

I grant the beſt bleſſings we know
Is a friend, for true friendſhip's a treaſure,
And yet, leſt your friend prove a foe,
Oh haſte not the dangerous pleaſure:
Thus friendſhip's a flimſey affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble,
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleaſing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth cou'd be neareſt to heaven,
Let him, thanking his ſtars, chuſe a wife
To whom truth and honour are given:

But honour and truth are ſo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, ſo tingle,
That, with all my reſpect to the fair
I'd adviſe him to ſigh and live ſingle.
It appears from theſe premiſes plain
That wiſdom is nothing but folly,
That pleaſure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all thoſe who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine friſk and fun to be grieving,
And that ſince we muſt all of us die,
We ſhould taſte no enjoyment while living

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a ſoldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee:
What though by duty I am called,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou put'ſt up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving,
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving:

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I'll fearleſs ſeek the conflicts heat,
Aſſured when on the wings of love
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant ſmile
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee,

Who knew thy boſom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee:
I go aſſured, my life adieu,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

I BE one of they ſailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why,
That be fortune's ſtrange weather, a calm or a ſquall,
Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all:
That the ſtays and the braces of life will be found
To be ſome of 'em rotten and ſome of 'em ſound,
That the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For death will too ſoon bring each anchor a-peak.

When aſtride on the yard, they top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd, like a ſhot, plump among 'em below,
Why I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
And ſo broke my fall, to ſave breaking my neck:
Juſt like your philoſophers, for all their jaw,
Who leſs than a rope, gladly catch at a ſtraw;
Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For death will too ſoon bring each anchor a-peak.

Why now that there cruiſe that we made off the banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got ſhot for my thanks,
What then ſhe ſoon ſtruck, and though crippled on ſhore,
And laid up to refit, I had ſhiners galore:
At length live and looking, I tried the falſe main,
And to get more prize money, got ſhot at again:
Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For death will too ſoon bring each anchor a-peak.

Then juſt as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's ſpoon's made of ſilver, another's of wood,
What's poiſon for one man's another man's balm,
Some are ſafe in a ſtorm, and ſome loſt in a calm:
Some are rolling in riches, ſome not worth a ſouſe,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-ſouſe:

Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For death will too ſoon bring each anchor a-peak.

BALLAD— IN THE WAGS.

The ſun's deſcending in the wave,
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghoſts of dead yncas now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And ſee if Moniaco knows to fear,
Oh ſun my ſire!
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa ſoon ſhall come;
Cover me with ſcars,
Nought can controul
The dauntleſs ſoul,
That ſhall live among its kindred ſtars.

What it's to die? to leave this clay,
And breathe in everlaſting day,
For robes celeſtial ſhake off duſt,
Among the bleſt
From care to reſt,
And emulate the virtues of the juſt:
Then ſun, my ſire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu ye friends, vain world adieu,
Bliſs is for me, but woe for you:
While I, new born, ſhall go to find
The upper heaven
You ſhall be driven,
Like ſcattered chaff, before falſe fortune's wind,
Now ſun, my ſire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire!
Illia Moniaco, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames,
My name was natty Jerry,

The beſt of ſmarts and flaſhy dames
I've carried in my wherry :
For then no mortal ſoul like me
So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye ſee,
And won the prize of Dogget :
In coat and badge, ſo neat and ſpruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every waterman did uſe
To call me happy Jerry.

But times ſoon changed, I went to ſea,
My wife and friend betray'd me,
And in my abſence treacherouſly
Some pretty frolics play'd me :
Return'd, I uſed them like a man,
But ſtill 'twas ſo provoking,
I could not enjoy my very can,
Nor even fancy ſmoaking :
In tarniſh'd badge, and coat ſo queer,
No longer blithe and merry,
Old friends now paſſed me with a ſneer,
And called me diſmal Jerry.

At ſea, as with a dangerous wound,
I lay under the ſurgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found
In every emergence :
Soon after my ſweet friend and wife
Into this meſs had brought me,
Theſe two kind friends who ſav'd my life
In my misfortunes ſought me :
We're come cried they, that once again
In coat and badge ſo merry,
Your kind old friends, the watermen,
May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your ſoul's deſire,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who ſince that time in man's attire
Have ſought you the world over :
And I, cried t'other, am that Jack
When boys you uſed ſo badly,
Though now the beſt friend to your back
Then prithee look not ſadly :

Few words are beſt, I ſeiz'd their hands,
My greatful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friendſhip's bands,
I'm once more happy Jerry.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BOLD Jack the ſailor here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowſers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib :
I ſails the ſeas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life.
In every meſs I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of conſtancy,
Of grief, and ſuch like fun,
I've conſtant been to ten, cried I,
But never grieved for one :
The flowing ſails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every meſs to find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've a ſpanking wife at Portſmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange tawny up the Straits,
A black at St. Lucia :
Thus whatſomedever courſe I bend,
I leads a jovial life,
In every meſs I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

Will Gaſt, by Death, was ta'en aback,
I came to brink the news;
Poll whimper'd ſore, but what did Jack?
Why, ſtood in William's ſhoes .
She cut, I chafed, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And ſo ſhe got an honeſt friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we ſailors all the ye
On fortune's ſ

We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub:
Storms that the maſt to ſplinters rend,
Can't ſhake our jovial life,
In every meſs we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

HARK the din of diſtant war,
How noble is the clangor,
Pale death aſcend his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger:
A doubtful fate the ſoldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel:
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to cloſe his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many who, diſdaining fear,
Ruſh on the deſperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown ſhall tell our ſtory,
If we ſhould fall, but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true a doubtful fate, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

THE wind was huſh'd, the ſtorm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing ſail,
From toil releaſed, when Dick of Dover,
Went with his meſſmates to regale:
All danger's o[illegible] my neat hearts,
D[illegible] can,
[illegible] hearts,

She's none of thoſe that's always gigging,
And ſtem and ſtern made up of art:
One knows a veſſel by her rigging,
Such ever ſlight a conſtant heart:
With ſtraw hat and pink ſtreamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has ſhe ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with ſmiles my buxom Nan,

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To ſee him ſtare when he came back,
The girls were all off of the hinges
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack:
'Tant maſted all, to ſee who's talleſt,
Breaſtworks, top gant-ſails, and a fan,
Meſſmate, cried I, more ſail than ballaſt,
Ah ſtill give me my buxom Nan.

None in life's ſea can ſail more quicker,
To ſhew her love, or ſerve a friend,
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word then, and there's an end:
Of all the wenches whatſomedever,
I ſay then find me out who can
One half ſo tight, ſo kind ſo clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature,
Good, and ſweet, and kind, and fair
Than man a higher ſtile of creature,
Perfect as celeſtials are:
See Myra come, like ſtately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

Young Celia's charms that beam ſo ſweetly,
To paint ah what can words avail,
She's Venus' ſelf, and ſo completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail:
To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would ſtand afraid;
She chaſte and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus women boaſt a near relation,
'Tis plain to the celeſtial race,
Thus we of their divine creation
A family reſemblance trace:
If then ſome faults of this complexion,
Like ſpots upon that ſun, their fame,
Ruſt this fame model of perfection,
The ſtars, not women, are to blame.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd
And took a cheering drop:
I ſay, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your ſort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you ſafe to port?

Cried Jack, you lubber, don't you know?
Our paſſions cloſe to reef,
To ſteer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief:
Theſe anchors get but in your power,
My life for't that's your ſort;
The bower, the ſheet, and the beſt bower
Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough,
Be good, be honeſt, ſerve a friend,
Be maxims well enough:
Who ſwabs his bows at other's woe,
That tar's for me your ſort,
His veſſel right a-head ſhall go
To find a joyful port.

Let ſtorms of life upon me preſs,
Misfortunes makes me reel,
Why, dam'me, what's my own diſtreſs?
For others let me feel:
Ay, ay, if bound with a freſh gale
To heaven this is your ſort,

A handkerchief's the beſt wet ſail
To bring you ſafe to port.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

I'M daſhing Dick the duſtman,
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the firſt man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade:
Duſt ho! duſt ho! I rings my bell and cries,
My tricks, if you would find 'em,
Pretty early you muſt riſe,
For watch me ſtill,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off many a prize,
And when I wants to blind 'em,
I throws duſt in their eyes.

Why what's your man of honour?
And what's your madam fame?
A jilt when he has won her,
That proves a dirty name:
Victory! victory! each draws his ſword and cries,
In the midſt of ſlaughter find him,
See where the ſavage flies,
He ſpares no life,
No friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize,
Till death, at laſt, to blind him,
Throws duſt in his eyes.

The lawyer, the phyſician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine:
Fees ho! fees ho! each draws his purſe and cries,
Their conſcience can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies,
All prayers fail,
While in a jail,
The ruin'd client lies,
Unleſs you throw to blind 'em
Gold duſt in their eyes.

And ſo, d'ye ſee, men buſtle,
To ſee who's dirty firſt,
And one another huſtle,
And all to raiſe the duſt:
Duſt ho! duſt ho! each draws his purſe and cries,
And he, Old Nick, behind him,
Will take, to mount up tries,
All ſcrambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away ſome prize,
And each throws duſt to blind him
Plump in his neighbours eyes.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

IF bold and brave thou can'ſt not bear,
Thyſelf from all thou lov'ſt to tear,
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A ſpark of fear invade thy ſoul,
If thou'rt appall'd, when cannons roar,
I prithee meſſmate ſtay aſhore:
There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy eaſe and ſafety buſy,
Nor dare to come,
Where honeſt Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers ſing, and drink the ſwizzy.

If, ſhould'ſt thou loſe a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,
Poor recompence that thou art kind,
Shall prove inconſtant as the wind,
If ſuch hard fortune thou'ſt deplore,
I prithee meſſmate ſtay aſhore,
There like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou truſted hadſt alone,
All knowledge of thee ſhould diſown;

If this ſhould vex thee to the core,
I prithee meſſmate ſtay aſhore.
There like a lubber, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

WHY don't you know me by my ſcars?
I'm ſoldier Dick come from the wars;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed—but what of that?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What arguſies who ſtands or falls;
Lord what ſhould one be ſorry for?
Life's but the fortune of the war:
Then rich or poor, or well or ſick,
Still laugh and ſing ſhall ſoldier Dick.

I uſed to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the ſconce,
And doweſh'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince?
Why lord I've never ſquinted ſince.
Beat drums, &c.

Some diſtant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms,
While others die ſafe in their beds
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout or fever, ſword or ſhot,
Or ſomething ſends us all to pot:
That we're to die then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

AVERT yon omen, gracious heaven,
The ugly ſcud,
By riſing winds reſiſtleſs driven,
Kiſſes the flood.

How hard the lot for ſailor's caſt,
That they ſhould roam
For years, to periſh thus at laſt
In ſight of home!

For if the coming gale we mourn,
A tempeſt grows,
Our veſſel's ſhatter'd ſo and torn,
That down ſhe goes!
The tempeſt comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly;
And now we touch old ocean's bed,
Now reach the ſky!

On ſable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends ſeem to wait,
To ſnatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate:
Unleſs ſome kind, ſome pitying pow'r
Should interpoſe,
She labours ſo within this hour
Down ſhe goes.

But ſee, on roſy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the ſorr'wing morn,
With us to weep:
Deceitful ſorrow, cheerleſs light,
Dreadful to think,
The morn is ris'n, in endleſs night,
Our hopes to ſink!
She ſplits! ſhe parts!—through ſluices driven,
The water flows;
Adieu ye friends, have mercy heaven!
For down ſhe goes!

RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

ONE negro, wi my banjer,
Me from Jenny come,
Wid cunning yiei
Me ſavez ſpy
De buckra world one hum,
As troo a ſtreet a ſtranger
Me my banjer ſtrum:

My miſſy for one black dog about the houſe me kick,
Him ſay, my naſſy tawny face enough to make him ſick;
But when my maſſa he go out, ſhe then no longer rail,
For firſt me let the captain in, and then me tell no tale:

So aunt Quaſhy ſay,
Do tabby, brown, or black, or white,
You ſee um in one night,
Every ſort of cat be gray.
One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lily money back, you go to law they call,
The court and all the tie-wig ſoon ſtrip you ſhirt and all;
The courtier call him friend and foe,
And fifty ſtory tell,
To day ſay yes, to morrow no,
And lie like any hell:
And ſo though negro black for true,
He black in buckra country too.
One negro, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BARDS call themſelves a heav'nly race,
Topers find heaven in wine,
We truly boaſt who love the chaſe,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are:
Great Jove, who ſpends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.

Then come and wake the drowſy morn,
While the ſwift game we follow:
The feather'd throug and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's hollow.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
Toaſts for view hollows gives,
While Mercury, with his Bow-ſtreet pack,
Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves:
Bold Mars, a blood hound, hunts for fame,
Nor till its lateſt breath,
Will he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.
Then come, &c.

Diana in her ſacred grove
Saw raſh Acteon near,
And though ſhe ſeem'd to ſcorn his love,
See took him for her deer:

Yet vex'd to think this hint ſo ſly
On the fool ſhe could not paſs,
From his own hands ſhe made him fly,
And kill'd him for an aſs.
Then come, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, reſtleſs fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting care,
And ſtill on a wrong ſcent.
Indeed the fair oft mount their nag,
By the hunting mania ſtruck,
And if Acteon was a ſtag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.
Then come, &c.

RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

WHILE whim, and glee, and jeſt, and ſong,
Diſplay their charming treaſure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleaſure.

All human beings have their cares,
Life's made of joy and ſorrow;
To balance life then our affairs
Should of our pleaſures borrow:
Youth's joy's ſeaſon, ſo is age,
Each temper, ſex, complexion,
In mirth may harmleſsly engage,
As well as in reflection.
While whim, &c.

You who proudly roll in wealth,
You whoſe means are ſlender,
You whoſe lungs proclaim your health,
You whoſe frames are tender:
You who wear grave wiſdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are melancholy:—
While whim, &c.

Where's amongſt them all the cynic elf,
Of joy the open ſcorner,

But doff'd the ſage, and to himſelf
Took pleaſure in a corner?
In ſhort who ſets up to deſpiſe
Thoſe joys the mirth awaken,
I will not rudely ſay he lies,
But ſurely he's miſtaken.
While whim, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

THE tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and ſteer,
That can nimbly caſt off and belay,
Who in darkeſt of nights finds each halliard and jeer,
And dead reck'ning knows well and lee way:
But the tar to pleaſe me,
More jolly muſt be,
He muſt laugh at the waves as they roar;
He muſt rattle,
And in battle
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more:
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing laughing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And all for the ſake of his girl aſhore.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will ſpend,
Who up for a meſſmate will bring,
For we ſailors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be falſe to his king.
But the tar to pleaſe me,
More jolly muſt be,
He muſt venture for money galore;
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous ſpirit,
A prudent one more;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily,

And merily,
And ſave up his caſh for his girl aſhore.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at ſea often thinks of her charms,
Who toaſts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wiſhes her moor'd in his arms:
But the tar to pleaſe me
More jolly muſt be,
Though teaz'd at each port by a ſcore,
He muſt, ſneering
At their leering,
Never ſtudy to delight 'em,
But ſcorn 'em, and ſlight 'em,
Still true to the core;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily.
And conſtant return to his girl aſhore.

BALLAD— IN THE WAGS.

FAR remov'd from noiſe and ſmoak,
Hark I hear the woodman's ſtroke,
Who dreams not as he fells the oak,
What miſchief dire he brews:
How art ſhall ſhape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and eaſe,
He weighs not matters ſuch as theſe,
But ſings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree ſhall form the ſpruce ſedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where oyſter Nan
So runs her vulgar rig;
The ſtage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or elſe quacks, perhaps, the ſtocks,
Or poſts for ſigns, or barber's blocks,
Where ſmiles the parſon's wig.

Thou mak'ſt bold peaſant, oh what grief,
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The ſeat where ſits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobler's ſtall:

Thou pamper'ſt life in every ſtage,
Mak'ſt folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet juſtice let us ſtill afford,
Theſe chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confeſs the woodman's ſtroke:
He made the preſs that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itſelf, where tiplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

VAUXHALL BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

TIME was, for oh there was a time,
Sweet Phœbe by my ſide,
The ſofteſt verſe I ſung in rhime,
Where falling pools do glide:
But, Phœbe hence, I'm left alone,
Nor verſe nor rhime can pleaſe,
And pools ſtand ſtill to ſee me moan,
In whiſpers through the trees.

The pride of laughing nature ſtood
In fertile heaths confeſſ'd,
When birds, in yon impervious wood,
With Phœbe ſaw me bleſt.
But laughing nature's now in tears,
The heaths begin to mourn,
Birds hoot in my melodious ears,
For Phœbe's glad return.

To ſhun fierce ſol's meridian heat,
Upon yon verdant green,
How oft, at cloſe of eve, I'd meet,
Sweet Phœbe, beauty's queen:
But loſt the ſun ſhine of her charms,
The verdant green's all brown,
And I, with nothing in my arms,
Lie hard on beds of down.

Then come ſweet fair, and leave behind
All ſorrow, pain, and woe,

The birds ſhall ſmile, and the north wind
Like Boreas gently blow:
So ſhall the daiſy-mantling green,
The cowſlip-ſtudded brook,
In ſable robes all crimſon ſeen,
Reflect each azure look.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

SO ſweet I'll dreſs my Zootka fair,
Such pretty toys her charms ſhall deck,
The nails of foes ſhall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck:
A hut I'll build her of catalps,
And ſweetly hang it round with ſcalps,
And as we frantic ſkip and ſing,
And join to form the myſtic ring,
And ſymbals twang,
And tymbals bang,
And jump and prance,
And friſk in wedlock's devious dance,
We'll drink and yam,
And make the banjer cry giam, giam,

The roſe let Europe's beauties boaſt,
Aſia the ſaffron's ſickly die,
Let Ebon wives grace Afric's coaſt:—
Can theſe with lovely Zootka vie?
Her olive cheek the gloſs outſhines,
That decorates the copper mines—
Come then and frantic, &c.

Some ſhave their eyebrows for the fair,
Others for love pull out their teeth,
Some by the roots tear up their hair,
To form a pretty marriage wreath:
My loving fiſt at Zootka's noſe
Shall aim a hundred tender blows,
And as they frantic, &c.

RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

IN peace, when ſprightly drum and fife
Quick marches ſweetly play,

Then charming is the ſoldier's life,
To lounge it all the day:
How different the trade is
From war's deſtructive call,
He ogles all the ladies,
And dances at the ball.

The ſaſh ſo ſweet a zone is,
So powerful are its charms,
That Mars becomes Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms.

No more upon the dangerous plain,
Death grimly ſtalks abroad,
No more
The gaſping and unpitied ſlain,
Weltering in gore,
For unavailing help implore:
Their ſpirits iſſue with a groan,
Their eyes are cloſed in endleſs night,
Beholders are with horror aw'd,
And dread a fate, ſad fate of woe,
That ſoon may be their own.

No time for pity now!—the fight
Grows hot,
The trumpet ſounds a charge,
Soldiers and ſteeds with ardour glow,
Stern carnage takes the field,
And traverſes his boundaries long and large:
The word is die or yield,
And mercy is forgot:—

Such is the dreadful ardour of the war;
Yet different far
When all theſe horrors ceaſe,
And ſoldiers taſte the joys of ſmiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

The well pack'd column, like a rock,
While they the war ſuſtain,
Greatly receive an army's ſhock,
The glorious terror of the plain:
Advancing near,
The foe is ſtruck aghaſt,
The panic ſpreads,
Pale fear
Gains on 'em faſt;

To order's poſt confuſion now ſucceeds,
And now the front becomes the rear;
All reſolution's gone,
While wan deſpair,
Turn'd gen'ral, to deſtruction leads 'em on:
They fly,
Follow the victors cry,
War's dreadful tempeſt comes,
Trumpets and drums,
Shouts, groans, and thund'ring cannons rend the ſky!

The banners flutt'ring late in air,
Now from the bearers graſp are torn,
And on the ſpear
Of victory borne:—

The ſtroke's deciſive!—glutted war,
Deſcending from his ſanguine car,
Tired ſoldiers from their poſt releaſe,
To taſte the joys of ſmiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

JACK dances and ſings, and is always content,
In his vows to his laſs he'll ne'er fail her,
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all ſpent—
And this is the life of a ſailor.
Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where winds the tir'd veſſel are ſlinging,
Though ſunk to the ſea gods, or toſs'd to the ſkies,
Still Jack is found working and ſinging:
Long ſide of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadſide on broadſide regale her,
Yet he'll ſigh to the ſoul o'er that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a ſailor.
Let cannons roar loud, burſts their ſides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleaſant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the ſtorm and the battle:
In a ſoſtering power while Jack puts his truſt,
As fortune comes, ſmilling he'll hail her,
Reſign'd, ſtill, and manly, ſince what muſt be muſt,
And this is the mind of a ſailor.

Though careleſs and headlong, if danger ſhould preſs,
And rank'd 'mongſt the free liſt of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of diſtreſs,
And prove the moſt conſtant of lovers:
To rancour unknown, to no paſſion a ſlave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave.
And this is a true hearted ſailor.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BLEST Friendſhip hail! thy gifts poſſeſſing,
That happy mortal's rich indeed:
Thou willing giv'ſt each earthly bleſſing
To all but thoſe who ſtand in need:
Thy words are ſweet as Hybla's honey,
In accents kind, and mild, and civil,
Flows thy advice:—thou giv'ſt not money,
For money is the very devil:
And rather than the foul temptation
Should into ſcrapes thy friend betray,
Diſint'reſted conſideration,
Thou kindly tak'ſt it all away.

Are his affairs at rack and manger,
Leſt a bad world thy friend ſhould chouſe,
No time for thee to play the ſtranger,
Thou deign'ſt to manage all his houſe:
To make him thy good pleaſure tarry,
To kiſs thy feet, to leap o'er ſticks,
To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,
And play a thouſand monkey tricks.
Nay, if thy liquorith chops ſhould water,
To eaſe him of domeſtic ſtrife,
Thou rid'ſt him of a flirting daughter,
Or, kinder ſtill, thou ſteal'ſt his wife.

Come then, my friend, prevent my pleaſure,
And out of doors politeneſs kick,
With me and mine pray keep no meaſure,
Drench me with bumpers, make me ſick:
My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and ſup:

Come on thou kind, thou friendly glutton,
Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.
Then, to the laſt a friend, deſert me,
That wiſe by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at laſt, become my own.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

WHAT ſong ſhall I chant? while I ſing Venus ſparrows,
Her ceſtus, her dove,
Shall I hold forth on love?
Source of ſo many bleſſings and ills,
On which ſo many Cupids have blunted their arrows,
And ſo many poets their quills!
All its pains and its pleaſures, its miſchiefs and joys,
Have been ſung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain boys,
Not a ſingle new thought the Pierian ſpring
On love can inſpire:—nor of love will I ſing.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glaſſes,
That fools think divine,
Shall my ſong be on wine?
Source of ſo many ſurfeits and feaſts,
Where ſo many topers have toaſted their laſſes,
And ſo many men become beaſts!
Let thoſe deſcribe wine who can drink till they reel,
'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's
ſpring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to ſing?

While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleaſure
Leave at home for a name,
Shall I deſcant on fame?
Source of ſo many murders and woes,
Where ſo many heroes have plunder'd for treaſure,
And ſo many friends become foes!
A ſtranger to battles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't ſhudder and write:
The beſt plume that e'er hero bore off from Fame's wing
Should not tempt me a ſcene of ſuch horror to ſing.

What ſhall be my ſong? Shall I celebrate riches?
Whoſe graſp can combine
Love, glory, and wine!
Source of each mortal man's riſe and fall:

That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches!
A nothing that comprehends all!
Be the theme of theſe of others, they cannot be mine:—
Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war ſhall ſweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Reaſon ſmiles, and forbids me ſuch folly to ſing.

BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BUT, perhaps, while thus boldly expoſing each elf,
A dupe to paſſion, or folly, or pelf,
I the critic ſevereſt become of myſelf,
Preſuming to hope for your favours—
What is it to me who ſings great, or ſings ſmall,
Or whether knave firſt every knave likes to call,
Or who's roguiſh, or honeſt—Lord nothing at all,
But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.

Advice from a lawyer, a ſmile from his grace,
From a hypocrit treachery with a ſmooth face,
From a biſhop a bleſſing, a gameſter ames ace,
The public receive for their favours:
Thus in their vocation all earneſtly join,
For what ſhould a man circulate but his own coin?
Let us humbly entreat then you'll not refuſe mine,
Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.

Every piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art,
Sterling gratitude ſtill will be found in each part,
The lively impreſſion was made on my heart,
For what leſs can purchaſe your favours?
Thus I fearleſs ſubmit to paſs through your mint,
When aſſay'd, ſhould you find there's no counterfeit in't,
The ſtamp of your kind approbation imprint,
To paſs current my crotchets and quavers.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TIGHT lads have I ſail'd with, but none e'er ſo ſightly,
As honeſt Bill Bobſtay, ſo kind and ſo true:
He'd ſing like a mermaid, and foot it ſo lightly,
The forecaſtle's pride, and delight of the crew?

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, though his fortune was kind without end;
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't d'ye see, but to succour a friend.

There's Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving, the ship like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, through hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Though she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out, he can succour a friend,

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spight of their
'crosses,
'And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
'That sailors, at sea, earn their money like horses,
'To squander it idly like asses ashore.'
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

RONDEAU—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BEAUTY I sell, who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Roses and lilies girls, here am I;
Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause for complaint,
They shall look like angels, and all without paint:
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Here am I.
Come maids and be beautiful, easy's the task;
Use the rouge newly taken from modesty's mask;
As it blooms shall fair truth shew your heart in the flush,
And duty's enamel shall polish the blush,

For duty gives charms that ſhall laſt all your lives:
None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.
Beauty I ſell, &c.

Now's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful grow,
Draw ſome drops from content's lucid fount as they flow;
Take the mildneſs of love, throw away all the art,
Mix theſe in endearment's alembic, the heart,
Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
Then add nature's beſt gloſs, a perpetual ſmile,
Beauty I ſell, &c.

Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and wife:
This eſſence of truth to the eyes gives a life,
This tincture of ſweetneſs ſhall lilies diſcloſe,
And from this, virtue's balm, ſhall ſpring beauty's beſt roſe;
Then while art's in faſhion, how can you refuſe,
That which nature and re aſon permit you to uſe?
Beauty I ſell, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TO the plain, to the plain, hark! hark we are ſummon'd away;
The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the ear:
Trees and flow'rs freſh liv'ry have put on to-day,
And the ſun with new glory begins his career!
Some ſplendid occaſion Arcadia invites
To the court of its lov'd, its illuſtrious lord,
Where, while pleaſures and ſports blend their various delights,
Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board.

What, what can it mean?
For our hearts' king and queen
May juſt fate thus each day ſome new pleaſures prepare:
The ſports now begun!
'Tis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their ſon,
And the ſong, and the dance, and the clarion ſo loud,
And thoſe acclamations we hear from the crowd,
'All hail the royal pair.'

Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegroom and bride;
What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung,
He a Mars in his car, Venus ſhe, by his ſide;
He a hero, and ſhe from a hero's race ſprung.

Venus here finds her court; three ſweet Graces are ſeen,
'Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove,
The fair ſtranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen,
Each a ſiſter in beauty, a ſiſter in love:
And ſee the glad throng,
For the dance and the ſong
With eager reſpectful affection prepare!
The ſports are begun,
George ſanctions the nuptials of Frederick his ſon,
While the ſong, &c.

Again a loud burſt! What new ſhouts rent the air!
A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives!
While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,
Each alike imparts tranſport, and tranſport receives.
Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,
Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they ſpring:
The firſt title of human perfection we know
Is the parent whoſe virtues illuſtrate the king.
And ſee the glad throng,
For the dance and the ſong
With eager reſpectful attention prepare!
The ſports are begun,
George ſanctions the nuptials of Frederick his ſon:
While the ſong, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough
Was ſo gay or ſo careleſs as I:
But my friend was a carſindo aboard a king's ſhip,
And he ax'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip,
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teizing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
No longer the horn
Call me up in the morn,
I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip;
When in danger there's no door to creep out:

I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about:
By and by comes a hurricane, I did not like that:
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat:
Ah, cried I, who would roam
That like me had a home?
Where I'd ſow, and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found by a friend, whom I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away:
Ah who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives loſing their huſbands, oft loſe their good name;
Ah why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home,
I could ſow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
Curſe light upon the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your cares at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife ſafe at home!
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leapt out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin:
Now cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any damn'd carſindo, nor the inconſtant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE peaſant in his humble cot,
The Ethiope on the ſandy Nile,

The mole-like Laplander, whoſe grot
Boaſts little genial nature's ſmile:
Theſe, bleſt with virtue, are not poor;
Her cheering voice ſuch thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obſcure
A joy that ſhames the palaces of kings.

Oh virtue, ſorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind heaven ſent,
That tear'ſt away the thorn of grief,
And plant'ſt inſtead the roſe content!—
Thy ſmalleſt ſpark ſuch luſtre owns,
With it ſuch truth and dignity it brings,
It throws obſcurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SWEET ſung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When on as ſweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to ſhare,
Anna and I were ſworn.
Sweetly the thruſh, in varied ſong,
The vacant joy encreas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feaſt.
But ſweeter ſang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the ſilver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love!

The lark's ſweet morning ſong of joy
Is known by that content,
A lovely girl and blooming boy,
Are given us to cement:
The thruſh ſtill merrily at noon,
In varied cadence ſings,
When ſmiling fortune oft ſome boon,
To cheer our labour, brings:

Nor, time far diſtant, ſhall we grieve,
Though bleſſing now and bleſt,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into reſt.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DEAR John prithee tell me, cried Ruth;
To Gubbins, her huſband, one day,
Doſt not think, in good ſooth,
I ſhould ſwear but the truth
Did I ſwear what I am going to ſay ?

That wedlocks's a ſtate,
In good humour, that fate
Contriv'd to bleſs woman and man,
And that Giles here's an aſs,
Who ſuch fortune lets paſs ?
All ſhould marry as ſoon as they can.

Why Goody, cried Gubbins, you know
My thoughts of the thing 'fore to day,
Nor, as I ſhall ſhew,
Need one many miles go
To prove what I am going to ſay.

Did wives ever ſcold,
Were they ugly, or old,
A ſpouſe were a miſerable man :
But ſmooth is their tongue,
They're all comely and young !
Giles get married as ſoon as you can.

If one's children one wiſh'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls faſhion's ſlaves,
Thy boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have ſomething to ſay ;

But brats are no evil,
They ne'er play the devil,
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran,
Then ſince, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with ſmiles,
Get married as ſoon as you can

Cried Ruth, will you let your tongue run
Here you ſcurvy old villain I rule !
Rogues there are, ſaid the ſon,
But, old Quiz, am I one ?
Cried the daughter, my father's a fool

Don't you ſee, Gubbins cried,
I've the tendereſt bride,
And beſt children that ever bleſt man!
Giles would you be driven,
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as ſoon as you can!

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LET ſons of ſlothdream time away,
Regardleſs what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and hollow:
We their purſuits ſhould find the ſame,
To their ſecrets were we privy,
Each man to hunt ſome favourite game
Through life goes on tantivy.

The book-worm hunts the ancient ſchools,
And walks with Ariſtotle,
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools,
The toper hunts his bottle.
Thus ſhould we find, whate'er the name,
To their ſecrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

When doctors come in at the death,
For true bred hunters theſe are,
The patient cries, with his laſt breath,
"Et tu Brute! then fall Cæſar."
Thus we with ſafety might proclaim,
To their ſecrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

The miſanthrope hunts out for woes,
Muck-worms are for gold purſuing,
While neck and nothing, as he goes,
The ſpendthrift hunts his ruin.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind,
Outrageous ſaints hunt ſinners,
While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
Fat aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus ſhould we find men's views the ſame,
To their ſecrets were we privy,
All to hunt, &c.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place,
  Rakes hunts new ſets of features,
While generous hearts urge on the chaſe,
  To relieve their fellow creatures:
Let us, while to our action's aim,
  Regardleſs who are privy,
In chaſe of pleaſure, as fair game,
  Through life go on tantivy.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

POOR Peggy lov'd a ſoldier lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye,
  Yet was her tender boſom ſad
Whene'er ſhe heard the loud reveliez:
  The fifes were ſcreetch owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder ſeem'd to rattle,
  Ah too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle!
  There wonders he againſt the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd,
  Vain pomp! for ſoon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

  Her heart all love, her ſoul all truth,
That none her fears or flight diſcover,
  Poor Peg, in guiſe a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
  Directed by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,
  Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, ſeeking honour, graſp at ruin.
  Her very ſoul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every ſound,
  And whiſper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

  With mute affliction as ſhe ſtood,
While her woman's fears confound her
  With terror all her ſoul ſubdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
  The plaintive fife and muffl'd drum
The martial obſequies diſcover,
  His name ſhe heard, and cried Come,
Faithful to [illegible] my murder'd lover!

Then heart-rent by a ſigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low
On the cold ground!

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay and womankind too,
As by proof I ſhall preſently ſhew you:—
See that upſtart, to power who unworthily grew,
With good fortune ſo drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he roll!
Why mutter and ſtorm in that faſhion?
What wine has he drank? How oft emptied the bowl!
Not at all ſir, the man's in a paſſion!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk!
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And paſſion as eaſy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

See that whimſical creature, now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now ſtorm, and now fidget!
He's not drunk ſir, for all he's ſo like a great calf,
'Tis jealouſy makes him an idiot!
Then round with the bowl, the trees known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And love as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

See thoſe beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether,
Say, 'ent it a pity they are all half gone!
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And faſhion as eaſy can make ladies drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

Thus paſſion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make non ſe ipſe;

We ſwill like a ſpunge, or a mayor at a feaſt,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipſey!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And folly as eaſy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally,
Among the girls loud ſounds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.
For with fife and drum
I ſmirking come,
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear and all that,
Nor never dread
A broken head
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
But as for wars,
And wounds, and ſcars,
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gaſp without aſſiſtance,
In baggage waggon, perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a diſtance:
And with fife and drum
I ſmirking come,
'Mongſt ſoldier's wives,
Who lead merry lives,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
Let their huſbands go,
And, 'gainſt the foe
Gain glory's ſcars
In honour's wars:
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil,

Why, ſir, when ſafe at home and ſound,
Zounds I could fight the devil?
And with fife and drum,
Can ſmirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer and all that,
Nor never dread
A broken head,
When the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
Let others go,
And, 'gainſt the foe,
Gain glory's ſcars
In honour's wars:
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noiſe
Where'er I'am a ſojourner,
The mighty wonder and ſurpriſe
Of every chimney corner!
Where with fife and drum
I ſmirking come,
And rap out zounds,
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainſt the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's ſcars:
I'm wiſe, and fight by proxy.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADIES and gentlemen I'm a beau,
A beau I have been all my life,
And yet may the devil fetch me if I know
How I, whoſe whole trade is
To tickle up the ladies,
Have never yet got me a wife.
I ſtarted in life 'bout the year ſixty two,
My ſmall clothes were ſcarlet, my ſtockings were blue,
My ſhoes were half-boots, pudding ſleeves too I wore,
My hat in the true piſtol cock, and the more

O'er the fair to prevail,
I ſported a fine ramilie for a cue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Faſhion thus yields to faſhion, as night yields to day,
The huge hat that was cock'd with an air
Soon was kick'd out of doors; of the ſmart Nivernois
The charm'd world ſung the praiſes,
The belles put on jaxies,
And the beaux ſported now their own hair.
By that time it came to the year ſeventy-two,
The faſhions of mixture of old were and new;
Your hair like a buſhel might look or a wig,
Or nine hairs of a ſide, with the tail of a pig,
For me o'er the fair to prevail,
I had ſeven yards of ribbon to make me a queue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

Again with the varying modes did I jump,
Of faſhion I gave the grand pas;
My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my rump,
In all circles ſhoving,
A beau, or a ſloven,
With a ſlouch, or a chapeau de bras :
Thus I ſported my figure about eighty-two,
Drove a two-ſtory gig, that four pony rats drew,
Wore a coat with ſeven capes, thirteen waiſtcoats in one,
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
With the fair to prevail,
A large porter's knot would have ſcarce held my queue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Thus in all ſorts of modiſh aſſembles the firſt,
Have my purſe, health, and ſpirits been hack'd,
But the poliſh worn off, nothing left but the ruſt,
I of faſhion's ſtrange ſtages,
Like Shakeſpeare's Seven Ages,
Play the farce, though I'm in at the laſt act,
Arrived to year of Our Lord ninety-two,
I dreſs, and I coax, and I flirt, but won't do;
At a hundred and one I ſhould ſtill be a fop,
But done up, and nick named by the world the grey crop,
Can I hope to prevail,
To play gallantry's part I have now loſt my cue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ALAS! the battle's loſt and won,
Dick Flint's borne off the field
By death, from whom the ſtouteſt run,
Who makes whole armies yield!
Dick well in honour's footſtep trod,
Brav'd war and its alarms,
Now death beneath the humble ſod
Has grounded his arms!

Dick's march'd before us, on a rout
Where ev'ry ſoldier's ſent,
His fire is dead, his courage out,
His ammunition ſpent:
His form ſo active's now a clod,
His grace no longer charms,
For death beneath the humble ſod
Has grounded his arms!

Come fire a volly o'er his grave,
Dead marches let us beat;
War's honours well become the brave,
Who found their laſt retreat.
All muſt obey Fate's awful nod,
Whom life this moment warms,
Death ſoon or late, beneath the ſod
Will ground the ſoldier's arms!

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ADIEU my gallant ſailor, obey thy duty's call,
Though falſe the ſea, there's truth aſhore;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt ſure of conſtant Poll:
And yet, as now we ſever,
Ah much I fear that never
Shall I alas behold thee more.

Jack kiſs'd her, hitch'd his trowſers, and hied him to begone,
Weigh'd anchor, and loſt ſight of ſhore,
Next day a briſk ſouth-weſter a heavy gale brought on,

Adieu cried Jack for ever,
For much I fear that never
Shall I, ſweet Poll, behold you more.
Poll heard that to the bottom was ſunk her honeſt tar,
And for a while lamented ſore;
At length cried ſhe, I'll marry; what ſhould I tarry for?
I may lead apes for ever,
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I alas, behold him more!

Jack ſafe and ſound returning, fought out his faithful Poll,
Think you, cried ſhe, that falſe I ſwore,
I'm conſtant ſtill as ever, 'tis nature's chang'd, that's all;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, ſailor, never
Shall I behold you more!

If, as you ſay, that nature like winds can ſhift and veer,
About ſhip for a kinder ſhore,
I hear'd the trick you play'd me, and ſo, d'ye ſee, my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've ſpliced myſelf, ſo never
Shall I falſe Poll, behold you more.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant ſo jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing,
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatneſs, was great as a king:

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main ſail,
And the ſcud came on low'ring upon a lee ſhore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top gantſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more:
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles on ſea boy, we've pleaſures 'ſhore.

Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief, or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance, and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog:

Long ſide of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,

In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more:
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he:

One day with the davit to weigh the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He over board tipt, when a ſhark and a ſpanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all lads, ſhall we be down hearted
Becauſe that mayhap we now take our laſt ſup?
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in ſafe moorings will bring us all up:

But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or ſtorm, or ſome damn'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,
And it en't, for it's ſeen every day,
That the trueſt of joys honeſt hearts are receiving
Are thoſe they are giving away.

Sure men are all ſiſters, and couſins, and brothers,
And 'tis clear to the ſtupideſt elf
That the beſt kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himſelf:
Thus this bodder and game, this ſame meum and tuum,
Means the devil a meaning but ſuum.

For your friend's peace of mind ſhould you let your mouth water,
And be getting the wiſh you obtain,
In poſſeſſing his purſe, or his wife or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain.
Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's uſeleſs labour,

Be't for love, or for pow'r or for pelf,
For ev'ry wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is he not doing himſelf?
Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and ſhould chuſe to do good to another,
Arrah fait for the ſelfiſh deſign
Devil tank me, for if you allow I'm his brother,
Fait and conſcience ſure is not he mine?
But, ſays muſty Morality, chuſe objects fitting;
Juſt your ſermons lay by on the ſhelf;
Why you ſtupid old big wig, arrah ſure 'ent I getting
For one joy of his ten for myſelf.
Thus this bodder, &c.

Then from ſuch bothoration in pity releaſe us,
Fortune all you beſtow will repay,
And though poor as Job, you'll all be as rich as Craeſus
For you'll keep what you've given away:
The fine generous maxim then while you're purſuing
Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf,
Soar high while you're ſinking, be proſperous in ruin,
And give joy to enjoy it yourſelf.
And thus have I proved, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy
The fleecy ſnow frown'd on the whiten'd ſhore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While ſhe her ſailor from her boſom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy preſſing,
While a young tar the ample trowſers ey'd,
In need of firmneſs, in this ſtate diſtreſſing,
Will check'd the riſing ſigh, and fondly cried,
Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love take heart,
For we muſt part
In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William ſtood,

When Nancy ſaw, toſs'd by a faithleſs billow,
A ſhip daſh'd 'gainſt a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic ſorrow thrilling,
Wild as the ſtorm that howl'd along the ſhore,
No longer could reſiſt a ſtroke ſo killing,
'Tis he, ſhe cried, nor ſhall I ſee him more!
Why did he ever truſt the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's my portion,
Miſery and pain!
Break my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again,

Mild was the eve, all nature was ſmiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy paſs'd in grief,
When, with her children the ſad hours beguiling,
She ſaw her William fly to her relief?
Sunk in his arms with bliſs he quickly found her,
But ſoon return'd to life, to love, and joy,
While her grown young ones anxiouſly ſurround her,
And now Will claſps his girl and now his boy:
Did I not ſay, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how ſweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again!

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LIFE'S a jeſt, ſays the poet, arrah ſure 'tis a pun—
Men call black for white through ſome quibbling pretence,
And expreſſions ſtill uſe where the ſound is all one,
Though as diſtant as London from Dublin the ſenſe
Then let 'em now juſt go their gig and their fun,
This life by my ſoul's nothing more than a pun,
Where men play on our paſſions to turn us all fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that we may make bulls

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares,
And muſt marry or hang—the dear creature beſet,
Conſents, little dreaming he puns while he ſwears,
For the taſe does not mean he's in love, but in debt.

Then let them now juſt go their gig and their fun,
This life by my ſoul's nothing more than a pun,
Where fine daſhing lovers fond widows turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.
That ſweet babe, ſays old Bolus, I'll quickly reſtore
To that mother from whom the dear creature had birth;
Punning rogue, by and by ſir the child is no more,
So he lies and ſpeaks truth, for he meant mother earth!
Then let them now juſt go their gig and their fun,
This life by my ſoul's nothing more than a pun,
And thus learned phyſicians their patients turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.
Says the courtier, my friend, you ſhall have a ſnug place,
A douceur or two more and your ſuit cannot fail!
The dear punning courtier gets into diſgrace,
And you get ſure enough a ſnug place in a jail!
Then let 'em now juſt go their gig and their fun,
This life by my ſoul's nothing more than a pun,
And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools,
And make puns and quibbles that they may make bulls.
Thus one thing they ſay, and another expreſs,
Thus feathers cut throats, thus are ſycophants civil,
Don't biſhops and ladies ſay no, and mean yes?
Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?
Then let them now juſt go their gig and their fun,
This life by my ſoul's nothing more than a pun.
Thus men laugh in their ſleeves, while they turn their friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may mak bulls

RONDEAU—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHO calls?—Who calls?
Who Wiſdom calls by Momus' name?
Who needs a ſample of my quality?
Momus and wiſdom are the ſame,
Wiſdom's god's the god of jollity.
Let the dark ſage who low'rs and ſcowls,
And broods o'er melancholy,
Seek creeping ſnakes and hooting owls,
And call all pleaſure folly:

If this be truth, truth ſpeaks in lies,
This axiom nought can vary,
If to be merry's to be wiſe,
To be wiſe is to be merry.
Who calls ? &c.

Be mortals motives what they may,
Pow'r, love, ambition, treaſure,
In ſpight of all wiſe fools can ſay,
The end propos'd is pleaſure.
That truth which contradicts me, lies;
This axiom ought can vary,
If to be merry's to be wiſe,
To be wiſe is to be merry
Who calls ? &c.

See laughter at my beck appears,
And holds up men and manners,
Haſte joy's recruit's, Whim's volunteers,
Liſt under Momus' banners :
I Folly dreſs in Wiſdom's guiſe,
Nor can my maxims vary :
If to be merry's to be wiſe,
To be wiſe is to be merry.
Who calls ? &c.

RONDEAU—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A MIGHTY ſultan once for fun
Indulged an inclination,
'Tis odds by them my ſtory's done
You'll make its application.
A wag he ſent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
To furniſh whim, and fun, and ſport,
Still tortured his invention.
To pleaſe this ſultan, &c.

'Mongſt Folly's ſons and daughters too
With Satire did he wander,
And ſtill attempting ſomething new,
Relying on the candour
Of this mighty ſultan, &c.
At length his frolics at an end,
Cried one, I do not bam you,

But as you merit, my good friend,
He'll either ſave or dam you,
Will this mighty ſultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is juſt,
And eaſily contented,
Nor to him e'er did any truſt
Who afterwards repented.

You are the ſultan who for fun
Indulge an inclination,
I am the wag—my ſtory's done—
Now make its application.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

IN the motley feather'd race
Mankind you may diſtinctly trace,
Evermore on pleaſure's wing
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They chatter, croak, and hoot, and ſing.

Nor is my ſimile unfair,
Among the people of the air
Are birds of night and birds of day,
Birds that on each other prey,
Birds that whiſtle, birds that croak,
Birds that are a ſtanding joke,
Birds that decoy, and mock and call,
So like to birds are mortals all:

That in the motley feather'd race,
Mankind you may diſtinctly trace,
Evermore on pleaſure's wing,
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They charter, croak, and hoot, and ſing.

Thou haſt ſeen upon the prowl,
Grave as any judge, an owl,
On birds and mice at random ſeize,
For wren, or linnet,
Watch the minute,
And make a ſnatch by way of fees:

Lawyers, who deal in froth and words,

What are they all but humming-birds?
Geese are those who go to law,
A hoarding miser's a jackdaw,
Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy,
A bullfinch is an Irish joy,
Neglected worth's the humble wren,
While corm'rants are all aldermen!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride;
Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hour,
Spacious wonders,
Hide the blunders
Of gaudy peacocks, plum'd with power:
Fools so love knaves one can't descry
The dove-house from the rookery:
The meerest dolt can tell you who
Are like the wagtail and cuckoo:
And all know those who swear and lie
Are like the noisy chatt'ring pie:
A hen's a flirt, with frizzl'd top,
And what's the duck-tail'd-jay?—A crop!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly though I seem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whistles and drives my team:
Your natty sparks, and flashy dames
How do I love to queer,
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and giggs,
And plays a hundred comical games,
To all that comes near:
Then in a pet
To hear 'em fret,
A nobbing away they go—
("The scoundrel deserves to be horse whipt!"
'Who, me ma'am?')
Wo Ball, wo!

So to mind them I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team!

So as I ſeems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as faſt as I can,
I pins a queer thing againſt the wall,
Half a monkey, and half a man!
The mob came round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe,
My whip it goes ſpank,
I tips Ball on the flank,
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his ſtockings, and ſpoils the beau!
Then then the ſweet pretty dear
Ah could you but hear,
("Odds curſe you, I'll make you know,
"You infernal villain!"
'Lord bleſs your baby face, I would not hurt your
'ſpindle ſhanks for the world!')
Wo Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team.

And ſo gets the fineſt fun
And friſk that ever you ſaw,
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But you gemmen of the law:
Though they can ſcarcely put me down,
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig,
How many ways in London town
They dreſſes a calf's head.
Then ev'ry dunce
To hear open at once,
Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
("Oh that's the fellow I ſaw grinning through the horſe-
"collar in the county,"
'I fancy you're the fellow I ſaw grinning throngh the
'pillory in London!')
Wo Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I SING of that life of delight beyond meaſure
That tars calmly lead on the boiſterous main,
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleaſure,
And where men loſe their lives, a ſure fortune to gain:
Where you fear no diſeaſes but ſickneſs and ſcurvy,
Where the water ſtinks ſweetly, by way of a zeſt,
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topſy-turvy,
And where, though you ſleep ſoundly, you're never at reſt!
Then puſh round the can, oh you have not a notion
Of ſailors, their grog, and their ſweethearts, and wives,
Ah give me, my ſoul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who though they're ſo wretched, lead ſuch happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
That ſo daſh, and ſo whiſtle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's ſong and fiddle,
So ſweetly that ſounds, and nobody hears:
Then to ſee the tight lads, how they laugh at a ſtranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders can kill!
For you're ſafe ſure enough, were you not in ſuch danger,
And might loll at your eaſe, if you could but ſit ſtill.
Then puſh round the can, &c.

What of perils that, always the ſame, are ſo various,
And through ſhot holes and leaks leave wide open Death's doors,
Devil a riſk's in a battle, wer't not ſo precarious,
Storms were all gig, and fun, but for breakers and ſhores:
In ſhort, a tar's life, you may ſay dat I told it,
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to roam,
Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The beſt life in the world, next to ſtaying at home.
Then puſh round the can, &c.

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THIS here's what I does—I, d'ye ſee, forms a notion
That our troubles, our ſorrows and ſtriſe,
Are the winds and the billows that ſoment the ocean,
As we work through the paſſage of life:

And for fear on life's ſea leſt the veſſel ſhould founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop gun that tries to out roar a ninepounder,
All the ſame as a whiff in a gale.
Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near ſtarv'd me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had ſerv'd me,
Or caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear,

Now there tother day, when my meſſmate deceiv'd me,
Stole my rhino, my cheſt, and our Poll;
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery griev'd me,
I a court martial call'd?—Not at all,
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,
'Tis true they han't left me a croſs,
A vile wife and falſe friend though are gone by the bargain,
So the gain d'ye ſee's more than the loſs.
For though fortune's a jilt, and has, &c.

The heart's all—when that's built as it ſhould, ſound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
But, if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always fail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonſenſe I'm not to be paid off,
I'm a drift, let it blow then great guns,
A gale, a freſh breeze, or the old gemmen's head off,
I take's life rough and ſmooth as it runs:
Content, through hard fortune, &c.

FINALE—IN THE COALITION.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours,
Your parſons with preaching, and dancers with capers,
Soldiers pay you with courage, and ſome with their lives,
Some men with their fortunes, and ſome with their wives:
Some with fame, ſome with conſcience, and many throw both in,
Phyſicians with latin, and great men with nothing;
I, not to be ſingular in ſuch a throng,
For your kindneſs pay you with the end of a ſong.

But pleading, engroſſing, declaring, and vap'ring,
And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and capering,

And preaching, and ſwearing, and bullying—preſcribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing,
And every profeſſional art of hum-drumming
Is clearly in ſome ſort of ſpecies of humming;
Humming!—nay, take me with you, the term's very ſtrong,
But I only meant humming the end of a ſong,

For all who this evening have paid me attention
I would I had language of ſome new invention
My thanks to return, for where's the expreſſion
Can deſcribe of your kindneſs the grateful impreſſion?
May every deſire of your hearts be propitious,
Be laſting ſucceſs the reſult of your wiſhes,
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long!
And now I am come to the end of my ſong.

BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

OH money, thou maſter of all things below,
Of each chain thour't the principal link:
What can purchaſe a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear, like the chink?

Your lawyers phyſicians, in ſhort ev'ry tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or adviſe, or conſult, or preſcribe,
Were it not for the ſake of the chink?

Of men and of women, high, low, great and ſmall,
'Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink;
'Tis a good univerſal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the ſound of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid, for thine far above,
His power to nothing can ſink;
I doat to diſtraction, could have her I love,
Alas! if I had but the chink.

BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

ALAS! where is my lover gone?
In all the world I have but one,

Near to my heart his image ſits,
And 'twas for him I loſt my wits.

Where art thou fled, my only dear?
To find thee they have ſent me here;
Thou'lt cure, they ſay, theſe love-ſick fits,
And give me back again my wits.

Haſte then, to pleaſure ſhew the way,
For now in doubt and fear I ſtray,
My brain with dubious torments ſplits;
Haſte, haſte, and give me back my wits.

BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

To be mad for a huſband is not a thing new:
The widow who ſwore to her firſt to be true,
And the moment he's dead at a route goes to cards,
And a week after marries Dick Trim of the guards;
Becauſe truly Dick was a luſty young lad:
What a plague do you call ſuch a woman but mad?

The young lady, brimful of the laſt new romance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance;
Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at laſt, with her John, who to Scotland elopes;
Leaving, ſore in affliction, her worthy old dad;
What a plague do you call ſuch a woman but mad?

She, becauſe he is rich, and becauſe ſhe is poor,
Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourſcore:
She at ſeventy-ſeven who marries a boy;
For title and rank, ſhe who barters all joy;
Thoſe who marry for motives like theſe or as bad,
What a plague do you call all theſe women but mad?

BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

HE ran to the farm-yard, and there bit a hog
That, in leſs than ten minutes, bark'd juſt like a dog;
The hog bit a horſe that was juſt come from hunting,
And preſently after the horſe fell a grunting;
Such grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting,

And grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho' the wiſeſt man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

A fine brindled cow, near a hay-ſtack was ſtraying,
Which, bit by the horſe, was ſoon after heard neighing;
The cow bit a man, who was driving the plough,
When he walk'd on four legs, and low'd juſt like the cow.
Such lowing, and neighing, and barking, and grunting,
And grunting, and barking, and neighing, and lowing,
The villiage will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho' the wiſeſt man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The man bit a Jack-aſs, that ſoon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd juſt like the man;
The Jack-aſs encountered a ſheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bray.
Such braying, and talking, and talking, and braying
And barking, and grunting, and lowing, and neighing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho' the wiſeſt man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The ſheep bit a wolf, which was ſoon heard to bleat,
The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat;
But the worſt that was bit, was, alas! my poor wench!
Heav'n keep us, I ſay, from mad dogs and the French!
Such bleating, and talking, and barking and braying,
And grunting, and bleating, and lowing, and neighing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho' the wiſeſt man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

YOUNG Doll a comely village girl
Was courted by a huge rich 'ſquire,
Who offer'd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
Or goſſip fame's a wounded liar:
But to honeſt Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could ne'er get nothing by her;
And for all his jeer,
With a flea in his ear,
She packing ſent this huge rich 'ſquire.

One day as he had hunting been,
Come croſs the fields this huge rich 'ſquire,

On the fineſt horſe that e'er was ſeen,
And ſpying Doll, was all on fire.
Doll, in a fright,
Saw him alight,
And run o'er bramble and o'er briar;
But, in the nick,
What a cunning trick,
The gipſy play'd this huge rich 'ſquire.

Finding herſelf quite overtook,
She cried out to this huge rich 'ſquire,
I fear my father ſees us—look
Over the hedge a little higher.
While he upon
This work was gone,
Doll mounts his horſe, and in the mire,
Of hope bereft,
She fairly left,
To curſe his ſtars, this huge rich 'ſquire.

BALLAD—IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY.

WHY is the devil in you,
Or are you ſuch a ninny
To believe of you ſhe'll ever think, perſuade her all you can
No, no, whate'er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you,
For a girl of ſenſe will yield to—not a monkey but a man.

Zounds can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
A 'ſquire of ſilk, and mandrake—a mere flaſh in the pan
His pretty ſelf admiring,
Be ought but hate inſpiring,
When a woman always yields to—not a monkey, but a man.

Then give this folly over,
Nor longer play the lover,
For I plainly tell you 'tis a mighty ſilly plan;
Or, ſpight of all your vapouring,
I'll ſo finely ſpoil your capering,
You ſhall own this arm belongs to—not a monkey, but a man.

SONG—IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY.

ON Crochetini loves attend,
Each day ſome beauty to diſcover;
In prudent age to find a friend,
And make of ev'ry youth a lover:
The raviſhed birds in throngs appear,
Where, with her notes, the woods are ringing,
And nightingales with pleaſure hear,
To borrow ſweetneſs from her ſinging.

BALLAD—IN THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

THE willing ſoul well pleas'd delights
To heal the ſtranger's grief;
Nor will its hoſpitable rights
From worth withhold relief:
But ſtill we ſhould—deceitful leſt
The tear we wiſh to dry—
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the gen'rous gueſt,
And the inſidious ſpy.

Our paſſions each ſhould, ſtation'd well,
Have ſome good poſt apart,
And, as a wary centinel,
Prudence ſhould guard the heart:
Thus, like a camp, the human breaſt
Might a ſurpriſe defy:
Rewarding ſtill the gen'rous gueſt,
And puniſhing the ſpy.

BALLAD—IN THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

FOR wedlock's a voyage, where, ſhould boiſterous billows
Ariſe to diſturb of our lives the calm ſea,
Peace, joy, and delight, would, deſerting our pillows,
Leave behind a ſtrong wish once again to get free.
Domeſtic diſquiet, like quickſand or ſhallow,
Would the veſſel of Love ſhock in every part,

Rocks of Anger would, bruiſe her, or Hates ocean ſwallow,
And the tempeſt of Marriage would ſhipwreck the heart.

But gayly her courſe through the ſea of life bending,
With a ſurface that kiſſes the generous gale,
Each effort, each wiſh, each affection, ſtill tending
To ſteer by Love's compaſs, and hoiſt Reaſon's ſail.

The ſenſes, that crew of the mind, all in motion,
To make the voyage proſp'rous exert ev'ry art,
While the veſſel tow'rs on the face of the ocean,
'Till in wedlock's kind haven rides ſafely the heart.

BALLAD—IN THE MISCHANCE.

FOR I am the girl that was made for my Joe,
And Joe is the lad that was model'd for me,
Our tempers agree;
And all the world over with him would I go,
And work late or early, nor think it a pain,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

If ſo be, by good chance, ſuch a fortunate thing
Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen,
'Twould quickly be ſeen,
If they did not conſent to make Joey a king,
That for Bet they might get who they would for to reign,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain,

O'Conner, he in the *pea-aches* that plies,
Ap Skenkin, the Welchman, Mac Pherſon the Scot,
For his ſake went to pot;
Nay, (though many a girl would have thought him a prize),
I refus'd a Jew broker, from Petticoat-lane,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

BALLAD—IN ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

I AM a chairman my name is Mc Gee,
No flower in May was ſo blithe as me,
'Till that baſtard Cupid, lodg'd in diſguiſe
In pretty Bridget's two good looking eyes,

Arrah is't you, the urchin cry'd,
I've a ſtrong bow I never try'd;
Like a ſhelalah he then choſe a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart.

And ſince that time I grunt and ſigh,
And ſob, and moan, *becaſe* as why
I ſtrive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,
By her froſty looks I'm all on fire.
Oh! Bridget, Bridget, eaſe my pain,
Or give me back my heart again,
Or elſe, in troth, do all I can,
My partner'll ſoon be an odd man.

BALLAD—IN ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

A WORD in your ear if you, pleaſe Mr. Fop,
No more in this pickle be roaming;
But pull off your fool's jacket, ſtep home to your ſhop,
And gentlemen's pig-tails be combing.
Be advis'd by a fool, by my ſoul, and dat's me,
Though we fancy it never ſo greedy,
'Tis not for the likes of ſuch people as we,
To be aping my lord and my lady.

For you, Mrs. Bridget, if juſt in the room
Of being dreſſed out like an actor,
You were twirling your mop round, or handling your broom,
'Twould be more, I believe, in character.
Be advis'd by a fool, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

To ev'ry fav'rite village ſport
With joy thy ſteps I'll guide;
Thy wiſhes always will I court,
Nor e'er ſtir from thy ſide.
But when the ſprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,

When chiefs are heard to cry we come,
And Honour calls—To arms.

Thy pain and pleaſure will I ſhare,
For better and for worſe,
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurſe.
But when, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

I'VE health, and I have ſpirits too,
Of work I've had my ſhare;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your knapſack bear.

Nor this reſolve e'er will I rue,
We both alike will fare;
And ſtill content, for love of you,
I will your knapſack bear.

Though thunders growl, and light'nings blue
In flaſhes cleave the air,
I'll march content, for love of you
And will your knapſack bear.

All dangers, hazardous and new,
One ſmile ſhall make me dare;
Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you,
That I your knapſack bear.

BALLAD—IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY.

THE falcon, tow'ring high in air,
Diſcries afar the turtle dove,
Watching his neſt with anxious care,
And waiting for his willing love.

Nor can the victim's harmleſs cries,
His foe's inſatiate vengeance ſtay,
On rapid pinions down he flies,
And pounces on his tender prey.

BALLAD—IN THE RAZOR GRINDER.

COME all you maids who fain would—marry,
Learn, learn of me the way to—chooſe,
Rather by half till doomſday—tarry,
Than beauty to an old man—loſe.
Ah tell me, how can wrinkles—charm you,
What joys can age excite or—prove,
Let, then, your dangerous ſtate—alarm you,
And chooſe a young man that can—love.

An old man always will be—weezing,
No feeling, hearing, taſte, or—ſight;
A young man always will be—pleaſing,
Sprightly all day, and kind at—night.
Ah tell me how, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

THIS life is like a country dance,
The world a ſpacious ball room,
In which ſo many take a prance,
They ſcarcely find for all room.
Fidlers, and pipers, in a row,
See how the ranks are cloſing,
Each ſtrives his neighbour's faults to ſhew,
While he's his own expoſing.

(Pray Ma'am what dance have you called? Matrimony Ma'am. The figure is extremely eaſy, you turn ſingle, run away with your partner, lead up the middle, back to back, part, and change partners.)

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly meaſure,
Turn all their pleaſures into toil,
And fancy toil a pleaſure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And ſwim, and glide, and wander;
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, ſmile, and deal out ſlander.

" And ſo the Count muſt run away !"
" Why really I'm afraid ſo;
" His flirt has ruin'd him at play:"
" Poor man, I always ſaid ſo."

"(Oh no doubt about it :—kept by a phyſician before ſhe came to the count !—duel with a young apothecary !—ſyringes loaded with analeptic pills !—'Tis your turn to begin Sir :—Sir I beg your pardon."
Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Away they prance it, ſmall and big,
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,
" Lord ma'am you diſconcert my wig,
" Twas you ſir tous'd my frizzle !"
" Right hand and left, the figure mind,
" Lord what are you about ma'am ?
" My dear Miſs Giggle you are blind,
" My Lady Fuzz you're out ma'am ?

(" Lord ma'am you ſhould conſider that the dance is My Lord Mayor's Feaſt :—it begins with a ſet to, and finiſhes with a reel.)"
Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Thus dance ſucceeding after dance,
As if old Nick had got 'em,
They ſcandal vent, and flirt, and prance,
And foot it to the bottom.
Thus having made for others ſport,
In regular rotation,
With ſwinging intereſt they retort
On them the obligation.

"(Lord, did you ever ſee ſuch a fright as that woman ! rubbed it all off one ſide of her face ! But look at that man, with his falſe calves turned before !—Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance.—Strike up none ſo Pretty)."
Thus buſied, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

PRAY ladies think not I preſume
The art of love to teach you ;
Proficients long ago become,
My counſel could not reach you :

A hint I offer, nothing more,
For your determination,
Love's myſteries would you explore,
Obſerve the feather'd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there,
Of love, make your elections,
As you chooſe ribbands at a fair,
To ſuit with all complexions.

The cuckoo, that one fulſome tale,
Vaunts over ſo, and over,
May ſooner than the dove prevail,
With ſome, by way of lover:
But I have heard the laughing loves,
More truly aim their arrows,
When Venus harneſſes her doves,
Than when ſhe's drawn by ſparrows:
But if the ſmalleſt hint by you
To this ſhould be objected,
With defference, ſo much your due,
I ſoon ſhall ſtand corrected.

The peacock, with ſuch ſtately pride,
His haughty boſom throbbing,
May ſcorn, while hopping by his ſide,
The bleſt, though humble robin:
But, ſparingly true joy is lent,
To envy, pride, and malice:
'Tis ſaid a cottage, and content,
Sometimes outweighs a palace:
Yet may, againſt my playful verſe,
No fit of anger ſeize you:
I would not, for the univerſe,
Do ought that could diſpleaſe you.

Jays, pies, and all the chattering crew,
To folly giv'n, and pleaſure,
May turn to jeſt the choſen few,
Who love by virtue meaſure:
Not ſo the grateful nightingale,
Who ſoon as evening cloſes,
His orgies offers in the vale,
To heav'n, ere he repoſes.
Of this you'll judge, as of the reſt,
Yet, while the ſmile's beginning,
Ere you turn counſel to a jeſt,
Take care that laughing's winning.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

WOULD ye ſee the world in little,
Ye curious here repair,
We'll ſuit you to a tittle,
At this our ruſtic fair.
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as a court;
With whim for whim we'll match you,
And give you ſport for ſport.
From a ſceptre to a rattle,
We've every thing in toys,
For infants that ſcarce prattle,
To men who ſtill are boys.
Cock horſes, and ſtate coaches,
In gingerbread are ſold,
Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
And horns all tipt with gold.
Then if for fine parade you go,
Come here and ſee our puppet ſhew.

Walk in here ladies and gentlemen; here you ſee the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon in all his glory; you think that figure's alive, but he is no more alive than I am!

While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haſte neighbours to the fair.

What's your ſweepſtakes, and your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horſe collar grimaces,
And girls that run for ſmocks?
Our Hobs can ſwivle noſes,
At ſingle-ſtick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite ſo polite:
In their deceptions neater,
Are your keen rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire eater,
Who queers the gaping croud?
Then boaſt not tricks ſo noxious,
That genteel life beſpeaks,
Our jugler's hixious doxious,
Shall diſtance all the greeks.

Can Pharoah and his hoſt be found,
To match our nimble merry-go-round ?
Put in here, put in, put in ! every blank a prize ! down with it and double it, twenty can play as well as one.
While the pipes, &c.

Hear yon mountebank aſſure ye,
Of diſeaſes, by the ſcore,
A ſingle doſe ſhall cure ye :
Can Warwick-lane do more ?
Wid virligigs, tetotums,
Yon jew's impoſhing faiſh,
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's place.
Hark, yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown !
For champaign who drink perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for ſights, we've apes, and monkies,
Some on four legs, ſome on two ;
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkies,
For all the world like you.

Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our Roundabout !
Walk in ladies and gentlemen ! the only booth in the fair ; here ye may make the whole tower of the world ; would ye ride in the caravan, the expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly ! fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen !
While the pipes, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

YOUNG Mog, arrived at woman's growth,
Felt ſomething in her boſom move :
'Twas neither joy, nor pain, yet both,
Young Ralph o'th woodland ſaid 'twas love.
Ralph lov'd young Moggy as his life,
Was wealthy, warm, and well to do :
But Moggy ſaw the ſoldiers come,
Beheld the glitt'ring arms ſo gay,
Was charm'd with the loud trumpets bray,
Delighted with the ſprightly fife,
And deafened with the thund'ring drum :

While ſoldiers march'd to the loud tattoo,
And though to honeſt Ralph ſtill true,
She liſtened to the loud tattoo,
I've ſaid that Mog was debonair,
Nor was their admiration ſmall:
She was thought artleſs, young, and fair,
By the regiment, pioneers, and all.
Each would have ta'en her for his wife,
A la militaire, as ſoldiers do;
The ſmock-fac'd enſign nam'd his ſum,
The ſergeant promis'd, ſwore, and pray'd,
The trumpeter her praiſes bray'd,
To charm her loudly ſqueak'd the fife,
The drummer brac'd his thund'ring drum,
To win her heart with a loud tattoo.
Thus ſtrove, to make young Mog untrue,
Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

Mog ſoon found reaſon to condemn
The nonſenſe of each bluſt'ring elf:
And, looking with contempt on them,
Some little ſhame took to herſelf.
Determin'd now to be the wife
Of honeſt Ralph, ſo kind and true,
Cried ſhe to the enſign, child go home
To your mamma.—For you, old Bluff,
Your trumpet's like yourſelf, a puff!
I'll not be whiſtled after, fife,
Nor, drummer, ſhall your hollow drum
To me beat Wedlock's loud tattoo.
True to my Ralph, to honour true,
Hence trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

WHAT art thou, facinating war,
Thou throphied, painted peſt,
That thus men ſeek, and they abhor,
Purſue, and yet deteſt?
Are Honour and Remorſe the ſame?
Does Murder Laurels bring?
Is Rapine Glory? Carnage Fame?
Flies Crime on Vict'ry's wing?
Their wrongs, who never ſhall return,

Their woes, that but ſurvive to mourn
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets ſtrike the ear,
Shall from the braveſt wreſt the ſigh,
That ſtarts ſoft Pity's tear.

Where will ambition's folly reach!
Sure nature ne'er deſign'd
Her noble gifts an art ſhould teach,
To man, to thin his kind!
Well they deſerve their county's care,
In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are,
Its glory, its delight:
Yet for their wrongs, who ne'er return,
Their woes, who but ſurvive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
The truly brave ſhall heave a ſigh,
Shall vent kind Pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name
A phantom thus purſue:
Think, that if Glory mark thy fame,
Murder ſhall mark it too.
Reaſon, and Peace, and Love dwell here,
And, if for others woe,
We heave the ſigh, and ſtart the tear,
From guilt they never flow.
Ah ſtay, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ne'er return,
Leſt I ſhould but ſurvive to mourn,
Leſt when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
Thy fate demand the generous ſigh,
And mine the pitying tear.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

THE paſſing bell was heard to toll,
John wail'd his loſs with bitter cries,
The parſon prayed for Mary's ſoul,

The ſexton hid her from all eyes.
" And art thou gone,"
Cried wretched John,
Oh dear 'twill kill me, I am dying:
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While ſtanding by,
" Lord how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The throng retired, John left alone,
He meditated 'mongſt the tombs,
And ſpelt out on the mould'ring ſtones,
What friends were gone to their long homes:
" You're gone before,"
Cried John, no more—
" I ſhall come ſoon; I'm almoſt dying:"
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While ſtanding by,
" Lord how this world is given to lying!"

' Here lies the bones, heav'n's will be done,
' Of farmer Slug:—reader would'ſt know
' Who to his mem'ry raiſed this ſtone?
' 'Twas his diſconſolate widow.'
Cried John, " Oh oh!
" To her I'll go,
" No doubt with grief the widow's dying:"
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by,
" Lord how this world is given to lying!"

Their mutual grief was ſhort and ſweet;
Scarcely the paſſing bell had ceaſed,
When they were ſped;—the funeral meat
Was warmed up for the marriage feaſt!
They vow'd, and ſwore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying:
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by,
" Lord how this world is given to lying!"

Again to hear the paſſing bell,
John now a ſort of hank'ring feels;
Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a huſband's heels:
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,

Again with tears, and ſobs, and ſighing,
For Neighbour Sly,
Again to cry,
" Lord how this world is given to lying !"

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

RAIL on at joys that are not thine,
That thus thou leer'ſt, with Envy's blink,
'Tis not becauſe we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou haſt none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie,
We on no crooked path ſhall fall,
For that we may not walk awry,
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that wine's the cauſe of ſtrife,
That to the brain when it aſcends,
We quarrel, ſo do man and wife,
And then, like them, we're better friends:
But here thou ſhalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl ;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'ſt the glaſs a foe to love,
Why fool 'tis Cupid's deareſt boaſt,
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toaſt ?
But imperfections ſhould there be,
That ſometimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies ſee,
We'll drink till we can't ſee at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that treaſon lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleaſure ſours;
Thou lieſt, that monſter does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like our's
But our firm loyalty to prove,
And choak thee with thy ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuſe our joy,
Indulge this cynic ſpite of thine;

When thou haſt ſaid thy worſt, old boy,
Thou canſt not ſay we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleaſures, we;
Still ready at each generous call;
Nay, rather than ſpeak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't ſpeak at all.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

COME all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries, devil thank her,
She'll ſoon take another in tow.
This breeze, like the old one, will kick us,
About on the boiſterous main,
And one day, if death ſhould not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.
With a will ho then pull away jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go;
We're in for't then damme what folly boys
For to be downhearted, yo ho!

Our Boatſwain takes care of the rigging,
More ſpeſſiouſly when he gets drunk;
The Bobſtays ſupplies him with ſwigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The ſtudding-ſail ſerves for his hammoc,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While Enſigns and Jacks in a mammoc
He ſold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will ho, &c.

Of the Purſer this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and proviſion he ſacks:
How he'd look, if you was but to ax him,
With the Captain's clerk who 'tis goes ſnacks:
Oh he'd find it another gueſs ſtory,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his Majeſty's honour and glory,
Was only juſt told about that.
With a will ho, &c.

Our Chaplain's both holy and godly,
And ſets us for heaven agog;

Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly,
When he's ſwearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowſer,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I which is the way to heaven now ſir?
Why you dog, cried the Chaplain, her arms.
With a will ho, &c.

The Gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The Carſindo can't fiſh a maſt,
The Surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
The Maſter can't ſteer if he's aſt,
The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The Mates ſcarcely merit their ſlip,
Nor is there a ſwab, but the Captain,
Knows the ſtem from the ſtern of the ſhip.
With a will ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abuſed them,
Juſt but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill uſed them,
Damn me but I'd tickle his wig.
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I ſpoke,
And the ſign of a true hearted ſailor,
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will ho, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

THE ſurge hoarſely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The ſpray rudely daſhing as ſalt as her tears,
The ſhips in the offing, perpetually rocking,
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears.
'Twas here, ſhe cried out, that Jack's vows were ſo many,
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep:
Here heart-whole he ſwore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.

Ah mock not my troubles ye pitileſs breakers,
Ye winds do not thus melt my heart with alarms,
He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakers,
My ſailor in ſafety waft back to my arms.

They are deaf and ungrateful:—theſe woes are too many;
Here here will I die, where I bitterly weep:
Some true lover ſhall write the ſad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

Thus her heart ſadly torn with its wild perturbation
No friend but her ſorrow, no hope but the grave;
Led on by her grief to the laſt deſperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar ſav'd her life:—the fond tale ſhall pleaſe many;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer ſhall weep:
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had fought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

As Wit and Beauty, for an hour,
The other day were jarring,
Which held o'er man ſuperior pow'r,
They almoſt came to ſparring:
Cried Reaſon, Wit you're grown a fool,
You look quite ugly, Beauty:
Come take me with you, both be cool,
Sure mortals know their duty:
To them ſubmit,
Whether 'tis Wit,
They moſt admire, or Beauty.

So ſaid, ſo done, out they both ſet,
With Reaſon to protect 'em,
Reſolv'd that the firſt men they met,
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Inſtant they aſk'd a midnight throng,
Who, to Bacchus paid their duty,
Wit, cried out they, teems in our ſong,
But 'tis inſpired by Beauty.
Learn wiſdom, Wit,
Like us, ſubmit
To the ſweet power of Beauty.

Cried Wit, no tricks on travellers here,
I ſaw you ſmile, you gipſy;
'Twas brib'ry and corruption clear;
Beſides, the rogues were tipſy:

Yon bard the truth will quickly hit :
Come, poet, do your duty :
Do you not owe your fame to Wit ;
To Wit fool !—no, to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,
When men submit
To be the slaves of Beauty.

Quaint rogue, with his satiric page,
The fellow is a lover :
If I'm condemn'd by yonder sage,
I'll give the matter over.
Did'st not the world, say Hermit, quit,
Imposing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit ?
" No, to reflect on Beauty."
Then, in fond fit,
He turn'd from Wit,
And squeez'd the hand of Beauty.

" Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,
" Friend one, and wife the other ;
" Thus, cleaving to the better part,
" Men leave friend, father, brother :
" Hence, cried the sage—my presence quit :
" Adieu friend, know thy duty :"
Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,
Was left alone with Beauty !
Since when, poor Wit,
Glad to submit,
Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.

RONDEAU—IN THE QUIZES.

OH the camp's delightful rigs,
At which such crowds are peeping,
Where chaises, dillies, cars, and gigs
Serve both to ride and sleep in.
Oh the joys that there abound,
Where, lur'd by the fine weather,
Warriors of every rank are found,
Who, higgledy piggledy, on the ground,
Like gipsies pig together.
The morning gun
Begins the fun,

Reveilles next the drum beats,
The ſprightly fife,
So full of life,
And then the ſilver trumpets.
And theſe, with all their might,
Announce a fine ſham fight;
Marches, retreats, attacks, and routs,
Proclaim'd by guns, and ſhrieks, and ſhouts,
The air with various clangors fill;
While ranks of foot, and troops of horſe,
Reſiſtleſs in their headlong courſe,
Bear down, while fidling, ſhifting, trimming,
Beaux, bells, jew pedlars, and old women;
Who, left in topſy turvy plight,
Exhibit, O ye gods! a ſight
That beggars Greenwich hill!
Now either army ſtilly ſtands,
The neighing horſes ceaſe to prance,
The trumpet, that erſt cried advance,
Now ſounds retreat;
Drums ceaſe to beat;
Foes, turn'd to friends, eager ſhake hands;
On neither ſide the winner:
No longer arm'd for a ſham fight,
They tooth and nail unite
To exterminate—the dinner.
Oh the camp's delightful rigs, &c.
Oh for a muſe of fire, to ſing
The conflict of the day!
Upon a plain, in form a ring,
The foe within entrenchments lay;
A cover'd way
Hid each diviſion:—At the ſight
The heroes, eager for the fight,
Arm, and the enemy inveſt.
Each charge freſh vigour brings,
They thin the ranks,
Attacking flanks
And wings:
Legs, heads, and carcaſes around
They in one ſhapeleſs heap confound,
And, ris'n to ſuch a ſavage heat,
Not only kill, but all they kill they eat!
And ſee, to urge their furious courſe,
Light troops the foe now reinforce;

On the inſtant, as they ſtand amazed,
New works are raiſed,
Like magic, to their wond'ring eyes,
Baſtions, redoubts, and rav'lins riſe.
Again the ſignal's given;
Again with headlong fury driven;
Comfits, now diſcomfited,
Lie in promiſcuous ruin ſpread;
Triſles, blanc mange, and jellies quake,
While, as with rage they teem,
Whole iſlands they devour of cake,
And drink whole ſeas of cream.
Again the general cries, charge all!
The word's the king!
Forward they ſpring,
And drink in ſavage joy the blood
Drawn from the grape, in purple flood,
And ſtrew with mangled heaps the plain,
And fight the battle o'er again,
And ſlay the ſlain!
And now, the foe all kill'd or fled,
While thoſe that can walk off to bed:
The ſolemn trumpet's ſlowly ſounded,
Leave's given to carry off the wounded,
And bury all the dead.
Oh the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

WHILE woman, like ſoft Muſic's charms,
So ſweetly bliſs diſpenſes,
Some favourite part each fair performs
In the concert of the ſenſes.
Love, great firſt fiddle in the band,
Each paſſion quells and raiſes,
Exploring, with a maſter's hand,
Nice Modulation's mazes;
Till the rapt ſoul, ſupremely bleſt,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman ſtands confeſſed
The harmony of Nature.

Hark! with the penſive, in duet,
The ſprightly how it mingles!

The prude's the flute, and the coquette,
The lively harp that tinkles.
One boldly ſweeps the yielding ſtrings,
While plaintive t'other prates it;
Like Cæſar, this to victory ſprings,
Like Fabius, that awaits it.
With various gifts, to make us bleſt,
Love ſkills each charming creature:
Thus lovely woman ſtands confeſſed
The harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the ſhrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The baſs how old maid thump it,
The bugle-horn are archers fair,
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts, to make us bleſt,
Love ſkills his favourite creature;
And thus ſweet woman ſtands confeſſed,
The harmony of Nature.

BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

WHILE Fancy, as ſhe rules the mind,
Sits cock-horſe on the brain,
A thouſand methods mortals find
Elyſium to obtain.
'Tis found by ſoldiers in brave deeds,
Tars truſt it to the breeze,
Wives hope to find it in their weeds,
Phyſicians in their fees.
Thus expectation in us plants
Alternate hope and fear,
I know of one whoſe boſom pants
To find elyſium here.

The toper fancies he purſues
Elyſium in the bowl,
The hunks in pelf he dare not uſe;
No, not to ſave his ſoul.
The ſlanderer when he can revile,
The churl when he can warn,

The lover in his miſtreſs' ſmiles,
The parſon in his barn.
Thus as they rule the mind by turns,
Hope ſoars above the fear;
I've half a mind to tell who burns
To find elyſium here.

I can't reſiſt—hence prudence law's
I'll finiſh the diſpute;
Of that elyſium, your applauſe,
I'm now in warm purſuit:
But then, ſay you, to gain this heav'n,
What right can you aſſert?
Let it be by your goodneſs giv'n,
It can't by my deſert.
So ſhall ye bid my labours live,
So ſhall each following year,
While you confer, and I receive,
Both find elyſium here.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

WHY am not I that fragrant flow'r,
Near to heart Spinnetta plac'd;
Which proudly living a ſweet hour,
Died on that boſom it had grac'd?
Why am not I that gentle gale
That plays around her coral lips,
Her breath like violets to exhale,
Which there eternal nectar ſips?

Why am I not that cryſtal wave,
At ſultry noon with pride that heav'd:
To which her heav'nly form ſhe gave,
Which thought 'twas Venus it receiv'd?
Gods, had I been the limpid ſtream!—
But whither do my ſenſes rove?
Sunk in a dear delicious dream,
All things ſeem poſſible to love.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

LOVE'S a cheat; we over-rate it;
A flatt'ring, falſe, deceitful joy;

A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can deſtroy.
The light'ning's flaſh, which wondering leaves us,
Obſcur'd and darker than before;
The glow-worm's tinſel, which deceives us,
A painted light, and nothing more.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

PRAISE is a mirror, that flatters the mind,
That tells us of goodneſs, and virtues, and graces;
As that on our toilet inſtructs us to find
The dimples and ſmiles which appear on our faces;
To which our attention we cannot refrain,
Though we draw off confus'd, yet but ſee its attraction,
In ſpite of ourſelves we return back again,
Regard, are abus'd, and yet feel ſatisfaction.

I know I'm deceiv'd, and I ſay to my heart,
You believe that ſincere which is nought but profuſion;
Call pleaſure what ſoon will ſevere make you ſmart,
And hug that for a ſubſtance you'll find but deluſion.
Your praiſes are flatt'ry, I know it as plain
As if you had ſaid, "I am falſe and deceive you:
But truth, reaſon, every thing, argues in vain;
For ſuch is my weakneſs, I bluſh and believe you.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

GO, proud lover, go!
Take your heart back again;
For me 'tis too low,
Too unworthy a chain.
Be haughty, imperious, this gipſy deſpiſe;
You riſe but to fall, while I fall to riſe.

True love, never erring,
Has no ſelfiſh fears;
That, the more 'tis conferring,
The nobler appears:
It has no ſordid views, no vile ends for its guide,
'Tis ungovern'd by int'reſt, uninfluenc'd by pride.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

YES, yes, thank heaven, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference ſucceeds at laſt,
And my egregious follies paſt
Appear an idle dream.

Thus from a falſe injurious ſnare,
The linnet timid, unaware,
Hardly eſcapes with pain;
The feathers he has left behind,
Are leſſons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each ſcar,
Deſcribes the peril of the war,
Well pleaſed his dangers o'er:
The ſlave at laſt exempt from pain,
With ſmiles behold that very chain
Which held him to the oar.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

WHEN we promiſe an heir or a miſer,
This gold, that his father's free land,
We pauſe and look grave, to ſeem wiſer,
And his fortune read in his hand.

If Miſs at fifteen would diſcover
When ſhe'll like her mother be wiſe,
To promiſe a handſome young lover
Her fortune we read in her eyes.

But if huſbands with jealouſy quaking,
Would know if they are--you know how,
We conſider—our heads gravely ſhaking—
And their fortunes read on the brow.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

CONTENTMENT loſt, each other treaſure
To eaſe the mind eſſays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleaſure,
And miſery leads the ſplendid train.

Fortune poſſeſſing, not enjoying,
Feaſting the ſenſes, not the mind,
In vague purſuits our time employing,
We graſp at all, and nothing find.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

COME here, ye fair; come here each lover,
That lot Dame Fortune would conceal,
But croſs my hand, and I'll diſcover:
I'm miſtreſs of her and her wheel.

To trembling age we boldly promiſe,
In ſpight of nature, years of health;
Widows receive new huſbands from us,
And young men all their fathers' wealth.

We give the fair, Love's influence under,
Young lovers, conſtant all ther lives;
Nay, we e'en dare—a greater wonder—
To promiſe huſbands faithful wives.

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

IN vain, dear friends, each art you try;
To neither lover's ſuit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb, which you choſe,
Juſt like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honeſt aſpect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd;
But it proceeded from my fears;
Than me much wiſer are deceived:
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who moſt ſhall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a ſmile.

BALLAD—IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

CUPID, cried Vulcan, 'tis no jeſt,
I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy!
I cannot get a moment's reſt,
Thy folly gives me ſuch employ.
Not againſt Pallas, no, nor Mars,
My worn-out patience ſo revolts,
To furniſh arms for all their wars—
Nor e'en to forge Jove's thunderbolts.

Their conſcience is in their demands
But thou wouldſt tire me out in ſooth
Had I Briareus' hundred hands—
Cries Cupid—Dad, wilt hear the truth!
The darts, thou makeſt, ſo blunt are found;
Scarce do I draw my bow at men,
But inſtantly heals up the wound,
And all my work's to do again.

Vainly I laviſh heaps of darts,
And empty quiver after quiver;
Which, while they guard their well arm'd hearts,
Theſe lovers into atoms ſhiver.
Find out ſome furer temper, new—
So ſhall, like Jove's reſiſtleſs fiat,
My power grow fix'd as fate—and you—
Will henceforth live a little quiet.

Old Mulciber began the work—
Forged dart the firſt—quoth Love, let's ſee!
Then pois'd his bow, and, with a jerk,
He made his *coup d'eſſai* on me.
The ſtroke had power each wav'ring trace
Of folly from my mind to ſever;
And now I feel, one lovely face
Has fix'd my willing heart for ever.

BALLAD—IN THE WATERMAN.

TOO yielding a carriage,
Has oft before marriage,
To ruin and misery pointed the way;
You're shun'd if complying,
But your lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial,
Was only a trial,
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

BALLAD—IN HARVEST HOME.

BE others the ungracious task
Of judging my too thoughtless sex,
By envy dress'd in Candor's mask,
That even Virtue's self suspects.
Mine be the better, kinder part,
While I examine well my own,
To pity and forgive the heart,
That has transgress'd from love alone.

Stern Justice with unshaken hand,
Sprung from necessity and time,
That laws be kept which rule mankind,
May fix the forfeit price of crime.
Judges of a softer kind,
Frail error well has reason given:
Pity—perfection of the mind,
And Mercy—fav'rite child of heaven.

BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

SUCH usage as this is, what wife but myself
Would put up with, and not sigh and sob;

No croſs in her pocket, no food on the ſhelf,
Or what huſband would let her but Snob?
And yet, let me hope, though for every crime,
He had more than there's days in the year,
That his heart is ſo good, I ſhould ſtill ſee the time,
When a different man he'd appear.

But if I'm deceiv'd, while another gueſs wife,
So treated, would ſcold and revile;
Though poor, though confined in a priſon for life,
With him I'd endeavour to ſmile.
I love him, and every way I'll purſue,
That I can, his affections to keep:
And if then he ſhould ſlight me, I've nothing to do,
But to wiſh he were kinder, and weep.

BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

AH have you forgot then, unkind as you are,
When houſemaid I liv'd at the Squire's
All the wine and good things that I crib'd with ſuch care,
Ev'ry morn when I lighted the fires?
And have you forgot how I lean'd on my broom,
And in rapture heard all that you ſaid,
Till ſcolded I got for not ſweeping the room,
And beat for not making the bed?

When you told me you'd have me, my bruſh and my mop
Kept time while with pleaſure I'd ſing;
And ſoon 'twas the talk at the chandler's ſhop,
You had purchas'd the licence and ring.
But when you had married, and carried me home
How ſweetly my time paſs'd away:
You ſwore that you lov'd, that no longer you'd roam,
And I thought it would never be day.

BALLAD—IN NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

SHE who linked by her fate,
To a ſour churliſh mate,
And to ſome ſmart young flatterer dares not be kind;

Who a look fears to ſteal,
That her flame would reveal,
What would that woman give, were her huſband but blind.

She in youth's early bloom,
By a too ſevere doom,
To decrepid old age, whoſe hard parents have join'd
How bleſt would ſhe be,
Till death ſet her free,
Could ſhe add to his gout, that her huſband was blind.

In ſhort, we all chuſe,
With onr different views.
And 'tis right each ſhould pick out a mate to her mind;
For me, let my dear,
Since men ſee ſo clear,
Be bleſt with a ſpanking large fortune—and blind.

BALLAD—IN THE LONG ODDS.

A SAYING 'twas, when I was young,
That golden carts take hay in;
And in my ears my mother rung,
Oft times this ſelf ſame ſaying.
My dad, who, the main chance did think,
Of human cares the deareſt,
Would cry, whene'er thou goeſt to drink,
The deepeſt ſtream's the cleareſt.

I had an uncle, and his ſaw
Was take and never render,
And this he gave me as a law,
While yet my years were tender.
My aunt had her good adage too,
Who alſo was my tutor:
Says ſhe, whoever comes to woo,
A dower's a handſome ſuitor.

Let me good ſir, add mine to theirs,
Tell not your name for nothing,
A rule I've found in all affairs,
Meat, waſhing, drink, and cloathing.
My girl, who has her parent's knack,
For maxims adds a right one;
No crows are found that are not black,
—Yet a rich crow's a white one.

SONG—IN THE SALOON.

ALAS! when once the book of life
Draws towards the laſt page,
What folly then to take a wife!
Our days are on the cloſe;
And, as at one door comes in age,
Love out at t'other goes.
Is it not truth,
That youth loves youth,
Juſt as the zephyr loves the roſe.

This law I own's ſevere, though juſt;
But let us ſince ſubmit we muſt,
Submit with a good grace;
Laughing at Love with all his train,
And as reaſon takes its reign,
The table and the chaſe,
The jovial ſong, the ſparkling wine,
And a true friend, that gift divine!
Shall well ſupply the place.

BALLAD—IN HARVEST HOME.

THERE'S ſomething in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or ſtature, or age;
And ſhe who would frighten a mere ſtander-by,
Is a Venus herſelf in the fond lover's eye.
If ſhe's pale, never ſwan was a tenth part ſo fair;
If tawny, like jet, are her eyes and her hair,
If Xantippe herſelf, her ſcolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their huſbands ſubmit.

If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien!
If a ſteeple, ſhe's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handſome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune ſays—World hold your tongue.
In ſhort to dear women 'tis given to pleaſe,
And tho' the whim often ſhould take them to teaze.
To perplex, to torment, and a thouſand things more;
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

GLEE.

BACCHUS come, thy vot'ry own me,
'Tis ſaid that thou all cares can'ſt end:
A perjured fair has baſely flown me,
Fled with a falſe perfidious friend.
Let's drink!—'tis true my ſorrows paſs:
New joys exhilerate my ſoul,
I find a friend in every glaſs,
And a kind miſtreſs in the bowl.

BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

WOULD'ST error leave, to follow truth,
Would'ſt all thy cares ſhould end,
Turn here thy ſteps, miſguided youth,
And liſten to a friend.
Nor to Severity auſtere,
Nor fond Indulgence, lean;
But ſeek fair Moderation, here
She holds the golden mean.
From that hand which profuſely gives,
Can any bleſſing fall?
Or who a joy from that derives
Which churl refuſes all?
Turn then, thy errors to atone,
And ſteer a courſe between;
Fair Moderation 'tis alone
That holds the golden mean.

BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

GAY Bacchus, and Mercury, and I,
One evening a ſtrange frolic took,
And left the queer dons of the ſky,
To take at queer mortals a look:

But our viſit ne'er alter'd the ſcene;
The ſame folly, the ſame ſenſeleſs mirth
We ſtill found, and 'tis this mortals mean
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.
We join'd a convivial crew,
Who puſh'd round the claret with ſpunk;
Bacchus ſwore it was nectar, and grew,
Like a lord, or a tinker, ſoon drunk.
To their concerts, that tortured my ears,
Noiſe and Diſcord ſo fairly give birth,
That I thought 'twas a craſh of the ſpheres,
And thus muſic is heaven upon earth.

At Pharaoh we punted and cock'd,
Till we ſuch an example were made,
That Mercury retired, quite ſhock'd,
To be foil'd at his own proper trade,
In love mortals all riot run,
Beauty, honour, eſteem, private worth,
Politely give place to crim con:
And thus love is heaven upon earth.

As to me, my poor portion of wit
In two minutes was knocked out of joint,
By pun, jeux d'eſprit, lucky hit,
And quibble, conundrum, and point.
Thus below they act o'er the ſame ſcene
We play here, the ſame clamour and mirth,
And this is the nonſenſe they mean
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.

GLEE—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

SWEETLY, ſweetly, let's enjoy
The ſmiling moments made for love;
And while we claſp the dimpled boy,
The glaſs to you, to you ſhall move.
And drinking, laughing, jeſting neatly,
The time ſhall paſs on ſweetly—ſweetly.
Love's arrows, dipp'd in roſy wine,
To the charm'd heart like light'ning paſs;
And Mars feels tranſport more divine,
When ſmiling Venus fills his glaſs.

GLEE—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WITH mingled ſound of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life;
And as we march through every fair,
Make girls admire, and bumkins ſtare.
With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
Or elſe produce the well-tim'd crown;
And liſting firſt the ſturdy elves,
We gain their ſweethearts for ourſelves.

GLEE—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

TELL me, neighbour, tell me plain,
Which is the beſt employ?
Is it love, whoſe very pain
They ſay is perfect joy?
Is it war, whoſe thund'ring ſound
Is heard at ſuch a diſtance round?
Is it to have the miſer's hoard?
Is it to be with learning ſtor'd?
Is it gay Pegaſus to rein,
Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain?
No, no, will anſwer every honeſt ſoul,
The beſt employ's to puſh about the bowl.

SONG—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

A WHILE in every nation
War may blaze around,
Still ſpreading deſolation,
Yet there's hopes of peace:
Awhile the billows raging,
May ſky and ſea confound,
Yet winds and waves aſſuaging,
Storms at laſt will ceaſe.
But man by vice o'ertaken,
A tempeſt in his mind,

His warring paſſions ſhaken,
Are reeds as in the wind.
Rare is the eloquence that has the charm,
To rule that peſtilence, or quell the ſtorm.

BALLAD—IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN well one knows to love and pleaſe,
What diſtreſſes can one prove,
What can rob that heart of eaſe
Poſſeſs'd of pleaſure, rich in love?

Alas! without this ſovereign good,
Whoſe power no emperor can ſtay,
Riches, rank, or noble blood,
Honours, titles, what are they?

One tender look's to lovers worth
More treaſure than the Indies own;
Smiles are the empire of the earth,
The arms of thoſe we love a throne.

SONG—IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the month of May,
The morning grey,
Firſts peeps a doubtful light;
Three ſtrikes the clock,
The village cock
Next crows with all his might.
Each waking bird,
Chirping is heard;
Tinges of red the ſky adorn;
Bird, man, and beaſt,
Regard the eaſt,
And, pleas'd, ſalute the riſing morn.
The ſhepherd now his flock unfolds;
Night, like a thief, ſteals ſlow away;

His dingy hue,
Ugly to view,

Is chang'd to a delightful blue;
All nature's gay;
And now the villager beholds,
His mowers mow, his ploughers plough,
Sheep bleat, birds ſing, and oxen low:
Each rural ſound ſalutes his ears;
He whiſtles to make one:
And now,
Uſher'd by all this fine parade,
In every ſplendid pomp array'd,
Appears
The radient ſun.
So, after abundance of toilet affairs,
And Betty has nine times run up and down ſtairs,
For lappets and ribbands, and one thing and t'other,
And the houſe top and bottom's alarm'd with the pother.
And a hundred things more are done equally riſible,
The lady, at laſt condeſcends to be viſible.

SONG—IN THE ISLANDERS.

THIS ſtrange emotion at my heart
Oh how ſhall I explain?
'Tis joy, 'tis grief, 'tis eaſe, 'tis ſmart,
'Tis pleaſure, and 'tis pain!
The buſy trembling flutterer plays,
It knows not how or why?
And throbs and beats a thouſand ways—
Ah quiet prithee lie!
Ceaſe, and ſenſations ſuch as theſe
With careful heed deſtroy:
What good is in the ſame degrees
Of mingled pain and joy?

BALLAD.

I MADE a promiſe to be wiſe,
But 'twas a promiſe out of ſeaſon;
So much ſo, that I'm ſure he lies
Who ſays he always follows Reaſon.

I ſoon grew tir'd of Wiſdom's dream,
And turning from pale melancholy,
Fell on the oppoſite extreme:
But I at laſt grew tired of Folly.

Thus ſeparate: what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether
If I could work upon theſe two
To live in harmony together.

After, of courſe, a little ſtrife,
'Twas ſettled, without farther pother,
One ſhould be treated as a wife,
And only as a miſtreſs t'other.

Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, meaſures;
Reaſon conducts all my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleaſures.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

OFT has the world been well defin'd,
By ſayers and by ſingers,
I call't a belfrey, and mankind
I call the jolly ringers.
Through major bobs, and triple bobs,
Each emulouſly ranges;
And while each anxious boſom throbs,
All try to ring the changes,

Theſe college youths are ſent to ſchool,
And afterwards to college,
And thence return by ſquare and rule,
Well verſed in worldly knowledge.
As genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's cloſe lab'rynth ranges,
And on religion, phyſic, law,
Completely ring the changes.

The fortune hunter ſwears and lies,
And courts the widows jointure;
Then with a richer heireſs flies,
Nor minds to diſappoint her.
The widow too has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct ſtrange is;

A titled heir, ſucceeds to him,
And thus ſhe rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the greek,
The greek the ſpendthrift fleeces,
The ſpendthrift makes dad's fortune ſqueak,
Dad rackrents and grants leaſes.

The tenants break, gazette reports
Each difference arranges,
Till pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus like the bells, each fear and hope,
Hangs wav'ring and ſuſpended;
All tug away, while ſome a rope
Get, more than they intended.

In merry cadence as they roll,
We'll rove where reaſon ranges;
Nor ſhall the bell of ſadneſs toll,
Till death ſhall ring the changes.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE breeze was freſh, the ſhip in ſtays,
Each breaker huſh'd, the ſhore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd:
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ ſo fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, Love the muſe:
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair ſo happy as we two."

The ſtorm—that like a ſhapeleſs wreck,
Had ſtrewed with rigging all the deck,
That tars for ſharks had given a feaſt,
And left the ſhip a hulk—had ceas'd:
When Jack, as with his meſſmates dear
He ſhar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And ſpelt, for comfort, on the lid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair ſo happy as we two"

The battle—that with horror grim,
Had madly ravaged life and limb,
Had ſcuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
When Jack, to his companions dear,
Firſt paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Reſtor'd his comfort, as he ſpell'd
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair ſo happy as we two."

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each ſailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the ſhore,
He then the 'bacco-box diſplay'd
And cried, and ſeized the willing maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair ſo happy as we two."

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

IF ever a ſailor was fond of good ſport,
'Mongſt the girls, why that ſailor was I,
Of all ſizes and ſorts, I'd a wife at each port,
But, when that I ſaw'd Polly Ply,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gov'd her a kiſs,
And ſwore to bring up once for all,
And from that time black Barnaby ſplic'd us to this
I've been conſtant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all ſorts of temptations I've ſtood,
For I afterwards ſail'd round the word,
And a queer ſet we ſaw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our ſails were unfurled:
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk'
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,
Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' ſaid I 'walk;
I've ſworn to be conſtant to Poll.'

I met with a ſquaw out at India, beyond,
All in glaſs and tobacco pipes dreſs'd,

What a dear pretty monſter! ſo kind, and ſo fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at reſt.
With her bobs at her noſe, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a barthelmy doll,
Says I, 'You Miſs Copperkin, juſt hold your jaw,
'I've ſworn to be conſtant to Poll'

Then one near Sumatra, juſt under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play,
'I loves you,' ſays ſhe, 'and juſt only be mine,
'Or, by poiſon, I'll take you away.'
'Curſe your kindneſs,' ſays I, 'but you can't frighten
'me,
'You don't catch a gudgeon this haul,
'If I do take your ratſbane, why then, do you ſee,
'I ſhall die true and conſtant to Poll.'

But I 'ſcap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each ſtorm,
And, my neighbours to pleaſe, full of wonders came back,
But, what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.
And ſo now to ſea I ſhall venture no more,
For you know, being rich, I've no call,
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty aſhore,
And live and die conſtant to Poll.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE martial pomp, the mournful train
Beſpeak ſome honoured hero ſlain;
The obſequies denote him brave;
Hark! the volley o'er his grave:
The awful knell ſounds low and lorn,
Yet ceaſe ye kindred brave to mourn.
The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The man may ſummon to his ſilent home;
The ſoldier lives!—his deeds to trace,
Behold the Seraph Glory place
An ever-living laurel round his ſacred tomb.

Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtleſs gay,
Short's man's longeſt earthly ſtay;
Our little hour of life we try,
And then depart:—we're born to die.

Then loſe no moment dear to fame,
They longeſt live who live in name,
The plaintive fife, &c.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SINCE Zeph'rus firſt taſted the charms of coy Flora,
Sure Nature ne'er beamed on ſo lovely a morn,
Ten thouſand ſweet birds court the ſmile of Aurora,
And the woods loudly echo the ſound of the horn:
Yet the morn's not ſo lovely, ſo brilliant, ſo gay,
As our ſplendid appearance, in gallant array,
When all ready mounted, we number our forces,
Enough the wild boar or the tiger to ſcare:
Pity fifty ſtout beings, count dogs, men, and horſes,
Should encounter ſuch peril—to kill one poor hare!

Little wretch, thy fate's hard!—thou wert gentle and blameleſs;
Yet, a type of the world in thy fortune we ſee;
And Virtue, by monſters as cruel and ſhameleſs,
Poor, defenceleſs, and timid, is hunted like thee.
See! vainly each path how ſhe doubles and tries:
If ſhe 'ſcape the hound Treachery, by Slander ſhe dies!
To o'ercome that meek fear for which men ſhould reſpect her,
Ev'ry art is employed, ev'ry ſubtle ſnare—
Pity thoſe who were born to defend and protect her,
Should hunt to her ruin—ſo timid a hare!

Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals ſhould cheriſh,
As the heaven-gifted ſpark that illumines the mind;
As Reaſon's beſt honour: leſt with it ſhould periſh
Ev'ry grace that Perfection can lend to mankind.
Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher, Fear,
And the mongrel, Vexation, ſkulks ſly in the rear:
The reſt all ruſh on, at their head the whelp Slander,
The fell maſtiff Malice, the greyhound Deſpair!
Pity beings beſt known by bright Truth and fair Candour
Should hunt down--ſhame to manhood--ſo harmleſs a hare.

Their ſports at an end, harſh Reflection's beguiler
To ſome thoughtleſs oblivion their ſouls they reſign;
The ſeducer takes pleaſure, revenge the reviler,
The hunter's oblivion, more harmleſs, is wine.

Thus, having deſtroyed every rational joy
That can dignify Reaſon, they Reaſon deſtroy:
And yet not in vain, if this leſſon inſpirit
Ought of rev'rence for Genius, reſpect for the Fair:
So the tear of loſt Virtue and poor ruined Merit
The ſad manes ſhall appeaſe of the innocent hare.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE world's a good thing, ah how ſweet and delicious
The bliſs and delight it contains;
Dev'l a pleaſure but joy Fortune crams in our diſhes,
Except a few torments and pains.
Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's ſo inviting,
Where each toper each care ſweetly drowns,
Where our friends we ſo cheriſh, ſo love and delight in,
Except when we're cracking their crowns.
Sing didderoo whack, take the good with the bad,
So put round the claret and ſherry;
If the cares of this world did not make us ſo ſad,
'Twould be eaſy enough to be merry.

Fait a wife's a good ting, ſure to charm and content ye,
To cheriſh and love you ſhe's born;
Show'ring joys on your brow, like the goddeſs of plenty,
So ſweet, juſt excepting the horn.
Arrah fait the dear law a nice good ting to truſt is,
Juſt your all to its mercy devote;
You'll be ſure to get bed, board, and cloathing from Juſtice,
Except when ſhe ſtrips off your coat.
Sing didderoo, &c.

En't a place a good ting? where the loaves and the fiſhes,
So neatly are handed about,
Where you turn while your in, till you get all your wiſhes,
Except when they're turning you out.
Is not fame a good ting? ah her trump ſound ſo glorious,
And ſo ſings forth the deeds of the brave!
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious,
Except that they're ſnug in the grave!
Sing didderoo, &c.

Then a friend's a good ting, ah he ſoothes all your ſorrows,
And ſoftens each care of your life,

And nothing, kind ſoul, in return ever borrows,
Except juſt your purſe or your wife.
By compariſons then ſince each good ting's a treaſure,
As the foil ſhews the diamond's true glare,
Let us in this life, cheriſh only the pleaſure,
Except when we're taſting the care.
Sing didderoo, &c.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BE quiet that blackbird and thruſh,
So gallanting,
And chanting,
And whiſtling,
And briſtling,
And warbling your ſong in the grove.
That goldfinch and linnet pray huſh;
Poor Taffy is ſighing,
And alſo is crying.
And moreover dying
For love.
What a noiſe, only hark!
Why you imprudent lark!
The loud little devils to hear
Gives her torture, and torment, and ſmart;
For though honey their notes to her ear,
They are bitter as gall to her heart,
Her cannot for her ſoul be glad
When Winifred's away;
Yet it is wrong, and it is bad
To chide their pretty lay;
That love that makes poor Taffy ſad,
Makes all the grove ſo gay.

Pipe on, merry blackbird, and thruſh,
Sing your ditty,
So pretty,
And whiver it,
And quiver it,
Nature ſmiles, and the ſpring's in its prime:
From each ſpray, and each tree, and each buſh,
Your madrigals pouring,
Some hopping
Some ſoaring,

Your ſong will be o'er in
Good time.
What a noiſe, only hark!
Now's your time, Mr. Lark,
When to-morrow ſweet Win ſhall appear,
You'll not make this noiſe, and this ſtir,
Then a much ſweeter ditty to hear,
You'll leave ſinging, and liſten, to her.
Then Taffy be no longer ſad,
Though Winifred's away,
But ſmile with nature, and be glad,
And like the grove be gay,
To-morrow pleaſure's to be had,
Then do not grieve to-day.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

COME away then at my call,
High, low, rich, poor, fat, lean, ſhort, tall;
I undertake to furniſh all
A panacea to cure care.
Would the old renew their youth,
Would Falſhood learn to charm like Truth,
Would Honour in life's game be winner,
Or modeſt Merit find a dinner,
To Hope ſtill turning black Deſpair,
Come build caſtles in the air.

Here the cit, through clouds of ſmoke,
In coffee-houſe who cracks his joke,
Whom, at his deſk, the cobwebs choke,
Still imitates the ſpider's care:
Of ton the very life and ſoul,
Near ſome Hockley in the Hole,
To all the guttling city beaſts,
Shall give ſuch monſtrous ſumptuous feaſts,
Genteel as any dancing bear,
In his caſtle built of air.

Would ſpendthrift's ne'er put down their gigs,
Would needy curates count tithe pigs,
Would Gout dance rigadoons and jigs,
Would Greeks play only on the ſquare,

Would guilt a waking conſcience blind,
Would tabbies handſome huſbands find,
Would lawyers fight poor orphans' battles,
Preſerving them their goods and chattles,
Would pigeons ſcape a well-laid ſnare,
Come build caſtles in the air.

Would country hicks become polite,
Would Avarice give, would Cowardice fight,
Would Envy praiſe, would dunces write,
Would Fraud fair Honour's veſtments wear,
Would miſers know when they'd enough,
Would gluttons roots and water ſtuff,
Would gambling ceaſe to be alarming,
Worth to be priz'd, or beauty charming,
Would lovers ceaſe to lie and ſwear,
Come build caſtles in the air.

In ſhort, all thoſe who Nature force,
Who put Life's cart before the horſe,
Turn Times and Seaſons from their courſe,
Build hopes by Folly's rule and ſquare—
For inſtance, now, did I appear,
From conſcious diffidence or fear,
T'indulge one moment ſuch a ſlander
That any here were void of candour,
My hopes ought all to be deſpair,
And all my caſtles built in air.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

LORD what be all the rich and great,
The pride of courts and cities?
Their fuſs, and rout, and pomp, and ſtate,
Lord how a body pities.
The gouty ſquire, in coach and ſix,
My lady with her phthiſic,
His worſhip with the rheumatics,
All ſick from ſloth and phyſic.
How different we ploughmen be,
Through bog, and briar, and thiſtle,
Who work with health, and ſtrength, and glee,
And o'er the furrow whiſtle.

That thing, the young ſquire, my landlord's heir,
You'd for a doll miſtake it;
Set on a ſhelf, like China ware,
For fear the maids ſhould break it:
Then miſs loves ſcandal, cheats at play,
Gets toniſh, bold, and ſpunky,
Hates naſty man, then runs away,
To prove it, with a monkey.
How diff'rent from theſe imps, ſo ſpruce,
With pride that ſwell and briſtle,
Are ours, formed ploughmen to produce,
Who o'er the furrow whiſtle.

A nabob, dreſs'd in ſtars, comes down,
To our village, worth a million;
His villa's here, his houſe in town,
By the ſea ſide his pavilion.
Poor man, he'd thank his ſtars to ſeize,
For his, my humble ſtation;
Why he's dying of a new diſeaſe,
They calls a complication.
With ſickneſs then what's high degree?
What garter, bath, and thiſtle?
Oh that the nabob could, like me,
Blithe o'er the furrow whiſtle!

Thus honeſt Clump, ſevere, though kind,
Did wit with pity ſeaſon;
Bleſt with that manly ſtrength of mind,
Taught by content and reaſon.
In artleſs wit, unconſcious ſenſe,
He pitied imperfection;
Not rancour, but beneficence,
Inſpiring each reflection.
My wiſh 'gainſt haughty pomp, cried he,
At the poor who puff and briſtle,
Is—May they taſte ſuch joys as we,
Who o'er the furrow whiſtle!

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE auctioneer mounts, and—firſt hawing and hemming—
Addreſſes his audience with—Ladies and gemmen,
Permit me to make on this ſale a few ſtrictures
'Tis compriſed of ſome choice allegorical pictures.

Lot one is a portrait of Truth :—bid away!
For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what ſhall we ſay?
Suppoſe we ſay twenty thouſand pounds for Truth: ten thouſand: five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty guineas: one guinea. Nobody put in Truth? No lover nor lawyer in company ſtands in need of a little truth? Any thing to begin with. 'Sixpence!' "And a half-penny!!" Thank you Sir.
A going, a going, a going—come, ſpirit, bid on;
Will nobody bid more? A going—gone.
Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged caſſoc.

Lot two is Frugality, modeſt and meek,
Mild Content in her eye, the freſh roſe on her cheek,
The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health,
Who, in Nature's ſcant wiſhes, finds Cræſus's wealth.
What d'ye ſay for Frugality, ladies? O fie!
What nobody bid! Nobody!!—John, put Frugality by.
Lot three: Diſſipation. That's engaged: I could have ſold them if I had had a thouſand. Lot four: Crim Con. Oh Lord that is diſpoſed of, by private contract. Lot five, Faſhion. Come, ladies, what ſhall we ſay for Faſhion? 'Twenty thouſand pounds.'—Thank you Ma'am. "Twenty-five."—'Thirty.'—
A going, a going, a going—come, ſpirit, bid on—
What nobody bid more?
'Mr. Smiler, to ſave trouble, you may ſend Faſhion to 'my houſe upon your own terms.' Much obliged to your Ladyſhip.
—Going—gone.
Set down Faſhion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues :—why John
Some ſtrange metamorphoſe they've all undergone:
Why Fortitude trembles, and looks like a ſheep!
While Temp'rance is tipſy! and Juſtice aſleep!
And as for Ma'am Prudence, ſhe's quite in her airs!
Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down ſtairs.
Let me ſee, what have we elſe? Conſcience. Oh Lord! Honour. Worſe and worſe! A parcel of antiquated ſtuff. What's this? Anarchy!! Why John what buſineſs has Anarchy here? I thought you knew that it was ſold, long enough ago, for exportation.—And now you talk of exportation, you know this portrait of Popularity is to be ſent, as a public gift to the Royal Brothers, upon the continent. Loyalty. 'A hundred thouſand pounds—two hundred

'thouſand—three—four—five—ſix—ſeven—eight—a mil-
'lion—two million—three million—
A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on:
A going, a going——

Ten million in five hundred places! Oh I knew it was utterly impoſſible ever to find a *ſingle* purchaſer for Loyalty.

——Going, gone.

Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.

What remains there is little occaſion to heed;
Of Honour and Worth you have none of you need;
Good Humour, and Frolic, and Laughter, ſo plump,
I've ſold you again and again, in a lump.
The laſt lot's Content, of ſweet Pleaſure the twin,
Come purchaſe Content, and I'll throw Pleaſure in.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, what ſhall we ſay for Content? It is your intereſt to buy Content. What beauty can ſmile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buying it in, but my content receives all its value from the reflection of yours. Come, I'll take nods and ſmiles for money. Much obliged to you, Sir:—particularly favoured, Ma'am:—highly honoured, Sir:—you flatter me exceedingly, Miſs?

A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on:
A going, a going——

Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!

——A going—gone.

Set down content to the preſent company.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WHEN to man the diſtinguiſhing form
And the nature of angels were given,
His mind was imbu'd with a charm
That mark'd him the fav'rite of heav'n.
'Twas ſmiling Benighity's grace,
To the warm throbbing boſom ſo dear,
That celeſtially beam'd in his face,
As he ſhed Senſibility's tear.

Ye who Nature have learnt to ſubdue,
Who your hearts 'gainſt compaſſion can ſteel,
Who know not the joys of the few,

Who are happy becauſe they can feel,
In luxury and eaſe as ye roll,
Learn that bliſs to the boſom ſo dear,
'Tis the luxury, ſupreme, of the ſoul,
To indulge Senſibility's tear.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE village was jovial, the month was May,
The birds were ſweetly ſinging;
Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding day,
The bells were merrily ringing.
The bridegroom came in his holiday cloaths,
The bride with ribbands as red as a roſe;
Never did revelry ſo abound,
The drums beat, and the joke went round:
All manner of inſtruments loudly play'd,
The hautboy ſqueak'd, and the baſſoon bray'd.
Then to ſee them all foot it, and jig it, and prance,
Stump, figit, and reel, in the mazy dance;
Thus, from when the lark roſe till the ſtocking was thrown,
The fun, and the friſk, and paſtime went on.
Such whim and ſuch frolic ſure never was ſeen,
Till wond'ring ſo long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village and Sue of the green,
Cry—what a rare thing to be married!

Now ſcarcely paſt the honey moon
Still Numps and Madge are ſinging,
But not exactly the ſame tune,
For the bells her clapper's ringing.
The Squire ſteps in, Numps ſmells a rat,
Love and dear, are changed to dog and cat;
Their loves turn'd hate, and grief their joys,
Contentment's ſtrife, and pleaſure noiſe:
Say a crooked word, and I'll kill you, cries he!
Rams horns, if I die for't, cries out ſhe!
Night and day thus, at victuals, or up, or abed,
He curries her hide, and ſhe combs his head,
In torment, vexation, and miſery they dwell,
Converting that heaven, called marriage, to hell.

The neighbours maliciouſly viewing the ſcene,
While charmed that ſo long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—what a queer thing to be married!

At length to make ſport of the bridegroom and bride,
Whoſe jars in droll ditty they're ſinging,
The wags of the village now ſkimmington ride,
While backward the bells they are ringing.
The ladles, the ſkimmers, the broomſticks they wield,
The porringer helmet, the potlid ſhield,
The ample ram's horns that ſo grace the parade,
And the petticoat rampant ſo gaily diſplayed,
Denote jars domeſtic, and family ſtrife,
Where the dolt takes the diſtaff, the cudgel the wife.
Thus hiſſing, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And ſqualling of children, and barking of dogs,
And ſhrill penny trumpets, ſalt boxes, and bells,
And drums, and cow horns, and a hundred things elſe,
Compoſe of confuſions the drolleſt e'er ſeen,
While charm'd that ſo long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—what a damn'd thing to be married.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

TOM Tackle was noble, was true to his word,
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would ſail,
Truth furniſhed the rigging, and Honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had;
That good as he was, made him all that was bad,
He was paltry and pitiful, ſcurvy and mean,
And the ſnivlingeſt ſcoundrel that ever was ſeen:
For ſo ſaid the girls, and the landlords long ſhore,
Would you know what this fault was—Tom Tackle was poor!

'Twas once on a time when we took a galloon,
And the crew touched the agent for caſh to ſome tune,
Tom a trip took to jail, an old meſſmate to free,
And four thankful prat'lers ſoon ſat on his knee.
Then Tom was an angel, down right from heaven ſent!
While they'd hands he his goodneſs ſhould never repent:

Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his ſad caſe,
To find his dear friend ſhut the door in his face!
Why d'ye wonder, cried one, you're ſerved right to be
ſure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now—Tom Tackle is poor?

I ben't you ſee verſed in high maxims and ſitch,
But don't this ſame honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't ſee where from,
And dam'me if e'er tar had a good heart 'twas Tom.
Yet, ſome how or nother, Tom never did right:
None knew better the time when to ſpare, or to fight;
He, by finding a leak, once preſerved crew and ſhip,
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made ſuch rare ſlip!
And yet, for a'l this, no one Tom could endure;
I fancy's as how 'twas—becauſe he was poor.

At laſt an old ſhipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who ſaw that his heart failed too faſt for his hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the ſails of Tom's fortune that ſhook in the wind:
He gave him enough through life's ocean to ſteer,
Be the breeze what it might, ſteady, thus, or no near;
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—and may all honeſt hearts,
Like Tom Tackle have what keeps the wolf from the door,
Juſt enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SAYS my father, ſays he, one day to I,
Thou know'ſt by falſe friends we are undone,
Should my lawſuit be loſt, then thy good fortune try,
Among our relations in London:
Here's Sukey, the poor orphan child of friend Griſt,
Who once kept thy father from ſtarving,
When thy fortune thou'ſt made, thou ſhalt take by the fiſt,
For a wife, for ſhe's good and deſerving:
But mind thee in heart this one maxim, our Jack,
As thou'ſt read thy good fate in a book,
Make honour thy guide, or elſe never come back
To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

So I buſs'd Suke and mother, and great'y concern'd,
Off I ſet, with my father's kind bleſſing,

To our couſin, the wine merchant, where I ſoon learn'd
About mixing, and brewing, and preſſing:
But the ſloe-juice, and ratſbane, and all that fine joke,
Was ſoon in my ſtomach a riſing,
Why dom it, cried I, would you kill the poor folk?
I thought you ſold wine, and not poiſon:
Your place, my dear couſin, won't do, for you lack,
To make your broth, another gueſs cook;
Beſides, without honour, I cannot go back
To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways,
He teach'd me the myſtery, quickly,
Of thoſe that were dying to ſhorten the days,
And they in good health to make ſickly.
Oh the muſic of groans! cried my uncle dear boy,
Vapours ſet all my ſpirits a flowing,
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy,
At an ague I'm all in a glowing!
Why then my dear uncle, cries I, you're a quack,
For another aſſiſtant go look,
For you ſee without honour I munna go back
To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

From my couſin, the parſon, I ſoon com'd away,
Without either waiting or warning,
For he preach'd upon ſoberneſs three times one day,
And then com'd home drunk the next morning.
My relation, the author, ſtole other folks' thoughts,
My couſin, the bookſeller, ſold them,
My pious old aunt found in innocence faults,
And made Virtue bluſh as ſhe told them!
So the proſpect around me quite diſmal, and black,
Scarcely knowing on which ſide to look,
I juſt ſav'd my honour, and then I com'd back,
To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

I found them as great as a king on his throne,
The law ſuit had baniſhed all ſorrow:
I'm come ſaid I father my honour's my own,
Then thou ſhalt have Sukey to-morrow.
But how about London? It won't do for a clown,
There Vice rides with folly behind it,
Not, you ſee, that I ſays there's no honour in town,
I only ſays I could not find it.
If you ſent me to ſtarve, you found out the right track,
If to live, the wrong method you took,

For, I poor went to London, and poor I'm com'd back,
To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

RONDEAU—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

AS dulcet found on æther floats,
In ſoft, melodious meaſure,
Smoothly glide the even notes
That lull the ſoul to pleaſure.
Plung'd in Care, beſet with Pain,
Hunted by Miſery's fell train,
Still with each varying paſſion Sound ſhall following go,
Through all the wide viciſſitudes of Joy and Woe.
Shall laugh with Mirth, with Anger dare;
Shall ſhriek with Fear;
With Caution creep;
With pitying Sympathy ſhall weep;
Intrude where Melancholy penſive ſits,
Mock Jealouſy, that loves and hates by fits,
And into Madneſs urge deſpair!
Then, while the extremes of Joy and Miſery
Claſh madly, like an agitated ſea,
O'er the ſooth'd ſenſes ſhall ſhe ſhed a balm,
The ſtorm of Paſſion lulling to a calm,
Her mighty magic mark!
Hark!
As dulcet ſound on æther float, &c.
When Muſic's powerful charms excite,
The pooreſt paſſion grows delight:
Wine is not mirth, the lyre unſtrung,
Beauty's not beauty, if unſung.
Mark! how the organ's ſolemn air
Adds piety to prayer!
Without the aid of willing ſound,
Joy is not pleaſure, pomp not ſtate,
Love tender, nor ambition great:
Without it what were heroes found,
Who ſeek for glory, and meet fate?
What conſecrates their deeds and name
But Muſic's trumpet, lent to Fame?
Nor will the meaneſt hero fight,

If Muſic lend not her delight.
Let but the drum, and cheerful fife
Aſſail his ear,
He knows not fear,
The ſound inſpires him with new life.
Fired with the ſprightly martial band,
The foe he charges hand to hand:
Ruſhes reſiſtleſs through the ranks,
With Glory fir'd!
And takes thoſe thanks
Due to that valour Muſic had in ſpired.
Sweet Muſic take me to thy care,
Breathe in my ſoul thy vital air;
That when unruly thoughts transform
My mind, with Paſſion's ſwelling ſtorm,
Conflict on conflict as they ſwell,
And make my tortur'd mind a hell!
As dulcet ſound on æther floats, &c.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A Watchman I am, and I knows all the round,
The houſkeepers, the ſtrays, and the lodgers,
Where low dev'ls, rich dons, and high rips, may be found,
Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers:
Of money, and of property, I'm he that takes the care,
And cries, when I ſee rogues go by, Hey! what are you doing there?
'Only a little buſineſs in that houſe:—You underſtand 'me?' "Underſtand you!—well, I believe you are an "honeſt man. Do you hear, bring me an odd ſilver candle-"ſtick—

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall faſt aſleep.
Saint Paul's ſtrikes one,
Thus after all the miſchief's done,
I goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
As ſtrikes Saint Paul's
Paſt one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine meſs I diſcover,

For a curious rope ladder I ſtraightway eſpies,
And Miſs Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each other's arms they ſly,
My life, my ſoul, ah ah!
Fine work, Miſs Hot-upon't, cries I,
I'll knock up your Pappa.
'No, no, you won't.' 'I ſhall; worthy old ſoul, to be "treated in this manner." 'Here, here, take this.' "Oh "you villain, want to bribe an honeſt watchman!—and "with ſuch a trifle too!" 'Well, well, here is more.' "More! You ſeem to be a ſpirited lad—now do make her "a good huſband—I am glad you tricked the old hunks— "good night—I wiſh you ſafe at Gretna Green!—
Then to my box I creep,
And then fall faſt aſleep.
What's that? St. Paul's ſtrike two,
The lovers off, what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the ſquare, from my box as I looks,
I hears ſuch a ranting, and tearing;
'Tis Pharoah's whole hoſt, and the pigeons, and rooks,
Are laughing, and ſinging, and ſwearing.
Then ſuch a hubbub, and a din,
How they blaſpheme, and curſe!
'That thief has ſtole my diamond pin,
Watch, watch, I've loſt my purſe!
'Watch, here I charge you,' 'and I charges you.' "'Tis "a marvellous thing that honeſt people can't go home with- "out being robbed: Which is the thief?" 'That's the 'thief that trick'd me out of two hundred pounds this 'evening,' "Ah that you know is all in the way of buſi- "neſs, but which is the thief that ſtole the gentleman's "purſe?" 'That's him.' "What Sam Snatch? Give it "to me Sam He has not got your purſe—you are miſ- "taken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't "oblige me to take you to the watch-houſe.—
Then to my box I creep,
And then fall faſt aſleep
What's that? St. Paul's ſtrikes three—
Thus from all roguery I gets free,
By giving people warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

BALLAD—IN THE RAZOR GRINDER.

TOM Turnwell is my name, my boys,
I'll ſtrike a ſtroke with any,
The trade that all my time employs,
To get an honeſt penny,
As good, as juſt, as moſt you'll find.
With rubbing ſtone,
And ſtrop, and hone,
I whet the very ſharpeſt ſteel;
And cry the while I turn my wheel,
Pen-knives, ſciſſars,
Cleavers, Razors,
Chopping knives to grind.

I'm uſeful throughout all the town,
The ſmooth and pampered glutton,
When e'er to dinner he ſits down,
Can never carve his mutton,
Unleſs his knife is to his mind.
With rubbing ſtone, &c.

The pretty dame who ſweet can ſmile,
Who is for ever ſmirking,
And who the minutes can beguile,
With love as well as working,
Would ſhe her ſciſſars ſharpened find.
With rubbing ſtone, &c.

My friend the barber o'er the way,
Who daily lathers many,
And picks up pretty well each day,
By ſhaving for a penny;
To me his razors are conſign'd,
With rubbing ſtone, &c.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

ALL endeavours fruitleſs prove
Former pleaſure to regain,
Sunk in helpleſs, hopeleſs love—
Can the ſlave eſcape his chain?

Leave, O leave me to endure,
Probe not wounds that rend my heart;
When the patient's paſt a cure,
Med'cine but augments his ſmart.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE trifling maid, who, idly vain,
Contemns a faithful lover's pain,
His torment all her joy;
Who, changeful as an April day,
With captive hearts delight to play,
As infants with a toy:
Deſerves of Cupid's bitter draught,
To taſte a drop, and from his ſhaft
A ſtroke or two to feel;
Then tremble, Nymph, for, taught by me,
Strephon ſhall ſoon give wounds to thee,
No vanity can heal.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

MY boſom is proof againſt tranſports and vows,
The fawning of treacherous man,
Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows,
Enſnares ev'ry woman he can.
His tranſport is falſe, and his vows are a cheat,
His oaths and his cringing a lie,
Each practic'd alone their deſires to compleat,
And gain what we ought to deny.

Poor Daphne too ſoon own'd the flame in her breaſt,
Too eaſy, too quickly was won;
[illegible]r ſwain, from that moment a rover confeſs'd,
[illegible]orſook her, a maiden undone:
[illegible] knew, if young Strephon had conquer'd my heart,
[illegible] my wiſh were none p'eaſing as he,
[illegible]er would die, than this ſecret impart,
[illegible] prov'd he as truly lov'd me.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

YE flowers that bloom in yonder mead,
  Where flows the cryſtal tide,
And nibling lambkins ſportive feed
  Along the current's ſide,
Ye oft have ſeen, and ſmil'd to ſee,
My love to him, his love to me.

Witneſs ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
  That o'er the paſtures ſtray,
Witneſs, ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
  Each painted child of May:
The greateſt bliſs I ere can prove
Is to return my ſhepherd's love.

DUETTO—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

Strephon.

TURN, O turn, relentleſs fair,
  Pity hapleſs Strephon's pain,
Raiſe him from the laſt deſpair,
  Smile, and bid him live again.

Cælia.

Prythee lay aſide your folly;
  How can I or take or give
Sprightly mirth, or melancholy;
  But if that contents you—live.

Strephon.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
  Ev'ry way my woes to calm,
The wound will heal from that ſweet hour
  Wherein you pour a friendly balm.

Cælia.

Truth I pity your condition,
  But if your poor heart muſt bleed
'Till I act your kind phyſician—
  Your caſe is deſperate indeed.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

IN ev'ry fertile valley
Where nature ſpreads the graſs,
Her ſilly conduct rally
To ev'ry lad and laſs;
Where weary reapers labour,
With Sylvia gay, be ſeen,
Or, to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

Where cowſlips ſweetly ſmiling,
Bedeck the verdant ſhade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head ſome gay parade.
Purſue theſe methods boldly,
Nor ſink in hopeleſs grief;
The fair once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

HAUGHTY Cælia, ſtill diſdaining,
Ne'er ſhall triumph o'er my heart;
Ne'er will I with mean complaining
Sue for comfort to my ſmart;
I'll appear the careleſs rover,
Let her coquettiſh airs affect,
Like a gay a happy lover,
Treat contempt with cold neglect.

Ne'er, ye fair ones, damp the paſſion
Where with honour love attends,
Never croſs with indignation
Love that faireſt truth commends.
Conſtant minds alike diſdaining
Inſincerity and fraud,
Are their utmoſt wiſh obtaining,
While their hope their hearts applaud.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

SINCE artful man ſo oft betrays,
By ſubtle wiles, and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded ſex;
By oaths, diſſembl'd ſigh's and fears,
To melt the heart, to charm our ears,
And ſtill our minds perplex:
In revenge I'm determin'd to treat him with ſcorn,
And ſhew him a nymph can perplex in her turn.

But Strephon's heart with pureſt fire,
With kindeſt love, and fond deſire,
Has ever warmly glow'd:
Yet his may be like all the reſt,
A treach'rous bait to ſnare the breaſt,
And ſo my fears forbode:
Thoſe fears then ſhall teach me to treat him with ſcorn
And ſhew him a nymph can inſnare in her turn.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE God of love will ever
Heap bleſſing's on the pair,
Where pleaſing's the endeavour,
Both of the ſwain and fair.
Believe me kind good-nature,
Of beauty ſtands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace:
Then never ſlight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Leaſt in the end the rover
Succeeds the dying ſwain.

AIR—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

A SHEPHERD long ſigh'd for a beautiful fair,
And in rapture diſcover'd his love;

Not doubting the nymph would diſpel his fond care
And his amorous tranſport approve:
Tho' ſhe to compaſſion inſenſible grown,
No glimpſe of delight would impart;
When he ſigh'd at her feet ſhe reply'd with a frown,
And rejoic'd at his ſuff'rings and ſmart.

He ſuffer'd long time this impertinent ſcorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair,
But ſecretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involv'd in the keeneſt deſpair;
'Till his friend who obſerv'd him heart-wounded with grief,
Lamenting his fruitleſs deſire,
Reſolv'd that the nymph ſhould afford him relief,
And in turn feel the force of love's fire.

Too artful, her paſſion ſhe never had own'd,
Tho' it triumph'd alone in her breaſt;
But laugh'd while the ſhepherd in miſery moan'd,
And wander'd a ſtranger to reſt:
Adviſ'd then his boſom no longer to vex:
But her haughtineſs treat with diſdain;
He own'd a feign'd courtſhip, her breaſt to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

THE Phœnix, we're told, has the Sun for his fire,
That he lives to five cent'ries or more;
That he then gathers gums and reeds in good ſtore,
With theſe makes a fire;
In the midſt of which fire being ſeated.
His wings are the bellows
Which kindle it up till 'tis properly heated;
And farther they tell us,
When no longer in flame this combuſtible flaſhes,
A ſpick and ſpan new one jumps out of the aſhes.

Another wiſe tale to a dragon gave birth,
Whoſe teeth, it is ſaid, were but ſown in the earth,
When 'tis gravely atteſted, and let who will ſmile,
That a regiment of ſoldiers appear'd rank and file.
Theſe ſtories, 'tis granted, are very abſurd;
No man ever ſaw ſuch a dragon or bird

Yet folly and love to be met with aſunder,
I hold a phenomenon of ſuch a kind,
A rarity ſo much more worhty to brag on,
That ſooner than ſet out this wonder
To find—
I'd be bound to produce you both phœnix and dragon.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

I'M up to all your tricks, my dear,
How the winds you make your letters bear,
My care and vigilence to queer,
But little are you winning:
You know tis true my pretty youth,
You ſend 'em Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
Don't laugh—leſt t'other ſide your mouth,
You ſhould be after grinning.
You Maſter! don't believe it, love;
I'm Juno ſti l, and you are Jove;
Whom Fate has plac'd me far above,
Nor her decrees could'ſt alter:
Then yie'd with grace the ſovereign rule,
Not think to make me thus a tool,
For thoſe who hang me for a fool,
Will find a knave in the halter.

RONDEAU—IN THE CESTUS.

THINK not here to drive your gig,
Madam Juno;
I'll make you know,
Who's at home, or burn my wig,
Why, I ll know the reaſon.
You may grin, but I'll bet twenty,
Her Lord and Maſter,
I ſhall caſt her;
And as to witneſſes, I've plenty,
In good time and ſeaſon.
Think not, &c.

Shall I by her—my goods and chattels,
Be led by the noſe here,
Nor diſpoſe her
As I liſt—Why, Sir, theſe battles,
'Gainſt me are petty treaſon,
Think not, &c.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

WITH that begirt, each dowdy girl
Gets every charm, does ſhe but aſk it;
Her teeth become a row of pearl,
Enclos'd within a coral caſket.
Carnations bloom upon her cheeks,
Roſes take p'ace of blotch and pimple;
The air's perfum'd whene'er ſhe ſpeaks,
And Cupids play in every dimple.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

WHO calls on her whoſe powerful art,
Erects a throne in every heart;
Whoſe love all court, whoſe anger fear—
Venus yclept—behold her here.
Sighs ſome fond youth his love unkind,
Wou'd he ſome watchful Argus blind?
Glows ſome fair virgin's modeſt cheek,
With wiſhes that ſhe dare not ſpeak?
Who calls, &c.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

FINE ſport, indeed, for god and godlin,
To ſee great Jove become Moll Codlin;
And threat his wife with fiſt and horſewhip,
Becauſe ſhe loves a little goſſip,
Yet he, forſooth, can trot and amble,
And after ſcores of miſſes ramble;

Leave, gods, at Hercules your grinning,
The maſter of the world's a ſpinning.
Though while ſuch worthy work is doing,
Slap goes the univerſe to ruin;
The trumpet ſounds wars rude and civil,
Convulſe the earth, while to the devil
They go their own way, and no wonder,
His light'ning's out—aſleep his thunder.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

HEAR the merry minſtrel ſound,
On the ear it rings,
While all the ſtrings,
Are one entire vibration,
The tinkling pleaſure ſpreads around.
And as it plays,
Sweetly conveys,
From ſenſe to ſenſe,
Soft eloquence,
In thrilling circulation.

But ſtringleſs, broken, out of tune,
Time s thrown away;
For did you play.
Without the leaſt ceſſation,
And ſtrum from January till june;
You ſtill may bang,
At every twang,
The diſmal hum,
The more you thrum,
But ſpeaks its mutilation.
But hear, &c.

Juſt ſo let down its pegs, the heart
In ſadneſs ſits,
Nor once admits
Of any conſolation;
But ſcrew it into tune, each ſmart,
And anxious care,
Diſſolves to air,
Alone its joys
The mind employs,
And all is jubilation.
So hear the, &c.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

HOW happy ſhe, who ne'er can know
The miſery of the great;
Who, far from reach of ſcepter'd woe,
Finds in her low eſtate,
Joy in her innocence—delight
In ſcenes that ſtill preſent;
Pleaſures that health and ſtrength excite,
And tranſport in content:

One brook, her mirror and her drink,
The happy wanderer ſeeks;
And as her lambs play round its brink,
Good Nature paints her cheeks.
Few are her wants, certain her joy;
For reaſon's glad conſent
Points out her innocent employ,
And guides her to content.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

SPORTSMEN who are ſtaunch and true,
Ne'er the timid hare purſue;
Quiv'ring, quaking;
Shiv'ring, ſhaking;
Trembling, tott'ring in her flight,
She their pity would excite.
But who, a badger ſet at bay,
Wiſhes not to make his prey?
Where's the heart compaſſion ſhocks
To enſnare the ſubtle fox?
Come on, then, and partake the ſpoils,
Cunning Reynard's in the toils.
Sly and artful I'll prepare,
For my madam ſuch a ſnare,
So cloſe and cunning a wife gin,
With her eyes open ſhe'll run in.

'Ware haunches, Juno, for I'll follow
Hard at your heels with a view hollow!

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

MEEK I'll be as Venu's dove?
Your preſence court, your abſence mourn;
Love ſhall be the price of love,
And kindneſs aſk a kind return.
Folly ſhall ne'er my mind defile,
From prudence will I ne'er depart,
My face ſhall wear a conſtant ſmile,
And duty govern my heart.

AIR—IN GREAT NEWS.

COME buy my ſtraw, and I'll give you a ſong,
I dont ſay my ſong any ſatire contains,
I do'nt ſay it touches on phyſic or law,
The knave's cunning thrift, or the uſurer's gains;
I don't ſay it execrates cheating at play,
Or points out to ſcorn every knave in life's throng;
Or diſpiſes the ſlanderer, the utmoſt I ſay,
Is, buy my ſtraw, and I'll give you a ſong.

I don't ſay the man, who diſſeminates ſtriſe,
Through a land, the world's wonder rich proſperous and brave,
That protection affords to his children, and wife,
Is a good deal a fool, and a little a knave.
I don't ſay the thief, who your purſe ſteals away,
Is more honeſt than the t'other who does you foul wrong,
Under friendſhip's fair vizzard, the utmoſt I ſay
Is, buy my ſtraw, and I'll give you a ſong.
I don't ſay young gentlemen, cauſe 'tis the rage
To be render'd notorious by public eclat,
While poor beauty, and youth, looſe their power to engage,
Are wrong to ſteal off, with ſome ſpruce grandmama.
'Gainſt monkeys and apes, I don't mean to inveigh,

Nor do I aſſert that their feelings are wrong,
Who wiſh worth at the devil: the utmoſt I ſay
Is, buy my ſtraw and I'll give you a ſong.

I don't ſay that honour, fair dealing, and truth,
Are better than fraud, and chicanery and lies,
That the maſtiffs of age, and the puppies of youth,
Howe're we may pity, we ſtill muſt deſpiſe.
Nay did one whip folly, even though one ſhould flay,
Her own back for materials to furniſh the thong,
Do I ſay ſhe'd be callous, the utmoſt I ſay
Is, buy my ſtraw, and I'll give you a ſong.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

BESEECH you, would ye, gentle folks,
Dame fortunes gifts reveal;
I can at will turn all the ſpokes,
That guide her fickle wheel:
Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee grounds,
That myſtic apparatus,
Need I to ſhew life's ups and downs
To ev'ry Fortunatus:
The ſmiling road to human bliſs,
Wou'd you purſue, the myſt'ry's this—
He that's content hath fortune found,
Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.

Gluttons blame fortune for that gout
They from intemp'rance feel,
While yonder iron muſcled lout
Enjoys his ſcanty meal:
The indolent poor fortune curſe
To fill up life's hiatus,
While the induſtrious find the purſe,
And cap of Fortunatus.
The ſmiling road to human bliſs,
Thus court your ſteps, the myſt'ry's this
He that's content, &c.

Then cuſtoms ideots, do not ſay
Fortune can blindly err,
If to her fane you miſs the way,
'Tis you are blind, not her.

The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us,
And he contentment hath made wife,
Is the true Fortunatus,
The ſmiling road to human bliſs,
Come then and tread, the myſt'ry's this,
He that's content, &c.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

INSPIRED by ſo grateful a duty,
In terms ſtrongeſt art can deviſe,
Bards have written thoſe raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wafted on ſighs:
I, to fill the ſweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodneſs the while,
For every face is dreſs'd ſweetly,
Where beams a benevolent ſmile.

While the heart ſome beneficent action,
Contemplates, with joy the eyes ſpeak,
On the lip quivers mute ſatisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.
Bliſs pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the loveliеſt face looks more ſweetly,
Where beams a benevolent ſmile.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

SWEET is the ſhip that under ſail,
Spreads her white boſom to the gale,
Sweet, oh! ſweets the flowing can;
Sweet to poiſe the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native ſhore,
When the boatſwain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet ſailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much ſweeter than all theſe,
Is Jack's delight his lovely Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
To ſhew of conſtancy the worth,
A curious leſſon teaches man:
The needle time may ruſt, a ſquall
Capſize the binacle and all,
Let ſeamanſhip do all it can:
My love in worth ſhall higher riſe,
Nor time ſhall ruſt, nor ſqualls capſize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For ſerving of a worthleſs friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ſhip performing quarentine,
Was ever ſo deſerted ſeen,
None hail'd me woman, child, nor man;
But though falſe friendſhip's ſails were furl'd.
Though cut a drift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.
I love my duty, love my friend,
Love, truth, and merit to defend,
To moan their loſs who hazard ran;
I love to take an honeſt part,
Love beauty and a ſpotleſs heart,
By manners love to ſhew the man;
To ſail through life, by honour's breeze—
'Twas all along of loving theſe
Firſt made me doat on lovely Nan.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

DON'T you ſee that as how I'm a ſportſman in ſtyle,
All ſo kickiſh, ſo ſlim, and ſo tall;
Why I've ſearch'd after game and that many's the mile,
And ſeed no bit of nothing at all;
My licence I pockets, my poney I ſtrides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And, if likely to fall, ſticks the ſpurs in the ſides,
Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane;
To be ſure dad at home kicks up no little ſtrife,
But dabby what's that, en't faſhion and life?

At ſporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the firſt,

When at Epſom laſt Eaſter they turned out the ſtag,
I'm the lad that was rolled in the duſt;
Then they call me a Nincom why, over the fields,
There a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a gooſe, tumbled head over heels,
And two mudlarks, beſides an old woman:
Then let miſerly dad, kick up ſorrow and ſtrife,
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows faſhion and life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one,
Often when my companions, with ardour,
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I hunts in the larder:
There I ſprings me a woodcock or flufhes a quail,
Or finds puſs, as ſhe ſits under cover,
Then ſo ho! to the barrel, to ſtart me ſome ale,
And when I have dined and fed rover,
Pays my landlord his ſhot, as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out, lord what faſhion and life.

Then I buys me ſome game, all as homeward we jog,
And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
Though I ſhooted but once, and then killed the poor dog,
I ſwears and then ſtand's to't I ſhot 'em;
So come round me ye ſportſmen that's ſmart and what not,
All ſtilith and cutting a flaſh,
When your piece won't kill game, charged with powder and ſhot,
To bring 'em down, down with your caſh;
And if with their jokes, and their jeers, folks are rife
Why dabby ſays you, 'ent it faſhion and life.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

SEE, ſee to join the revel rout,
All hopping, ſkipping, prancing,
With ſqueak and ſquall, and ſhriek and ſhout,
All ſorts and ſizes praneing,
As old as poles and big as tuns,
Three graces lead the revels,
Then devils tame as lambs,
And Nuns as impudent as devils.

'Do you know me?'—"Oh! yes, exeellent well—you are a fiſh monger:"—'No I en't; I am a methodiſt preacher.'—"Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man."

Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack ſtale reaſon ſcorning,
Chaſe pleaſures of the night to find,
The head ache of the morning.

See all conditions, ſexes, years,
Unite to keep the farce on,
A ſwearing quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parſon;
Beaux, chattering nonſenſe loud in peals,
Bells, furniſhed well with clappers,
Tumblers, and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.

'Do you know me?'—"Oh! yes, very well—you are Venus."—'Will you be my Mars?'—"With all my ſoul."—'Come unmaſk, and let me behold the beauties of the Cyprian Queen.'—"Let us unmaſk together."—'Agreed.'—"Oh! plague and misfortune, my huſband!"—'Oh! hell and the devil, my wife!'

Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack ſtale reaſon ſcorning,
Chaſe pleaſures of the night, to find
The head ache of the morning.

At laſt to cloſe their noiſy mirth,
As finis to this kick up,
From the ſupper room they iſſue forth,
And roar, and rant, and hiccup;
My angel—whau—zounds, pull his noſe,
Sir do you mean to bam me?
I've loſt my wig—he's ſpoilt my clothes,
A ring, boo, ſcoundrel, damme.

'An old cloaths man to call the grand Turk a ſcoundrel!—Satisfaction.' "A ring." 'Dabby, I never boxes.' "Kick him out." 'Yea I will.' "I was never ſee any thing ſo droll in my life." 'Ah! there'll be murder.' "Arrah fait that's right, exchange addreſſes.' I'll eat him up alive—I'll maul the villain." 'Hark forward—Oh! its a fine row, dabby I love a row.'

The pack thus leaving care behind,
And muſty reaſon ſcorning,
Chaſe pleaſures of the night, to find
The head ache of the morning.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

SAY ſoldier which of glory's charms,
That heroes' ſouls enflame,
Gives brighteſt luſtre to their arms,
Or beſt enſures their fame?
Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let looſe from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men ſlaughter men?
Is it to a defenceleſs foe,
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance? No;
The brave delight to ſpare:
'Tis clemency pale miſery's friend,
Foremoſt in glory's van,
To dry the ſtarting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double ſhame,
Who, in foul ſlander lored,
Knows war alone by murder's name,
The ſoldier by the ſword:
As bleſſings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict ceaſe,
The eagle brings the halcyon home,
War courts the ſmiles of peace:
Yet, he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod,
Great, generous merit that exalts,
A mortal to a God:
'Tis clemency, pale miſery's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the ſtarting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

ANACREON tells us that mortals mere clods,
By the drink they love beſt are exalted to gods.

And fate there's no lie in the truth on't, don't wine,
Though as beaſtly as devils, make topers divine?
Three treads in a trice makes a god of poor ſnip,
Tars are every one Neptunes when e'er they drink ſlip,
To be Jove, or Apollo, or Mars, would ye chuſe,
Ah! you've nothing to do but get drunk with Rambooze.

Then a natural tranſition from heaven, if you go
Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking below,
Each ſtriving in Lethe to hurry his care;
The ſeducer forgets when he ruined the fair,
Greeks the pillory forget they ſo richly deſerve,
The uſurer forgets when he let the man ſtarve,
The perjurer forgets that he died in his ſhoes,
But let us all ſuch raſcals forget in Rambooze.

Our Shelah, cried out, one day, making her moan,
From my arms, where I held him faſt, Taddy is gone,
And though in my preſence he always will ſtay,
For ever the wanton young rogue's fled away:
I'm dead, and I'm kilt, and ſhall never recover,
Heaven take me, or give me that heaven, my lover,
Teach me how to be mad, or my ſenſes to loſe,
My dear creature, cried I, juſt get drunk with Rambooze.

When hard at the whiſkey an Iriſhman pulls,
In ſearch of Europas, he rides upon bulls,
Of liquors large libations Italians ſcare ſwallow,
But every ſqualini becomes an Apollo:
Then each fair one's a goddeſs, don't every ſhe,
Like an angel, talk ſcandal, whene'er ſhe drinks tea,
You moſt Helicon ſip, would you turn to a muſe,
And, if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk with Rambooze.

But did I not ſtop I ſhould never have done,
In me all the Deities centre in one;
I'm as valiant as Mars, and as mighty as Jove,
As cunning as Mercury, as am'rous as Love:
I'm Apollo and Momus, together for wit,
And I boaſt an Olympus my godſhip to fit,
For what better heaven, upon earth, can I chooſe,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend and Rambooze?

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

WHERE a learned phyſician who writes for all ills,
'Stead of taking a guinea obliged to take pills,
Or compell'd to examine mortality's bills,
For his own and his brethren's ſlaughter:
Were an ideal widow her ſpouſe given over,
At the moment a promiſe ſhe made to her lover,
Advertiſed that her huſband began to recover,
Both theſe would be fiſh out of water:
Odd fiſh, queer fiſh, ſtrange fiſh, droll fiſh—
In ſhort they'd be fiſh out of water.

Did a methodiſt preacher, leave fleecing his flock,
Did witlings let in common ſenſe, ſhould ſhe knock,
Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock,
Did puppies find taſte when they fought her,
Were a rook, by a pigeon, chouſed out of his booty,
Did a wife, kind and handſome, and true to her duty,
Meet a brute, unattracted by goodneſs or beauty,
All theſe would be fiſh out of water,
Odd fiſh, &c.

Should true limbs of the law, while extending their palms,
From honour or conſcience, be troubled with qualms,
Should ſpendthrifts grow prudent, or miſers give alms,
Or honeſty tempt a defaulter,
Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready,
At the place of appointment, ſequeſtered and ſhady,
Encounter a broomſtick inſtead of a lady,
All theſe would be fiſh out of water.
Odd fiſh, &c.

Did a tar, or in private, or public ſtrife,
For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life,
Did a jolman, from Ireland, in ſearch of a wife,
Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter,
In ſhort from mankind, did one ſtrip off the vizard,
Without fear of paſſing for witch, or for wizzard,
One might ſee 'twould ſo curſedly ſtick in each gizzard,
That they'd all appear fiſh out of water:
Odd fiſh, &c.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

THE ſquirrel that jingles his bells in his cage,
Is the type of that folly and ſtrife,
Call't the faſhion, the ton, or the kick, or the rage,
That makes up the buſtle of life:
On the wheel of dame fortune, now high, and, now low,
As they amble, and gallop, and pace,
While in ſearch of that phantom called pleaſure they go,
Each ſtrives to be firſt in the chaſe:
So round, round, round goes ſcug in his cage,
And jingles his bells with a fuſs and a rage,
Still turning about and about,
And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place,
Exactly where firſt he ſet out.

In ſearch after knowledge, the book worm explores,
Where nature's wide regions expand,
But though fancy conducts him to numberleſs ſhores,
He never once touches on land:
His bark's toſt in ſtorms of opinions that rage,
Nor truth's trackleſs path can he trace,
Till error and doubt bring the night of old age,
Fair certainty's day to deface.
So round, &c.

The novice goes forward in ſearch of a friend,
To ſhare both his heart and his pelf,
Till humbled and tired with his toil without end,
He at laſt makes a friend of himſelf:
One who fairneſs profeſſed, picked his pocket at play,
One deceived him, and laughed in his face,
One he ſhewed to his miſtreſs, ſoon ſtole her away,
One was mean and another was baſe,
So round, &c.

Thus men miſs the ſubſtance, and graſp at the name,
Thus projectors find midnight at noon,
Thus heroes chaſe bubbles, and fancy them fame,
And thus children cry for the moon.
Thoſe are pleaſures alone that lead reaſon's fair train,
The reſt bring but ſhame and diſgrace,
And though you may ſtart them again and again,
Vexed and tired you'll give over the chaſe.
So round, &c.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

'TWAS one day at Wapping his dangers o'erhauling,
Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy and broach'd a full can,
While a poſſee of neighbours of each different calling,
Cried only but hear what a marvellous man:
Avaſt, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous in it?
When his time's come the ſtouteſt of hearts muſt comply.

Why now you maſter tallow chandler, by way of throwing a little light on the ſubject, don't you think 'tis better to be extinguiſhed when one's fighting in defence of one's country, than to ſtay at home lingering and go out like the ſnuff of a candle?

Then like men do your duty, we have all our minute,
And at ſea or aſhore we ſhall live till we die,
Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw boys let's live till we die.

Why now you maſter Plumber, that marvels at billows,
I ſhall founder at ſea, and you'll die in your bed;
What of that? ſome have ſods, and ſome waves for their pillows,
And 'its likely enough we may both die of lead:
And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it,
I ſhall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.

Why ſmite my crooked timbers, who knows but maſter Snip, there, may ſlip his cable and break his back with taking the ninth part of a fall off the ſhopboard into his own hell.

Then like men, &c.

As for you maſter Bricklayer to make out your calling,
A little like mine e'n't a matter that's hard,
Pray mayn't you from a ladder or ſcaffold be falling,
As eaſy as I from a rattling or yard:
Then for you its commiſſion a tile may bring in it,
As ſoon as a ſhot or a ſplinter for I.

As for maſter Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me, they ſends too many folks contented to their long home, not to know how to go there contentedly themſelves.

Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to ſettle,
You may clear ſhip for action as much as you like,

And behave like a man, but he 'as ſuch weight of metal,
At the very firſt broadſide the braveſt muſt ſtrike.
And when you have ſaid all you can what's there in it,
Who to ſcud 'gainſt a ſtorm but a lubber would try.

For as to qualms of conſcience, cheating cuſtomers, betraying friends, and ſuch like, being a ſet of honeſt tradesmen, I dare ſay you are perfectly eaſy about theſe ſort of things.

Then like men, &c.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

IN one thou'd'st find variety,
Cried Dick, would'ſt thou on wedlock fix?
I rather ſhould expect, cry'd I,
Variety in five or ſix;
But never was thy counſel light,
I'll do't my friend—ſo ſaid, ſo done,
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,
I find variety in one.
Her tongue has more variety
Than muſic's ſyſtem can embrace;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double baſe;
Diviſions runs, and trills, and ſhakes,
Enough the noiſy ſpheres to ſtun;
Thus, as harſh diſcord muſic makes,
I find variety in one.

Her dreſs boaſts ſuch variety,
Such forms, materials, faſhions, hues,
Each animal muſt plunder'd be,
From Ruſſian bears to cockatoos.
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
Now ſhe's a gipſy, now a nun,
To change like the camelon prone,
En't this variety in one?

In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
If ſhe's a thunder ſtorm to me,
So I'm an April day to her:
Devil, and Angel, black, and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,

And kiſs, and ſcold, and love, and fight,
Each finds variety in one.

Then cheriſh love's variety,
In ſpite of every ſneering elf,
We're nature's children, and en't ſhe,
In change, variety itſelf?
Her clouds, and ſtorms are willed by fate,
More bright to ſhow her radiant ſun;
Hail then bleſt wedlock in whoſe ſtate,
Men find variety in one.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

IF you'll only juſt promiſe you'll none of you laugh,
I'll be after explaining the French Telegraph;
A machine that's endow'd with ſuch wonderful pow'r,
It writes, reads, and ſends news fifty miles in an hour:
Then there's watch words, a ſpy glaſs, an index or hand,
And many things more none of us underſtand;
But which, like the noſe on your face, will be clear,
When we have, as uſual, improv'd on them here.

Oh! the dabblers in lotteries will grow rich as Jews,
Steap of flying of pigeons, to bring them the news,
They'll a Telegraph place, upon Old Ormond Quay,
Put another 'board ſhip, in the midſt of the ſea:
And ſo on to town each to tell through the rank,
The firſt thouſand pound prize was that morn drawn a blank,
And thus if the air ſhould but chance to be clear,
In two hours will the news of Dear Dublin fly here.

When the Newmarket ſquad to the races go down,
By confederates, and Telegraphs, ſtationed in town,
They'll get news long before the mail coaches come in,
Plates, matches, and ſweepſtakes, who loſe, and who win:
And how after a croſſing, and joſsling, dead heat,
That Black Legs, and Rook were by Belzebub beat,
Ah! juſt let them alone by my ſoul there's no fear,
But the turf will improve on the Telegraph here.

Ah! then what a ſure guide will the Telegraph prove,
To promote their deſigns who are dying for love,
If an old married lady ſhou'd court a young man,

Can't ſhe make a ſpy glaſs with the ſticks of her fan ?
Then ſuppoſe an appointment, the hour to be two,
Can't the index point thus and the watch word be boo ?
Sure didn't I tell you I'd make it appear,
'Twill be mighty convenient improved upon here.

Adieu penny poſts, mails, and coaches adieu,
Your occupation is gone, 'tis all over wid you,
In your place Telegraphs, on our houſes we'll uſe,
To tell time, conduct light'ning, dry ſhirts, and ſend news:

Thus while ſignals, and flags, ſtream on top of each ſtreet,
The town, to a bird, will appear a grant fleet,
And ſince England's grand fleet, to the French convey fear,
Sure ſhant we improve on their Telegraph here.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

WHEN I firſt went to ſchool it was all my delight,
To con ſomething or other from morning to night ;
I would never conform, nor confeſs, nor conſent,
And however conjured, I never was content :
But ſo well I'd confuſe, and conceal and contrive,
And conſpire, and concert, and controul, and connive,
And confute and conteſt, and confound, and ſo on,
No boy in the ſchool was ſo pat at a con.

Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a ſtrange predilection I cheriſhed for pro ;
I proceeded with care, wou'd propoſe, and proteſt,
And promoting but little, a great deal profeſſed.
Procured rich connections, old friends to provoke,
With a titter provided, prolonged my lord's joke,
And pronounced each man's friend, and producing no foe,
I left little con, and ſtuck tightly to pro.

Thus well with the world, my next thought after this,
Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine miſs,
But here I miſcarried, was after miſled,
Miſmatched, and miſtaken, and every way ſped :
Miſs's conduct miſgave me, and full of miſtruſt,
I ſet my miſs down where I took her up firſt,
Glad I'd met with no miſhap, nor worſe miſchief than this,
And reſolved my next frolick ſhou d not be amiſs.

Still playing on words, and reſolved to get rich,
I learnt there were hows—but then how to find which,
Fortunes were to be nabbed, I find out now and then,
And knew ſomething of where, but I cou'd not tell when:
Scarce an if had formed hope, when a but produced fear,
Then in ſearching out there, I ſoon loſt myſelf here,
'Till betwixt and between, this and that, ſomehow, I,
In ſearch of the wherefore, loſt ſight of the why.

Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war,
I found its fleet anchor exiſted in for;
And, by prudence forwarned, folly's joys to forbear,
Soon did all nonſenſe forſake, and forſwear;
For the world, for ſociety, deſtined to live,
When by any one wronged I forget and forgive,
Keep my fortune in petto for honourable ends,
Juſt enough for myſelf, and the reſt for my friends.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

TELL me not of men's follies, their whims and caprices,
That the ſum of their vices each moment encreaſes,
That like monſters of prey every friend his friend fleeces,
Still ſtriving to cheat, to cajole and trapan:
If nature implanted the paſſions that rule us,
If cuſtom her ſhadow deludes us and fool us,
Acquitted by candour where rigour would ſchool us,
Lay the blame on the manners and not on the man.

Should a beauty involved in the vortex of pleaſure,
Where of bliſs flimſy faſhion ſupplies the gay meaſure,
Yield ſome villain accompliſhed her virtue's ſole treaſure,
And in that abyſs plunge that no ray of hope cheers:
While you grieve that ſimplicity's charms were denied her,
That of innocence little ſhe e'er had to guide her,
Though fall'n ne'er to riſe, do not ſcorn, nor deride her,
But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears.

Should a youth, for an opulent ſtation intended,
On whom laviſh parents large ſums have expended,
'Stead of virtues and talents diſtinguiſhed and ſplendid,
Confirm vice at college imbibed when at ſchool;
Low his mind, with no firmneſs, no diſcrimination,
From Pieria's fount ſtead of making libation,

Should he roll down the torrent of wild diſſipation,
In his loſs to ſociety pity the fool.

Theſe, theſe, as I look through the world, are my feelings;
For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings,
From accuſed, and accuſer, the eternal appealings,
Soon juſtice would wreck on chicanery's ſhelf:
Then hypocrites pity, the ſaint hides a ſinner,
Of the poet buy nonſenſe, the man wants a dinner,
Thus, loſe whoe'er may, ſtill ſhall you be a winner,
For in pitying others you honour yourſelf.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

TOM TRUELOVE woo'd the ſweeteſt fair,
That e'er to tar was kind,
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind;
His meſſmates heard, while with delight,
He named her for his bride,
A ſail appeared, ah fatal ſight!
For grief his love had died;
Muſt I, cried he, thoſe charms reſign,
I loved ſo dear, ſo well?
Would they had tolled inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart at once and there's an end,
Thou all that heaven could give!
But hold, I have a noble friend,
Yet, yet for him I'll live:
Fortune, who all her baleful ſpight,
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempeſtuous night,
That his dear friend had died:
And thou too! muſt thee reſign,
Who honour loved ſo well?
Would they had tolled inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough, a ſalt ſea wave,
A healing balm ſhall bring;
A ſailor you cried one, and brave?
Live ſtill to ſerve your king!

The moment comes, behold the foe;
Thanks generous friend, he cried,
The ſecond broadſide laid him low,
He named his love and died:
The tale, in mournful accents ſung,
His friends ſtill ſorrowing tell,
How ſad, and ſolemn, three times rung,
Tom Truelove's knell.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

I'VE thought and I've ſaid it ſin I were a boy,
That what folks get at eaſy they never enjoy;
Why I was the ſame, at what's homely I'd ſcoff,
But how fine if it comed a good many miles off:
So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to ſee the great town,
Where they puſh'd me, and throng'd me all as one as a fair,
Then they,d titter, and ſnigger, and laugh, then I'd ſtare,
Why bumkin did'ſt e'er ſee ſuch ſin'ry as this,
In your place, cried a monkey in trowſers, why yes!
You'd your joke maſter coxcomb, and now I'll have mine,
I've ſeen peacocks and gold finches ten times as fine:
So I left maſter whiffle, and whiſtled along,
Then humm'd to myſelf the fag end of a ſong;
The good that we wiſh for mayn't match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleaſed with their lot,
And to whatever place diſcontented folks roam,
At laſt they'll be forced to ſay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it home's home, be it ever ſo homely.

So ſince for ſtrange ſights, I to town took my range,
Faith I zeed ſights in plenty, and all of them ſtrange,
I zeed folks roll in riches, who pleaſure ne'er knew,
I zeed honeſt poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and oft dreſſed lamb faſhon I zeed an old ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as ſmart as her beau,
I zeed beauty, and virtue, that never knew ſhame,
And I zeed vice careſſed under modeſty's name,
I zeed a fine head dreſs, worth more than the head.
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead,

I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags,
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And ſtill through the crowd as I whiſtled along,
I hummed to myſelf the fag end of a ſong,
The good that we wiſh for mayn't match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleaſed with their lot:
And to whatever place diſcontented folks roam,
At laſt they'll be forced to ſay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it, home's home, be it ever ſo homely.

But what zickened me moſt was, one day in the Park,
As the guns were all firing, a queer looking ſpark,
Cried, what nonſenſe and ſtuff with their fuſs and parade;
Stuff and nonſenſe, ſaid I, Oh! what that that you ſaid?
Why they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
To go home or with all honeſt ſubjects rejoice;
Mighty well, cried my ſpark, but a word in your ear,
The affairs of the nation are curſedly queer;
Nay 'tis true, we're done up, 'twill be ſeen by and by,
How much did they give you to catch me, ſaid I,
The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
And they that don't like it, why damn't let 'em leave it;
So I left my queer, ſpark and went whiſtling along,
Then I hummed to myſelf, the fag end of a ſong,
The good that we wiſh for mayn't match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleaſed with their lot:
And to whatever place diſcontented folks roam,
At laſt they'll be forced to ſay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it, home's home, be it ever ſo homely.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

NOW you ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee,
Lady, gemmen come,
One very great curioſity,
What makes to ſpeak de dumb;
Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue,
And black, and white can paint,
Vat make Jew Chriſtian, Chriſtian Jew,
Make good come out of evil,
Vat make a devil of a ſaint, and of a ſaint a devil.

"Peep troo dat little hole, Sir—Vat you ſee there? Eh,"—'What do you ſay, maſter Shewman, it will make black white?—The devil's in it if it won't!—Why it is a large purſe of money!'

Now you ſhall ſee, vat you ſee, fine ting before you go,
Come gentleman and lady ſee my Raree Show.

Now you ſhall ſee, vat you ſhall ſee,
Pleaſe to look in there,
One very great curioſity,
Vat make the people ſtare;
One terrible, one ſhocking, ting
In horror dat abound;
Before your face I go to bring
One horrible production;
Look quick and you ſhall be ſurround
Vid death, and vid deſtruction.

"Vele ſaar vat you ſee now? Eh!"—'Ah! maſter Shewman, you be a wag—Death and deſtruction with the devil too't!—Why it be a Pothecary's ſhop.'

Now you ſhall ſee, &c.

Now you ſhall ſee vat you ſhall ſee,
Pleaſe to put your eyes;
One very great curioſity,
Vat give you great ſurprize;
More ſhocking as the toder ſight,
You never have ſee ſuch,
Come look, make haſte, don't you be fright,
You ſhall ſee one place ſpacious,
All fill up vid great many much,
Strange animal voracious.

"Why, maſter Shewman, this be a cuter joke than the tother—I wiſh I may die if it ben't the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at dinner!"

Now you ſhall ſee, &c.

Now you ſhall ſee vat you ſhall ſee,
Pleaſe to look once more,
Vat give you more delight and glee,
As all you ſee before;
Great pleaſure and great bliſs vat give
To all the Englitch race,
Vat make them all ſo happy live,
Vat bleſſing can impart,
Vat make the ſmile in all the face,
The joy in all the heart.

"Ah! maſter Shewman, you did never ſay a truer thing in your life—Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's Majeſty."
Now you ſhall ſee, &c.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I NEVER ſhall ſurvive it, cried Lumkin in deſpair,
She's gone and I ſhall ever wail and cry,
I've loſt my charming Cælia, the faireſt of the fair:
Will no one comfort ſend me,
Why then theſe hands ſhall end me,
Hung by his garter on that tree I'll die;
Let none my fame be mangling,
While dangling, dangling, dangling,
On yon tree I die.

Young Kitty of the cottage, and, Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and ſprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan and Nan, and Poll and Doll, I know will try their ſkill,
Tricked out in all their beauty,
To lure me from my duty:
But I can tell them they are deceived—I'll die!
Theſe girls will all be angling:
'Twont do for dangling, dangling,
All for love I'll die.

I own that Kitty's eye brows ſome trait of Cælia's bear,
Suke has her noſe, and Peg her ſparkling eye;
Both Fan and Nan, her dimples, and Poll and Doll her hair;
But theſe ſhall all be ſlighted,
For Cælia's charms united,
Not all her ſex combined can boaſt—I'll die!
Then let them all be wrangling,
And pulling caps for dangling,
They ſhall ſee me die.

And yet on recollection, Young Dælia formed to pleaſe,
Her dimples has, her hair, and ſparkling eye;
Nay, Dælia is like Cælia as ever were two peas,
Has all thoſe charms that won me,
Would ſhe take pity on me!
But lord ſhe'd never think of me—I'll die!
While hopes and fears are jangling,
I'll dangling, dangling, dangling,
All for Cælia die.

'Twixt hanging, and 'twixt marriage, ſtill doubtful which to
chuſe,
As Lumkin pauſed, came Dælia tripping by,
Ads wounds, cried he, would'ſt thou conſent, I'd tye the
other nooſe,
She ſmiles, good bye poor Cælia,
I go to marry Dælia,
Not in a halter, but in her arms to die;
Better in wedlock wrangling,
Than dangling, dangling, dangling,
On a tree to die.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WHISP.

ON Olympus blue ſummit as loud vacant mirth,
Shook with laughter the ſides of the gods,
Were not nectar, cried Bacchus, forbid ſons of earth;
'Twere rare ſport to celeſtialize clods:
Say, ſhall they a nectar poſſeſs of their own,
That like ours with delight ſhall be riſe?
I've hit it, let Punch, by my fiat, be known,
A liquor the Symbol of Life.

Of the elements four, that the univerſe ſway,
Our nectar celeſtial we make,
So punch, that henceforward ſhall moiſten man's clay,
Of the paſſions of man ſhall partake:
The ſweets that from godlike benevolence flows,
Shall correct the ſharp acid of ſtrife,
While the ſpirit of rage temperance mean ſhall compoſe,
So ſhall punch be the Symbol of Life.

Punch ſhall be the firſt fiddle in life's motley band,
That, untuned, ſcrapes harſh diſcords and hoarſe.
But when ſcrewed to its pitch by a maſterly hand,
Shall moſt excellent muſic diſcourſe:
Punch, unmade, will a chaos misſhapen diſcloſe,
Rude atom with atom at ſtrife,
But, which tempered, to beauty and ſymetry grows,
Thus, is Punch, the true Symbol of Life.

When in ſloth, life's warm water, mankind are immerſed,
And ſweet luxury's ſought from afar,
Rage, and ſour heart burnings, by indolence nurſed,
Blaze in all the dread fury of war:

But when temperate reflection takes rule in the mind,
Cruel war is diſarmed of his knife,
And the bleſſings of peace ſhed their balm on mankind,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

As pleaſure on pleaſure in wedlock you meet,
If, thoughtleſs, you ſurfeit and feed,
Sullen, ſour diſcontent ſhall corrode every ſweet,
And luke warm indifference ſucceed:
But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and even,
Are blended in huſband and wife;
Such a pair, ſo well mated, on earth find a heaven,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life,

Thus in all their concerns, ſhall this liquor divine,
Some moral inſtruction impart,
That the medium of truth may correct and refine,
Each crude feeling that ſprings from the heart:
Be your lives then nor maukiſh, ſtrong, ſour nor yet ſweet,
But a mixture of all, to ſhun ſtrife;
So men's joys ſhall be next to celeſtials complete,
So ſhall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'TWAS a hundred years ago,
Or there-about, I believe,
Liv'd a wife you muſt know,
As I quickly ſhall ſhew,
A true bred daughter of Eve:
For this wife, though ſpouſe, was civil,
For ſo the ſtory ran,
Was tempted to evil,
But not by the devil,
But a deviliſh handſome young man.

This young man was an officer gay,
With a mien ſo militaire,
An enſign on half-pay,
Though no colonel, ſome ſay,
Had ſo fierce, and ſo noble an air:
Now the huſband had but one eye,
And for this his crafty bride,

Choſe him out by the bye,
Half her faults to eſpy,
And to catch him upon the blind ſide.

The huſband was gone from home,
She tricked out ſmart and neat,
Now the officer's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is preſently beat:
When Betty, who cloſely watched,
Cried out, as ſhe come unawares,
'If a lie can't be hatched,
'We are all of us catched,
'For my maſter's a coming up ſtairs.'

Cried the wife, 'I have hit on it ſure;
'Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch!
'We're from danger ſecure,
'Get behind the door,
'Wit never left wife at a pinch:
Then the huſband came in ſight:
Cried ſhe in a counterfeit ſcream,
'What joy and delight,
'Does your preſence excite,
'Dear Huſband I dreamt a dream.

'A dream ſo extraordinary and rare,
'Pray heaven it prove not a lie,
'I dreamt in that chair,
''Tis as true as you're there,
'That fate had reſtored your blind eye:
Cried he, "What a rout, and a pother:"
'Nay, nay, at my hopes do not ſcoff;
'The blind eye's like its brother,
'Let me cover tother,'
This doing, the lover ſtole off.

Her Mars ſafe retreated, ſhe cried,
'Well love is the fight wholly loſt?'
"Yes wife your dream lied,
"Though 'till doomſday you tried,
"I ſhould yet ſee no more than a poſt:"
Then the devil take dreams I ſay,
For I'm more diſappointed than you,
Quoth the huſband, nay, nay,
When next I'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

WHILE muſic lends its heavenly art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail, the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world:
See its chief magiſtrates to grace
London in pomp and ſhow,
The ſource of its great riches trace,
To all the winds that blow:
The companies to ſilver Thames,
Move on in ſlow parade,
Each bearing as its banner names,
A pageant of its trade:
Then while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Firſt, minſtrelſy and loud acclaim,
That ſweet muſicians bring,
Muſicians of fair London's fame,
Still emulous to ſing:
And, hark! the armourers cleave the wind,
By one in armour led,
While memory tells the patriot mind,
At Agincourt who bled:
Then, while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Nor let the ſhipwrights by us ſlip,
In high commercial fame
Firſt in the rank, for from a ſhip
Fair London took its name:
Now while the croud each trade ſurrounds,
That joy and uſe ſupplies,
Hark! where the maſſy anvil ſounds,
See! where the ſhuttle flies:
Then, while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

Theſe fit with art the even joint,
Thoſe dreſs the ſupple ſkin,
Others th' induſtrious needle point,
Or decorative pin:
Some ſing of Blaze and dreſs the wool,
Some ſhape the wheels of time,
The ever lengthening wire ſome pull,
Some teach the bells to chime:
Then, while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Thoſe, friendſhip's emblem, bring the ſquare,
Theſe bear the gordian ring,
And now, while trumpets rend the air,
And ſweet muſicians ſing,
Haſte to the feaſt where while the band,
The ſocial hour prolong,
The loyal toaſt from plenty's hand,
Relieves the loyal ſong:
Then, while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Laſt at the ball-room ſee the fair,
Each fair a Britiſh toaſt,
Lovely in charms, in virtue rare,
Bleſt England's pride and boaſt:
But did I to my theme give way,
By fancy led along,
Soon were the poet's teeming lay,
A hiſtory, not a ſong:
Yet while ſweet muſic lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firſt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

IF lubberly landſmen to gratitude ſtrangers,
Still curſe their unfortunate ſtars,
Why what would they ſay, did they try but the dangers
Encountered by true hearted tars:

If life's veſſel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here, or there,
Give 'em ſea room good fellowſhip, grog and tobacker,
Well then damme if Jack cares where.

Then your ſtupid Old Quid Nuncs to hear them all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinſpike, chatter
About and concerning of war:
While for King, wife, and friend, he's through every thing rubbing,
With duty ſtill proud to comply,
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares why.

And then when good fortune has crowned his endeavours,
And he comes home with ſhiners galore,
Well what if ſo be he ſhould laviſh his favours,
On every poor object long-ſhore:
Since money's the needle that points to good nature,
Friend, enemy, falſe or true,
So it goes to relieve a diſtreſſed fellow creature,
Well then, damme, if Jack cares who.
Don't you ſee how ſome diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging,
To take the command of a rib,
Some are all for the breaſt-work, and ſome for the rigging,
And ſome for the cut of her jib,
Though poor, ſome will take her in tow to defend her,
And again, ſome are all for the rich;
As to I, ſo ſhe's young, her heart honeſt and tender,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares which.

Why now if they go for to talk about living,
My eyes—why a little will ſerve,
Let each a ſmall part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can ſtarve?
Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,
The wind on the beam or the bow,
So, honeſtly, he can ſplice both ends together,
Why then, damme if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring up—d'ye ſee, about dying
On which ſuch a racket they keep,
What arguſies if in a church yard you'r lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep:
Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up—and what then?

So his conſcience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares when.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

IS'T my country you'd know? I'm an Iriſhman born,
And they chriſtened me Paddy O'Blarney,
In haymaking time I ſtept over one morn,
All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney:
Turn'd my hand to juſt whatever came in my way,
To be ſure while the ſun ſhin'd I did not make hay.
Well then you know the wives and daughters of the farmers won't—well they won't
Have plenty of cauſe to remember the day,
When firſt they ſaw Paddy O'Blarney.

Then what does I do the next calling I ſeeks,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I cries mackeral alive that were caught for three weeks,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney,
Then freſh gathered ſtrawberries, ſo ſound and ſo ſweet,
With juſt half a dozen a top fit to eat—
'Ah! madam, you need not examine them bleſs your two good looking eyes, they are full to the bottom, paper and all.'
"Well, I'll truſt to you—I dare ſay you won't cheat me,"
So I coaxes her up, and herſelf makes her cheat,
Ah! fait let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turned to a chairman, and got a good job,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I harangued at a famous election the mob,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
Then to ſee how his honour and I did cajole,
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine with my pole—
Then you know when they came to chair him, I was no longer, you ſee, an odd man, there was a pair of chairmen,
And ſure ſuch a pair was ne'er ſeen, by my ſoul,
As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatneſs was none of the worſt,
Oh! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
Having played ſecond fiddle, I thought I'd play firſt,
Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney:

So, ſwearing, to plunder, and never to ſqueak,
I my qualification took out and turned greek—
Ah! to be ſure we did not make a pretty dovehouſe of our Pharoah Bank—Let me ſee, we pigeoned, aye fait and plucked them completely too—
Four tradeſmen, and ſix banker's clerks in one week,
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

A big man in all circles ſo gay and polite,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I found one who larnt grown up jolman to write,
Juſt to finiſh gay Paddy O'Blarney:
I firſt larnt my name, 'till ſo fond of it grown,
I'd don't ſay I'd better have let it alone—
But by my ſoul and conſcience it had like to have finiſhed me in good earneſt, for you ſee, I juſt wrote—
Another jolman's ſignature 'ſtead of my own,
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney.

But ſince fate did not chuſe for to nooſe me that day,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,
What a fine daſhing Paddy O'Blarney.
So marriage turned out the beſt nooſe of the two,
The old ſoul's gone to heaven I'm as rich as a Jew—
So that if any jolman has an occaſion for a friend, or a lady for a lover, or, in ſhort, if any body ſhould wiſh to be diſencumbered of the uneaſineſs of a wife, or a daughter, or a purſe, or any ſuch kind and civil ſervice that can be performed
By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'TWAS poſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal I from Nancy parted,
At ſix ſhe lingered on the ſhore,
With upliſt hands and broken hearted,
At ſev'n, while taughtening the foreſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers labour cannot weary:
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts ruſhed on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increaſed the wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouſes,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes:
Round went the can, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes filled each fancy,
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a ſigh, and toaſted Nancy.

Next morn a ſtorm came on at four,
At ſix, the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor ſailors more,
Headlong within the foaming ocean:
Poor wretches! they ſoon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love ſeemed to forbid the waves,
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceaſed to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntleſs, we prepared for battle:
And now, while ſome loved friend, or wife,
Like lightning, ruſhed on every fancy;
To providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. diſcovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together:
At ſeven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſhed on my fancy,
At twelve I gayly jumped aſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſſed Nancy.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S as like as can be to an Iriſh Wake,
Where their tapers they light,
And they ſit up all night,
Wid their why would you leave your poor Paddy to moan,
Arrah how could you be ſuch a cake?
Muſha what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
Fait we're left all together alone:
But when the grief the liquor puts out, the fun is all chang'd in a crack;
Away like ſmoke goes the whiſkey about,
And they foot it, croſs over, and back to back,
With their tiptelery, whack,
Poor miſs, bolted ſafe wid a good lock and key,
Like Thiſbe, may call
Through the hole in the wall,
How hard's my misfortune, I'm left here to moan,
Will no one take pity on me?
Muſha, what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
I ſhall after be lying alone.
But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
And ſhe turns on her mother her back;
'Mong her friends and relations, ſhe leaves all her grief,
And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,
With their tiptelary whack.

The toper, next morning, low, ſick, and in pain,
The glaſſes all breaks,
Beats his head 'cauſe it aches,
And wiſhes that wine may to poiſon be grown,
If e'er he gets tipſey again:
With his what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
From this moment I'll drinking diſown;
But when, in a poſſee, come Bacchus's troop,
He changes his tone in a crack;

They drink, and they ſing, and they hollow, and whoop,
Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,
And its tiptelary whack.

And ſo 'tis through life, widows left in the nick,
Dying ſwains in diſgrace,
Patriots turned out of place,
Don't they, curſing their ſtars, make a horrible moan,
Juſt like when the devil was ſick?
Wid their what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
Fait we're left all to grunt and to groan:
But when the widow gets married again,
When the lover is taken back,
When the patriot ouſted a place ſhall obtain,
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE gloomy night ſtalk'd ſlow away,
The twilight ſpoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg reclined,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.
Give me my love, ſhe frantic ſcream'd,
I ſaw his ghoſt as by it gleam'd,
I'll dive, I'll ſearch the briny gloom,
And ſnatch him from his coral tomb:
Ah! let me, Fate, his relics ſave,
True lovers ſhould find out one grave.

And now the tempeſt dims the ſky,
How many ways poor ſailors die!
See, ſee, the ſtaggering veſſel ſplits,
She's loſt, like Peg's poor ſhipwrecked wits:
No, 'twas in battle that he died;
Would no power turn the ball aſide?
I ſaw it as it rent his heart,
I heard him cry—and muſt we part?
For Peggy, ah! theſe relics ſave,
True lovers ſhould find out one grave.

Where on the deep the cavern yawned,
Now as the purple morning dawned,
The ſurge, in breakers loud and hoarſe,
Her love caſt up a lifeleſs corſe:
She raves, ſhe ſcreams, her hands ſhe wrings,
The ſhock returning reaſon brings,
Reaſon returns, alas! too late,
She claſps her love and yields to fate:
Their mourning friends their relics ſave,
And theſe true lovers find one grave.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE world ſtill judges by the mien,
For habit holds the yellow glaſs,
And through that jaundiced medium ſeen,
Shall wiſdom's ſelf for folly paſs.
'Tis not becauſe you vapid ſmart,
Strays, careleſsly, from reaſon's rules,
That he hates reaſon, has no heart,
'Tis that he's one of faſhion's fools.

The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents againſt his deareſt friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb to make amends:
For honour well his heart can touch,
He well knows golden friendſhip's rules,
His fault is that he drinks too much,
And thus he's one of faſhion's fools.

The Bouncer ſwears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame nature's law,
And talks of joys he never knew,
And fancies charms he never ſaw:
'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair truth and all her ſacred rules,
But 'tis that its genteel to bounce,
And thus he's one of faſhion's fools.

If merit pine away forgot,
If rakes at ſacred honour ſneer,
If wedlock prove no gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be ſevere;

'Tis not that men ſo much delight
To deviate from honour's rules,
But that its vulgar to be right,
And thus they are all faſhion's fools.

Say what concluſion's to be drawn?
Are we to fancy, or to feel,
To live awake, or in a yawn,
To be conſiſtent or genteel:
Soon the election may be made—
Let's ſquare our lives by reaſon's rules,
So far be faſhion's modes obeyed,
But let us not be faſhion's fools.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'M a cook for the public, can ſuite every palate,
With ſome ſavory bonne bouche, from the ſoup to the ſallad,
Are you partial to fiſh? I've for dunces, cod's joles,
Carp, and crabs, for plain dealers, for topers good ſoles:
I thought I'd ſome maids, but I made a miſtake,
I've a rich liquoriſh old wife for any poor rake,
I've a plaiſe for a courtier, for jokers I've grigs,
I've gudgeons for quacks, and I've flounders for teagues,
Coming, coming, you'll ſee that I've told you no fable,
This way, if you pleaſe gemmen, dinner's on the table.

I've ſome fine devilled lawyers, ſome ſinners diſguiſed,
Some patriots ſtewed, and ſome generals ſurprized;
Then, if cayenne you love, and would wiſh ſomethin g nice,
Lord, I'll roaſt you a a nabob, dear ſir, in a trice,
Then for ſops, who to make themſelves fools take ſuch pains,
I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and the brains;
I've muſhrooms for upſtarts, for Welſhmen I've leeks,
Ducks and drakes for ſtock jobbers, and pigeons for greeks:
Coming, coming, you'll ſee that I've told you no fable,
This way, if you pleaſe gemmen, dinner's on the table.

And then the deſert, I have all ſorts of cakes,
I've iſlands of moonſhine, in ſyllabub lakes,
I've a fig for ill nature, I've raiſins in gluts,

And then, for all thoſe fond of ſecrets, I've nuts.
Such as through faſhion's maze paſs their lives in a dream,
May ſicken on trifles, and ice, and whipt cream,
Vain coxcombs on ſlummery may feaſt till they burſt,
Then I've got for your true ſnarling critic a cruſt:
Coming, coming, you'll ſee that I have told you no fable,
This way, if you pleaſe gemmen, dinner's on table.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

YOU have heard of the man who ſuch virtues poſſeſſed,
That he wiſhed a glaſs window were placed at his breaſt,
To the world all his actions as plain to diſplay,
As the noſe in your face, or the ſun at noon day.
So I put on my ſpectacles, look mighty wiſe,
And read in a trice peoples hearts through their eyes;
While the catalogue, large, of their whims I run over,
And of life's motly crew the deceptions diſcover,
Though my queſtions are malapropos and uncouth,
I, in ſight of their teeth, make their tongues to tell truth.

When a flirting coquette for freſh conqueſts agog,
One who loves and adores her treats worſe than a dog,
Gives him rivals ſhe hates, appears vex'd when ſhe's glad,
For the dear harmleſs pleaſure of making him mad;
I put on my ſpectacles, look mighty wiſe,
Read her whimſical heart through her beautiful eyes,
As you hope to be married, ma'am, quick anſwer me,
Do you hate this man! Lord what a creature, cries ſhe,
Muſt I then be ſincere! Well, I love the ſweet youth,
As dear as my life, ſir, and now you've the truth.

To follow up next the coquette with the prude,
Who pretends every man that regards her is rude,
Who can't abide flirts, rails at each amorous elf,
Who flirts never, excepts in a corner, herſelf:
I put on my ſpectacles, look mighty wiſe,
Read her warm yielding heart through her cold frigid eyes;
'Are you this man hater, good ma'am, you pretend?'
"And pray who gave you leave to ſchool me my good friend?"
"D'ye expect I ſhall own that I've yet a colt's tooth:
"Well I do love young fellows, and that is the truth."

I could inſtance a thouſand things, various and true,
Where one thing men ſay, and another thing do,
Nay, I now could diſpel all my own anxious fear,
But there's no occaſion for ſpectacles here:
Nay, were I to wear them, to look ere ſo wiſe,
I could then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes;
Miſter Dibdin, ſays you, we're here on your behalf,
And, while your wit's harmleſs, and you make us laugh,
You may baniſh each fear from your mind, for, in ſooth,
We ſhall willing applaud you, and that is the truth.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

NO more of waves and winds the ſport,
Our veſſel is arrived in port;
At anchor ſee ſhe ſafely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her ſides:
The ſails are furled, the ſheets belayed,
The crimſon peticoats diſplayed,
Deſerted are the uſeleſs ſhrouds,
And wenches come a board in crouds.
Then come, my lads, the ſlip put round,
While ſafely moored on Engliſh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A laſs, and a fiddle,
Ne'er ſhall care in the heart of a tar be found:
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the ſprightly jig our feet ſhall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiſs in time to the merry ſound.

Beſs hears the death of honeſt Jack,
Who ſwore he'd ſafe, and ſound, come back,
She calls him ſcurvy, lying ſwab,
And then ſhe kindly takes to Bob:
Ben aſks the news of Bonny Kate,
Who ſaid ſhe'd prove a conſtant mate,
But winds, and girls, are falſe, for ſhe
Took Ned the morn Ben went to ſea.
Well come, ſays Ben, the ſlip put round,
While ſafely moored on Engliſh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A laſs, and a fiddle

Ne'er ſhall care in the heart of a tar be found;
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the ſprightly jig our feet ſhall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiſs in time to the merry ſound.

By will and power, when laſt aſhore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er;
Poll touched the prize money, and pay,
And with the agent ran away:
And Jenny juſt as cute a trick,
His back once turned, played whiſtling Dick,
Dick left her cloathes to cut a flaſh,
She ſold 'em all and ſpent the caſh.
But come, ſays Dick, the flip put round,
While ſafely moored on Engliſh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A laſs, and a fiddle,
Ne'er ſhall care in the heart of a tar be found;
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the ſprightly jig our feet ſhall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiſs in time to the merry ſound,

While feet and tongues, like lightning go,
With—what cheer Suke—and how do Joe,
Dick Laniard chuſes Peg ſo ſpruce,
And buxom Nell take Kit Caboofe.
Thus, 'mongſt the girls they left behind,
A lot of true and falſe they find,
While they bewail thoſe ſhot, or drowned,
And welcome home the ſafe and found,
Still thankful while the flip goes round,
They're ſafely moored on Engliſh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A laſs and a fiddle,
Ne'er ſhall care in the heart of a tar be found;
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the ſprightly jig our feet ſhall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiſs in time to the merry ſound.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I AM one of thoſe pretty, toniſh ſmarts, my good old man,
Who under love's ſweet contribution lay all the fair O,
I make them die, and ſigh,
And conſent, and repent,
With a ran, dan, dan—
Why I have a hundred times had the felicity, ſo ſweet,
Of ſeeing ſome yielding eaſy daughter, or wife,
Begging, and imploring at my feet—
"Hey, ſir! how often did you ſay you had this felicity?"
'Never in the whole courſe of my life,
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Then, ſince amours are nothing without confidents, my good old man,
How oft when burſting with good fortune and ſucceſs, ſo rare O,
Have I, to my friends, told ſtories of yielding nieces, and aunts,
With a ran, dan, dan,
Dreſſed out in all their facinating charms,
With all their ſimperings, and whimperings,
Their fond love to diſguiſe,
While they were longing to fly to my arms—
"And pray was all this truth that you told your friends?"
'Oh, no, a parcel of infernal lies!
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Why would you believe that with the lovely Myrtilla it chanced to hap, my good old man,
Who ſeemed as if all the powers of virtue made her their care O,
That I ſhould contrive, while thoſe pretty, watchful guardians were taking a nap,
With a ran, dan, dan—
To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave ſigh, ſtart tear,
And addreſs, with all the force of eloquence and grace,
Till ſtruggling in my arms at laſt ſhe—Oh dear!
"Well, what did ſhe do?
'Why gave me a ſlap in the face,
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Another time, when I was flatly refuſed, my good old man,
Oh, 'tis a buſineſs that will make you ſtare O!
Every one of the family round I fairly abuſed,
With a ran, dan, dan—
Hamſtrung the pigs, pulled the ſpiggot out of the ale,
Poiſoned the lap dog, killed the canary birds, put jalap in the tea,
Threw the cat out of the window, cut off the monkey's tail—
"Go on, ſir, go on."
'Kicked the huſband—Oh no, damme, he kicked me!
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'VE heard, cried out one, that you tars tack and tack,
And, at ſea, what ſtrange hardſhips befel you,
But I don't know what's moorings—what don't you ſaid Jack,
Man your ear Tackle then and I'll tell you:
Suppoſe you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in ſpight of her prayers and implorings!
Some ſcoundrel abuſed her, and you knocked him down,
Why, d'ye ſee, he'd be ſafe at his moorings.

In life's voyage ſhould you truſt a falſe friend with the helm,
The top lifts of his heart all akimbo,
A tempeſt of treachery your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will ſoon be in limbo:
But if his heart's timbers bear up againſt pelf,
And he's juſt in his reekonings and ſcorings;
He'll for you keep a look out the ſame as himſelf,
And you'll find in his friendſhip ſafe moorings.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will ſtick to her duty,
A calm of contentment ſhall beam in your mind,
Safe moored in the haven of beauty:
But if ſome friſky ſkiff, crank at every joint,
That liſtens to vows and adorings,
Shape your courſe how you will, ſtill you'll make Cuckold's P'oint,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

A glutton's ſafe moored, head and ſtern, by the gout,
A drunkard's moored under the table,

In ſtraws drowning men will Hope's anchor find out,
While a hair's a philoſopers cable :
Thus mankind are a ſhip, life a boiſterous main,
Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleaſure, we've ten ſtorms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LOOK all over the world, round and ſquare, and through-
out,
We all know that beſt we know nothing about,
Don't ignorant gipſies pretend to teach Fate,
And pray who now like coblers can tinker the ſtate :
Blind as mill-poſts ourſelves we can all guide a friend,
Becauſe why 'tis more eaſy to find fault than mend ;
In ſhort no ſweet creatures lead ſuch happy lives,
Or are half ſo well managed as bachelor's wives.

If I'd this man's fortune, or tother man's wit,
Unnoticed d'ye think I'd ſo quietly ſit ?
No, my caſh ſhould do good, and my writings ſhould be,
Ah ! fait Shakeſpear himſelf ſhould be nothing to me :
Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone,
And how nobly we ſpend that that's none of our own ;
Who the reins has not got, always furiouſly drives,
And, thus, none are managed like bacehlor's wives.

That battle that made ſuch a devil of a rout,
Why don't you and I know they were all of them out ?
Had this general advanced, and that troop come in play,
'Twould have been, by my conſcience, a glorious day !
Thus at home, we beſt know how abroad matters paſs,
Ah ! give me a brave bottle fought over the glaſs !
Threatened people live long, and the envied man thrives,
Juſt as none are ſo managed as bachelor's wives.

What we have we don't want, becauſe why dat we've got ;
Your true ſtyle of enjoyment's to have what you've not,
What eats ſo delicious as fiſh not yet catched,
Or as fruit in the bloſſom, or chicken not hatched ?
'Tent the dinner to-day, 'tis the pleaſure I borrow,
While I think on the dinner I'm eating to-morrow,
What's the preſent my ſoul till the future arrives ?
Arrah give me for management bachelors wives.

To do what we're able's a thing ſo abſurd,
Arrah who'd walk on foot that could fly like a bird?
Don't we ſee every moment that lordly ting man
Do each nonſenſe in nature except what he can
In ſhort, our deſires look from Ireland to Rome,
Are the harveſt that's growing, the cloth in the loom,
The honey we've taken before we've bought hives,
And who'll after this rail at bachelors wives.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE poet ſays that love's like fire,
Which kindly heat and joy imparts,
For every purpoſe, and deſire,
That warms, and that expands our hearts:
But, truſt this fire, where is the bound,
That ſhall its devaſtation ſtay?
Relentleſs ruin ſtalks around,
And horror marks its trackleſs way:
Thus both we dread, and both admire,
Thus poets ſay that love's like fire.

The toper ſays, that love's like wine,
And that its power, 'bove human ken,
Can lift the ſoul, and ſo refine
Our joys, that gods might envy men:
But, from this elevation ſunk,
The moment reaſon leaves the feaſt,
His godſhip finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beaſt:
Thus both are beaſtly, both divine,
Thus topers ſay that love's like wine.

Your ſportſmen ſay, love's like the chaſe
That leads us many a weary mile,
Through many a rude and dangerous place,
O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and ſtile:
But when his pleaſures, with his toil,
Are fairly counted, what's the gain?
Fatigued, and tired, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain:
Thus love's without a goal, a race,
Thus ſportſmen ſay, love's like the chaſe.

True lovers ſay, love's like the devil,
  Who turns a hundred devious ways,
With, ſaint-like face, and heart of evil,
  And ſmiles the moſt when he betrays:
Does not the devil take every hue,
  And in all forms and faſhions move!
Is not he black, and white, and blue,
  And hot and cold?—and ſo is love:
And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.
Let carping idiots ſtill condemn,
  Where reaſon bids them moſt rejoice,
For if they err the fault's in them,
  And in the objects of their choice:
The lover that ſhall all excel,
  Let him but chooſe a faithleſs fair;
His love ſhall prove a very hell,
  No Lethe to relieve his care:
Let him of reaſon take advice,
And love ſhall be a paradiſe.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S a general chaſe, and the world is the field,
  Where friends, friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where to day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
  And to-morrow we're hunted by others:
Through calling, profeſſion, and trade, to get rich,
  All wrangle, and ſquabble, and ſcramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, ſtile, and ditch,
  Through buſh, and through briar, and through bramble,
Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
  We have portions of pleaſure and ſorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
  May be game for ſome hunter to-worrow.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend,
  Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll ſhew it;
But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend,
  Pale poverty hunts the poor poet:
While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
  Grim death hunts the ſoldier and ſailor,
And the heir, out of caſh, who can ſtart no more game,

Is at laſt hunted down by his taylor:
Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleaſure and ſorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for ſome hunter to-morrow.

Country ſquires daſh away, nor their noddles concern,
'Bout the world, or its joſtlings, and croſſings,
Till, at length, to die bottom, Acteon's they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horſes:
Indiſcriminate pleaſures who chaſes in view,
While to pleaſure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune hunter who ran down a ſhrew,
Will find he was caught by a tarter:
Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleaſure and ſorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for ſome hunter to-morrow.

The hunks who hunts riches, is hunted by care,
Thoſe who joy hunt are hunted by trouble,
The chymiſt hunts gold through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at laſt by a bubble:
Folly hunts the four miſanthrope cloſe at the heels,
In the moment at folly he's ſcoffing,
And ev'n the death hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is, at laſt, hunted into a coffin:

Virtuoſos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees,
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation,
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, phyſicians hunt fees,
And are chaſed, in return, by vexation:
A reciprocal chaſe are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over,
Then with reaſon in view, let's hunt pleaſure my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover:
Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleaſure and ſorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to day,
May be game for ſome hunter to-morrow.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

A BARD in yonder corner ſee,
There's ſomething in this man, ſays he,

'Tis true he cannot write like me,
His wit won't bear inſpection:
To hit the fooliſh times was right,
When men neglected genius ſlight,
My play for inſtance, damned firſt night,
The manners want correction:

Certainly they do, and, therefore, ſo far this man's attempt is meritorious to be ſure. If I had handled the ſubject it would have been done in a different ſort of a manner; but his bungling wit only proves that his own poſition is truth—

For when he takes ſuch fooliſh fits,
To rail, and ſcoff, at would be wits,
He proves, as hard himſelf he hits,
That he's not all perfection.

An Alderman 'gainſt fools is rage,
Cries, lord, he's right to laſh the age,
Old Shakeſpear ſaid the world's a ſtage,
He merits our protection:
I liked to hear him laugh at fops,
And waiſts cut ſhort, and flirts and crops,
Intrigues in churches, and at hops,
And faſhions ſtrange collection:

And then how I did laugh about the fellow's giving a dinner with nothing to eat, ha, ha, ha,—and then he paſſed a compliment on the city—He ought to be encouraged.

But when he rails at hoarded pelf,
And turtle feaſts, the ſtupid elf,
He's wrong—but then he owns himſelf,
We can't be all perfection.

Miſs Twinkle cries, to ſiſter Tab,
I'm pleaſed he's given you prudes a dab,
But of coquettiſh airs to blab,
'Twas done without reflection;
Well now, cries Tab, then I proteſt,
I likes about coquettes the beſt;
But when of Prudes he makes a jeſt,
The man deſerves correction.

Well then now fait and troth, ſaid an Iriſhman, 'tis all mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good raſcal, his honeſt flatterer, and the reſt of it—Oh it is all fair game!

But when he talks, the ſlanderous rogue,
That cards and dice are all the vogue,

Fait, tis too much upon the brogue,
But no one's all perfection.

The will then taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read,
I ſhall, as heretofore, ſucceed,
And without much objection;
When I was in the ſcribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
Ev'n Shakeſpear's ſelf had nothing writ,
More worthy of protection.

Nay, big with emulation to merit your applauſe, had my ability kept pace with my inclination, I ſhould have given my own Theſis the lie, and produced a perfect entertainment—

But ardent wiſhes will not do,
I, therefore, muſt rely on you,
And ſhould ſome little praiſe be due,
Paſs by each imperfection.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THOUGH hard the valiant ſoldier's life,
They ſome ſweet moments know;
Joy ne'er was yet unmixed with ſtrife,
Nor happineſs with woe:

'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wife,
Reluctant from him part,
While fancy paints the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er his grave,
The ſolemn requiem to the brave!
All this he hears,
Yet calm's their fears
With ſmiles while horror's in his heart:

But when the ſmiling hour ſhall come,
To bring him home at laſt,
How ſweet his conſtant wife to greet,
His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends,
For all his ſufferings paſt.

'Tis hard when, deſolation ſpread,
Death whirls the rapid car,

And thoſe invaded hear, and dread
The thunder of the war:
Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife,
Have you true cauſe to fear,
Too ſoon, alas, the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er the grave,
Shall ſound ſad requiems to the brave,
While thoſe alive,
Faint joy revive,
And blend hope's ſmile with pity's tear:
But when the ſmiling hour ſhall come,
To bring him home at laſt,
How ſweet his conſtant wife to greet,
His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends,
For all his ſufferings paſt.

BALLAD—IN WILL OF THE WISP.

OH yes, Oh yes, Oh yes!
Loſt, or miſlaid,
Or ſtolen, or ſtrayed,
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was famed, 'till this ſad accident, for probity and truth;
Who aſſuaged his parents ſorrows, alleviated their cares,
And who, with ſpotleſs honour, regulated their affairs:
This young man, as he came out of his father's bankers, was beconed by a lady in a hackney coach—He drove to a jeweller's where he bought a diamond necklace. He dined with a roaring party at a tavern; and, in the evening, was heard to talk very loud at the opera. He was next introduced to a houſe not an hundred miles from St. James's, where it is ſuppoſed he could get no ſupper, for he was ſeen at three o'clock in the morning voraciouſly to ſwallow dice and eat cards.
Who to his wretched parents this miſguided youth will bring,
Beſides the ſatisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a ſum far more than Indian mines could e'er afford,

They ſhall ſee the peace and comfort of a family reſtored—
God ſave the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Loſt or miſlaid,
Or ſtolen, or ſtrayed,
The tears of a widow, young wealthy and fair,
Who nurſed a rich old huſband half a year with tender care,
Who loved him not for either her inconvenience, or his pelf,
All which is very true, for ſhe told him ſo herſelf.

This unfortunate young lady was ſeen, about three hours after her huſband's death, to go to the Commons to prove his will, where meeting with a very handſome young Proctor, it is ſuppoſed the fire of his glances abſorbed and dried up the tears of this diſconſolate widow, for ſhe has never been ſeen to cry ſince but once, and then ſhe was detected with an onion in her pocket handkerchief,
Who to this wretched mourner theſe ſame precious drops will bring,

Beſides the ſatisfaction,
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a gracious ſmile, which is all that can be proffered,
For they'll be cried no more, nor no greater reward offered,
God ſave the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Loſt, or miſlead,
Or ſtolen or ſtrayed,
The knife and fork of an alderman, a counſellor's wig,
The dice box of a grecian, a parſon's tythe pig,
The fan of a beauty, her falſe tooth alſo,
And a hair powder licence belonging to a beau.

As theſe poor ſuffers are ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the loſs of theſe reſpective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humane are humbly requeſted to take into conſideration their forlorn condition—

And, whoever to theſe poor people theſe articles will bring
Beſides the ſatisfaction,
Of doing a good action,
Many thanks ſhall be given to the charitable donors,
For they're of very little uſe to any body but the owners,
God ſave the king.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

As a plain caſe in point's the beſt mode of explaining,
To make my poſition to each judgment clear,
Without further a tip-toe your patience detaining,
I ſhall ton at Antipodes, ſhew and ton here:
Here conſcience for gold,
Ne'er was known to be ſold,
There to ſale they expoſe it,
And every one knows it,
For the matter to mince might a good market ſpoil:
Thus what's meant by reports, which are variouſly ſpread,
That we the feet ſtand on, and they on the head,
Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil,
We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot the dear lady,
Here never to talk of her intereſt is heard,
Full of love ſhe ne'er aſks if the writings are ready,
Nor thinks of a ſecond ſpouſe, much leſs a third:
Is a counſellor learned,
In a law ſuit concerned,
He gives you his trouble,
For nothing, to double
His fee would that inſtant the whole buſineſs ſpoil:
There ſtill topſy turvy we different modes ſee,
Love obeys, the beſt bidder, and law the beſt fee,
And thus clear as day, without cavil or coil,
We're the gem and the Antipodians the foil.

Would you wiſh farther proof as a prominent feature,
Take this, though 'twill keen ſenſibility ſhock,
At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature,
A fine ſtately bird very like our game cock:
Inflaming its blood,
They mix drugs in its food,
And arm it for fighting,
Then ſtand round delighting,
While theſe birds of their plumage each other deſpoil:
You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report,
But ſince England diſdains ſo unmanly a ſport,

No reflection on us from their vice can recoil,
We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

But to bring the caſe home, let us ſpeak of their writers,
Who having ſuch food for their frolickſome muſe,
Are in ſatire and ridicule terrible biters,
And, though none they point out, all the cap fit abuſe;
Their caſe touches me,
But was I ever ſo free,
In my ſilly labours,
To laugh at my neighbours?
No; a fair wholeſome moral's the jet of my toil:
Beſides here no fault could they find did they try,
No, I'd have them to know that my audience and I,
What'er out of envy their cavil and coil,
Are the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHEN freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquered Greece, and groaning Rome,
At random driven, like Noah's dove,
Without a ſhelter or a home:
The expanded world ſhe viewed, where beſt
She might repoſe her weary foot;
Saw this our iſle, ſet up her reſt,
And bid the ſpreading oak take root;
Bid it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's tree of liberty.

Thus ſpoke the goddeſs—This fair tree,
The towering foreſt's kingly boaſt,
Let my behelts kept ſacred be,
This tree ſhall guard your ſea girt coaſt:
Freedom's beheſts are theſe—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cauſe,
From whoſe peſtiferous breath may grow
Aught 'gainſt the monarch, or the laws;
Keep ſacred theſe, the oak ſhall be
Fair England's tree of liberty.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
Thoſe ſuccour who its aid implore;
A faithful portrait ſhall diſplay,
Of England's hoſpitable ſhore:
Of England's courage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To ſuccour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart;
Hail ſacred oak, then, deign to be
Fair England's tree of liberty.

Then catch the enthuſiaſtic ſtrain,
Hail freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cauſe its limbs:
That mighty walls, and bulwarks forms,
Whence England's thunder ſhall be hurled,
And, ſpight of battles and of ſtorms,
That bears our commerce through the world;
Hail freedom's ſhrine! ſtill deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHEN I told you your cheeks wore the bluſh of the roſe,
That the ſpring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck could diſcloſe,
I made love in the language of truth:
Yet the lovelieſt roſe, once the ſummer away,
Of its bloom leaves no veſtige behind;
But your bloom, when the ſummer of life ſhall decay,
Freſh as ever ſhall glow in your mind.

See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves,
The ſweets of the garden explore,
And, in winter, to feaſt on the banquet he loves,
Lay in his induſtrious ſtore:
So all your employment through life's buſy day,
Is the ſweets drawn from goodneſs to find;
Reaſon's feaſt to ſupply, and cheat winter away,
From that ſource of perfection your mind.

And thus, as the ſeaſons of life paſs away,
We enjoy every various ſcene;
The ſpring all expanding, the ſummer all gay,
The autumn all mild and ſerene:
You are yet in your ſummer; but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours ſhall ſacredly ſhed,
Still ſummer ſhall bloom in your mind.

BALLAD—IN CHIRSTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave buſineſs, care, and labour,
Chriſtmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laſſes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor:
I ſell all ſorts of curious wares,
Tapes, garters, ribbands, laces:
That give the form enchanting airs,
And ſet off pretty faces.
And then I've philters, drugs, and charms,
That, when the nymph's deſerted,
Shall lure the ſhepherd to her arms,
And make him tender hearted.
Come here, come here my pretty dear,
Leave buſineſs, care, and labour,
Chriſtmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laſſes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

This wonderful love powder ſee,
Though ever ſo hard featured,
To a Venus that converts each ſhe,
By making her good natured:
This eye water can power diſpenſe,
To cure each jealous blindneſs,
And turn, by generous confidence,
All jarring ſtrife to kindneſs:
Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave buſineſs, care, and labour,

Chriſtmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laſſes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

When clouds ſhall wedlock's ſky deface,
And dim that brilliant heaven,
Upon your lips this padlock place,
By wary prudence given :
But when, from ſtorms, and tempeſts free,
The horizon looks propitious ;
From kindneſs hand take pleaſure's key,
And open ſcenes delicious :
Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave buſineſs, care, and labour,
Chriſtmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laſſes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

STANDING one ſummer's day on the Tower Slip,
Careleſs how I my time ſhould employ,
It popped in my head that I'd take a trip
Aboard of a Margate Hoy :
I took a few ſlops, ſuch as ſhirts and a coat,
For of prog I knew well they'd be ſtored ;
Then I hail'd a pair of oars, ſhoved of my boat,
And away I daſhed aboard.

'Ah my dear Commodore, who thought of ſeeing you ? "What, Mrs. Garbage ! How is the Alderman ?"—'There is my huſband, Sir ;' "Pon my word and dicky I declare," 'Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends : Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelſon, Commodore Kelſon, Mr. Shadrack.' "Very much at your ſharvice, Sir." 'Miſs Minnikin, Commodore Kelſon, Commodore Kelſon, Miſs Minnikin.' "Very happy to have the pleaſure of knowing you Sir." 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelſon, Commodore Kelſon, Dr. Quibus ; Captain Squaſh, Commodore Kelſon, Commodore Kelſon, Captain Squaſh ; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelſon. Commodore Kelſon, Sir Phelim

O'Drogheda.'—Hollo there! Caſt off the painter—Sit ſtill ladies and gentlemen.

So off we went with a flowing jib,
Full of merriment and joy,
The Alderman munching, and pratling his rib,
Sing who ſo blith as we,
Who take a voyage to ſea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

Then ſuch glee and humour, our joy to prolong,
Pervaded us fore and aft;
Some were telling a ſtory, ſome whiſtling a ſong,
As we turned in and out 'mongſt the craft:
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
Then how we'd aſtoniſh the folks,
When at Margate arrived; then, cut out of our way,
To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

'Ho, the ſhip ahoy.' "Ay, ay." 'Pray have you one Wiſeman aboard?' "No, no," 'Then you are all fools, hey—ha, ha, ha, went Miſs Minnikin.'—"Dat is very coot chokes," ſaid the Jew. 'Why, I ſay, Moſes,' ſaid the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull or bear? Damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey. And you Miſs Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your perriwig, and clap a ſtopper on your muzzle, clue up the plaits in your jaw bags, and give your tongue leave of abſence. About ſhip—helm's a lee—here ſhe comes.'

So we made tother tack and lay gunnel to,
Which ſoon gave a damp to our joy,
Miſs Minnikin ſqualled—mine cot, cried the Jew,
Sing who ſo blyth as we,
Who take a voyage to ſea,
On board of a Margate Hoy.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tatlers not moving ſo quick,
Scarce right a-head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the alderman began to be ſick:
Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyſter ſmack,
The wind freſhing towards the Nore,
Then, ſtretching too far on the larboard tack,
By and by, we came bump aſhore.

'Ah we ſhall all be caſt away! my poor dear pattern cap; caſhed away! What ſhall I do to be ſhaved?' "Why faith, ſaid I, I fancy we ſhall have a touch of the ſalt water before we get to Margate." 'Yes, Sir,' ſaid the Doctor, 'not that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we ſhall take in too large a doſe.' "How do you do, Sir Phelim?" 'Arrah, I ſhould be well enough if I was not ſo curſedly ſick." She rights, ſhe rights!

Next a gale coming on we did precioufly kick,
Which finiſhed completely our joy,
'Twas, madam, how do you do? Oh I am monſtrouſly ſick!
Sing who ſo blyth as we,
Who take a voyage to ſea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

And now 'twould have made a philoſopher grin,
To have ſeen ſuch a concourſe of muns;
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
For it came on to blow great guns:
Spoilt cloaths, and proviſions, now clogged up the way,
In a dreary boiſterous night;
While apparently dead every paſſenger lay
With the ſickneſs, but move with the fright.

'Oh, oh, I wiſh I was at home in my bed!' "Oh that I was a hundred miles off?" "Maſhy upon my ſhins.' "Oh, oh, will no-body throw me overboard!" 'Avaſt there.' "Ah my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond!" "Oh, my ſoul, what a devil of a ſickneſs!" "Arrah, ſtop the ſhip—Sir, would you be ſo kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup?' Land, land, upon the ſtarboard bow.
At laſt, after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights ſoon reſtored all our joy;
The men found their ſtomachs, the women their clacks,
Sing who ſo blyth as we,
Who take a voyage to ſea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

THERE were Farmer Thraſher, and he had a cow,
And gammer were very fond on un,

And they'd a ſon Jacky that made a fine bow,
So they ſent un a prentice to London.

Jacky's maſter a barber and a hair-dreſſer were,
Than ſome ſquire's 'cod he thought unſelf bigger,
In the day through the town he would dreſs and cut hair,
And dreſſed out at night—cut a figure.

To ape Jackey's maſter, were all his delight,
The ſoap ſuds and razor both ſcorning,
He's been took't by the noſe by the ſame ſop at night,
That he took't by the noſe in the morning.

Now to ſee the cow moan, would have made a cat laugh,
Her milk were his food late and early,
And even if Jackey had heen her own calf,
She could not ha loved un more dearly.

She moaned, and ſhe moaned, nor knew what ſhe did ail,
To heart ſo ſhe took this diſaſter,
At laſt roaming about, ſome rogues cut off her tail,
And then ſent her back to her maſter.

Here's the kiaw came home, Gammer, come bring out the pail,
Poor creature I'ze glad we have found her,
Cried Dame, ten't our kiaw, ſhe's got never a tail,
Here Roger go take care and pound her.

'Tis our kiaw, but you zee ſhe's been maimed by ſome brute
Why, dame, thou'rt a vool—give me patience;
So to ſquabbling they went—when to end the diſpute,
Came home Jacky to ſee his relations.

His ſpencer he ſported, his hat round he twirled,
As whiſtling a tune he came bolt in,
And bedocked, and belopped, wounds, he look'd all the world
Like trimmed bantums, or magpies a moulting.

Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky, come bring out the ale,
So Gammer fell ſkipping around him,
Our Jacky, why, dam't, he's got never a tail—
Here, Roger, go take un, and pound un.

'Tis the kick, I ſay, old one, ſo I brought it down,
Wore by jemmies ſo neat, and ſo ſpunky;

Ah, Jacky, thou went'ſt up a puppy to town,
And now thee be'ſt come back a monkey.

Gammer ſtormed, Gaffer ſwore, Jacky whiſtled, and now
'I was agreed, without any more paſſion,
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
Becauſe they were both in the faſhion.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and ſtout,
A Briton e'er luxury imported the gout,
In the fie d, in the ball-room, or ſcamp_ring o er rocks,
Could give chaſe to the foe, or the fair, or the fox:
A band of choice friends, at the ſound of his horn,
Sailed forth blyth and buxom, to hail the fair morn;
All luſty, and noble, and true and tried men,
And called, for diſtinction, the Lads of the Glen.

Shall I tell you their names, there was bold Alfred Howe,
Sprung from Guy, Earl of Warwick, who hunted a cow,
And then, on his courſer came valiant Sir Hugh,
Born from that London 'prentice two lions that ſlew:
Next that dare devil, Hengiſt, with target and gorge,
Worn, his anceſtors write, by the mighty St. George;
Then Owen ap rice, who again and again,
Had been in at the death with the lads of the Glen.

Next Percy, came on, born of that noble race,
Who accompliſhed ſuch wonders at famed Chevy Chace;
Then Orſon the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur, nay, ſome ſay, from Nimrod himſelf:
Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, ſound men and good,
The laſt the great grandſon of bold Robinhood;
To theſe add my anceſtor, making juſt ten,
And you'll get the whole liſt of the Lads of the Glen.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now in the hall,
What a chaſe they were led the ſly fox to enthral?
He run 'em at length, and then hard at a puſh,
And now they're miles from him, and now at his bruſh:

'Till the dogs are ſo weary that, panting for breath,
They o'ertake him, but cannot accompliſh his death;
Britons ſpare proſtrate foes, ſo they looſed him again,
To afford future ſport for the Lads of the Glen.

Thus rational pleaſure was all their delight,
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night,
Fair truth and pure honour, dwelt proud in each breaſt,
And kind hoſpitality ſet up her reſt:
And from their gay board never yet was the day,
When the poor, and the hungry, went empty away;
Britons all have true hearts, yet, 'tis hard to ſay, when
We ſhall, e'er, ſee the like of the Lads of the Glen.

Then charge high your bumbers, in chorus loud ſing,
Like true ſubjects let's all drink a health to the King;
He's a ſportſman himſelf, and long, long may the chaſe,
Give him health to behold his illuſtrious race:
And would ye, ye Britons, your honour enſure,
As firm as your courage, your rectitude pure,
His virtues but emulate, ſoon ſhall, again,
Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

GIVE ear to me, both high and low,
And, while you mourn hard fates decree,
Lament a tale right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at ſea.

His father was a commodore,
His King and country, ſerved had he;
But, now, his tears in torrents pour,
For comely Ned that died at ſea.

His ſiſter Peg her brother loved,
For a right tender heart had ſhe,
And often to ſtrong grief was moved,
For comely Ned that died at ſea.

His ſweetheart Grace, once blyth and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,

Now waſtes in tears the lingering day,
For comely Ned that died at ſea.

His friends, who loved his manly worth,
For none more friends could boaſt than he,
To mourn now lay aſide their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at ſea.

Come then and join, with friendly tear,
The ſong that, 'midſt of all our glee,
We from our hearts chant once a year,
For comely Ned that died at ſea.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

POOR negroe ſay one ting you no take offence,
Black and white he one colour a hundred year hence,
For when maſſa death kick him into the grave,
He no ſpare negroe, buckra, nor maſſa, nor ſlave.
Then dance, and then ſing, and the banjer thrum thrum,
He fooliſh to tink what to-morrow my come,
Lilly laugh and be fat, de beſt ting you can do,
Time enough to be ſad when you kickaraboo.

One maſſa, one ſlave, high and low all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, ſing, make all pleaſure him pleaſe;
One ſlave be one maſſa, he good, honeſt brave,
One maſſa bad, wicked, be worſe than one ſlave:
If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well,
If bad, he plague, vex you worſe and a hell;
Let your heart make you merry, then honeſt and true,
And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me ſee maſſa him play him call cheſs,
King, queen, biſhop, knight, caſtle, all in a meſs,
King kill knight, queen biſhop, men caſtle throw down,
Like card-ſoldier him ſcatter, all lie on a ground:
And when the game over, king, biſhop, tag, rag,
Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag,
So in life's game at cheſs, when no more we can do,
Maſſa death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo

Then be good, what you am never mind the degree,
Lilly flower good for ſomewhat as well as great tree;
You one ſlave, he no uſe to be ſulky and ſly,
Worky, worky, perhaps, you one maſſa by'm by.
Savee good and be poor make you act better part,
Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart,
Though ever ſo low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

BALLAD—IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME round me ye laſſes, and lend me an ear,
The almanack ſays ninety-ſix is leap year,
Leap year, cries our Margery, well numſkull, what then?
Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?
And they'll make the beſt on't, and not ſtand hum drum,
For they won't get another for eight years to come;
Come ladies a truce to each maideniſh fear,
Kiſs the fellows, and wiſh them a happy new year.

See the ſly little toads how they ogle and grin,
That's right, ſqueeze his hand, chuck un under the chin,
See that ſhrimp with that giant there, prattle and toy,
You're a deviliſh fine fellow—nay don't be ſo coy;
Then ſhe ſmirks, and ſhe pats him, and ſo this the trade is,
'Cod theſe leap years be nice times for the ladies,
That's right, how they ſnigger, and ſimper, and leer,
Kiſs 'em up girls, and wiſh 'em a happy new year.

Then as there's no Jack but a finds out his Jill,
Who knows, hey, but I may of love get my fill,
Let 'em come, who's afraid! wounds, as ſtout as they be,
I ſhould like for to catch them a courting of me:
She that chuſes me out as a perſon of taſte,
I can tell her will find me not very ſhame-faced,
What doſt tell me, ſays I, that thou loveſt me, my dear,
Ge's a buſs then, and wiſh me a happy new year.

But, wounds, while I jokes ſo in this merry fit,
I maunt let my tongue, d'ye ſee, run 'fore my wit;

For, however, one may laugh 'bout the girls and be free,
They have more ſenſe by half in theſe matters than we:
Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her,
She leaves foppery and nonſenſe to chuſe truth and honour,
And he may well brag, and his head high up rear,
Whom ſhe kiſſes, and wiſhes a happy new year.

Then as each Britiſh beauty be conſtant and loyal,
So much do they doat on his majeſty royal,
That now they got leave for to do what they pleaſes,
'Cod if 'twere not for ſhame they'd all kiſs un to pieces:
So as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty,
Be learnt to we men folks by ſweetneſs and beauty,
Let us not be out done in our own proper ſpear,
But let love merit love, and each year be leap year.

FINALE — IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME all who love,
Through pleaſure's grove,
To take your merry rambles,
Whoſe hearts ſo free,
Confirm your glee,
Join our Chriſtmas Gambols.
See the lads and laſſes wind,
In mazy labrynth dancing,
The harmleſs feelings of the mind,
The general joy enhancing:
The world's viciſſitudes they trace,
As they the figure meaſure,
Variety and change of place,
Still giving zeſt to pleaſure,
Come all who love, &c.

The merry hunters and the horn,
That oft have waked Aurora,
To unlock the treaſures of the morn,
Through the domain of Flora:
Next in quaint form, and veſtments gay,
Comes many a morice dancer,

While bells that ring, and flutes that play,
In merry cadence anſwer :
Come all who love, &c.

The pipe and tabor's ſprightly tone,
The organ's ſound ſonorous,
The comic bagpipe and the drone,
Shall join the ſwelling chorus :
The piercing fife, and deafening drum,
For honeſt hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling ſound ſhall come,
Of ſinging, fiddling, fluting :
Come then who love, &c.

At length the trumpet's chearful call,
Sounds to the feaſt of pleaſure,
When in the hoſpitable hall,
Plenty unlades her treaſure :
See Father Chriſtmas pleaſed appear,
To crown our inſtitution,
While circling goes the humming beer,
In ſportive revolution :
Come then who love, &c.

SONG.

POLL dang't how d'ye do,
Na'n won't you gi's a buſs ;
Why what's to do wi' you,
Why here's a pretty fuſs :
Say ſhall we kiſs and toy,
I goes to ſea no more ;
Oh ! I'm the ſailor boy,
For capering aſhore.

Father he apprentic'd me,
All to a coaſting ſhip ;
I being reſolv'd d'ye ſee,
To give 'em all the ſlip :
I got to Yarmouth fair,
Where I had been before ;

So father found me there,
A capering aſhore.

Next out to India,
I went a Guinea pig;
We got to Table bay,
But mind a pretty rig;
The ſhip driven out to ſea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottentots,
A capering aſhore.
I loves a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worſer for it;
If in my wake ſhould drop,
A fiddle, 'that's your ſort':
Thrice tumble up ahoy,
Once get the labour o'er;
Then ſee the ſailor boy,
A capering aſhore.

SONG.

A SUP of good whiſkey will make you glad,
Too much of the creature will make you mad,
If you take in reaſon it will make you wiſe,
If you drink to exceſs it will cloſe up your eyes.
Yet father and mother,
And ſiſter and brother,
They all take a ſup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think ſo too if there's none to be had:
The ſwadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it a fig for them all,
Both laymen and brother,
In ſpite of this pother,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt my health,
And juſtice will ſay 'twill reduce your weath,

Phyſicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money is all gone, you can get no fee.
Yet ſurgeon or doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

If a ſoldier is drunk on his duty found
He ſoon to the three legg'd horſe is bound,
In the face of the regiment obliged to ſtrip,
A naggin will ſoften the drummer's whip.
For ſerjeant and drummer,
And likewiſe his honor,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the ports ſublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime,
Yet after their dinner away they ſlunk,
And tippled their wine, till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a ſup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abſtain,
By yea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain,
Yet ſome of the broadbrims will get to the ſtuff,
And tipple away till they've tippl'd enough,
For ſtiff rump or ſteady,
And Solomon's lady,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

The Germans will ſay they can drink the moſt,
The French and Italians will alſo boaſt,
Hibernia's the country, for all their noiſe,
For generous drinking and hearty boys,
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glaſs in his turn.

SONG—IN PRIVATE TAEATRICALS.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on!
Not Hector, nor yet Telamon;

Who, 'ſtead of fiſts, cuff'd foes with rocks,
But two tom-tits, or bantum cocks:
Not like two combatants of yore,
Who ſlew the foe and drank the gore,
Like tygers, or fierce maſtiff dogs—
But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs;
Lank both in form and voice, and taper,
Like an eel-ſkin, or a thread paper;
Who ammunition draw from lungs,
And wield not ſwords, nor ſpears, but tongues.
Suppoſe them enter'd in the liſt,
Their cauſe of quarrel who was hiſs'd,
Or groan'd at moſt at either houſe:
Says general frog to general mouſe—

AIR.

' Signor Pantheon
' Vat ting you play on,
' To give Mr. John Bull delight?
" Monſieur Haymarket,
" Pray don't you bark yet,
" Nor ſhew your tooſe, for you can't bite."

' My great big houſe make people ſtare,'
" Vat uſe great houſe, nobody dare?
" I do de op'ra, you muſt ſing ſong:"
' Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
' And den great many much foot high,
' The chandelier he touch de ſky:'
" You Sadler-vells, Aſtley, Foxhall,
" All Derry Down, Tit fol de rol:"
' Your houſe make mine one ſervant-hall,'
" I licenſe get, you none at all."

' Fire and fury, dev'l in hell,
' Oh vat diſgracia,
' To my faccia,
' 'Tis ferry fell,
' Fiddler, ſinger, dancer, quick
' To aſſiſt your gen'ral ruſh,
' Make haſte, ſhoulder your fiddle-ſtick,
' And all to piece dis nutſhell cruſh.'

" Nutſhell be full, he bring ſome meat a,
' Your fiddle-ſtick no good to eat a."

' Oh zounds, cot tam!
' Vat rage I am,
' I could my fleſh for anger eat:'
" Ah do, you'll get no other meat."

' Shades of creat muſicians all,
' In heaven, in hell, or on the deep,
' Quick appear, obey my call!'

" He won't appear, he faſt aſleep."
' Bononcini,
' Farinelli,
' Piccini,
' Iomelli,
' And all de elli,
' And Nelli,
' And rini,
' And cini,
' Great fiddling quire,
' Appear at ſound of David's lyre.
' Come, drive dis rogue from Engliſh land
' Fat, ſhort, and tall a men,
' Come, follow, follow men,
' David and Soloman,
' One ſing, and toder lead the band!'

" Ah you may bawl,
" You cini he vont come at all."

' I'll ſtop your mouth, you villain taef!'
" All dis fine nize dome get roaſt beaf!"

" Come dome be fool,
" But let us join,
" your force and mine,
" And den dome fear
" But the next year,
" Wid your fine hell,
" Your tund'ring ſwell,
" May he, and ha,
" Miſter John Bull
" Shall cry hoora!
" Vive L'Opera!"

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

DICK DOCK, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd penſioner from Chelſea ſaw;
And all to have his jeer and ſlout,
For the grog once in the wit's ſoon out,
Cried, how good maſter Lobſter did you loſe your claw?
Was't that time in a drunken fray,
Or t'other when you ran away?
But hold you Dick, the poor ſoul has one foot in the grave;
'Fore ſlander's wind too faſt you fly,
D'ye think it fun?—you ſwab you lie;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Old Hanibal, in words as groſs,
For he, like Dick, had got his doſe,
To try about a wrangling, quickly took a ſpell
If I'm a Lobſter, maſter Crab,
By the information on your nab,
In ſome ſcrimmage, or other, why they've crack'd your ſhell;
And then why how you hobling go,
On that jury maſt, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave;
But halt old Hanibal, halt! halt!
Diſtreſs was never yet a fault,
Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

If Hanibal's your name d'ye ſee,
As ſure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you,
Spilt from my horſe, once when 'twas dark,
And nearly ſwallowed by a ſhark,
You boldly plunged in, ſaved me and pleaſed all the crew:
If that's the caſe then ceaſe our jeers,
When boarded by the ſame Mounſeers,
You, a true Engliſh Lion, ſnatch'd me from the grave,
Cried cowards, do the man no harm,
Dammee, don't you ſee he's loſt his arm,
Misfortune ever claimed pity from the brave.

Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one, with all his heart,
And as we put the grog about, we'll chearly ſing,
At land and ſea, may Briton's fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King:
'Tis he, that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled, and laid up, with one foot in the grave,
Then Tars and Soldiers never fear,
You ſhall not want compaſſion's tear,
Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

HAVE you heard of the tax, that ſuch ſtrange conſterna-
tion,
Has ſpread through old England, that poor helpleſs nation,
'Tis hair powder, Oh! downfall of guinealeſs beaus,
Who, unlicenced, will all look like ſo many crows:
Hark the Frizeurs exclaim! as diſtracted they roam,
'Mongſt the knights of the curling irons, Chaos is come,
Sing and cry, cry and ſing, mingle miſery and fun,
England's never ſo happy as when 'tis undone.
The Hunks, who can boaſt but a ſingle colt's tooth,
Who, weighed down with age, apes the fopperies of youth,
Says, to ſome Dulcinea, 'my hairs are all grey,
'So I can't be taxed,' cries the Syren, "Nay, nay,
"Not all grey—they're half black:"—'Ah! you dear coax-
ing ninny,
'Well, I'll purchaſe a licence and pay half a guinea.'
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the Knights of the Rainbow—I ſay my lord Duke,
On hair powder a tax—take the news there and look.
I forgot, you can't read—the ridiculous fuſs,
Why what are ſuch trifles as guineas to us?
Nunky pays for we footmen—I'll ſport a ſpruce nab,
And Old Quibus come down for't, or demme I'll blab.
Sing and cry, &c.

But the drolleſt expedient was that of a ſop,
A man milliner, where there were four in a ſhop;
I've hit upon't, demme: as lawyers coach call,
And drive four for a ſhilling to Weſtminſter Hall,
Five and three pence a piece, lads advance, hand it out,
We'll purchaſe a licence and lend it about.
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea table ſee, I declare then I'm vexed,
Cries out, Old Lady Pyeball, 'Our teeth they'll tax next,
'I ſhould trick 'em at that tho' I have but one tooth:'
"'Tis quite right,' cried a beauty all ſweetneſs and truth,
"Take the tax, take each feather, that plays on my head,
"I ſhall dreſs the more plain—but the poor will get bred"
Sing and cry, &c.

Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,
Deck the heart nor regret how neglected the hair,
While Frizeurs, and Footmen, and Fops, cry pecavi,
We ſhall all dreſs more decent, and they'll man the navy;
Let our rulers go on then of honour ſecure,
Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor,
Then hold all this croaking, and grumbling as fun,
By ſuch nonſenſe Old England can ne'er be undone.

BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN.

A Parody.

DEAR Maudlin come give me bright guineas,
For brighter none ſure ever gave,
Nor think that I'm one of thoſe ninnies,
That can tell you how many I'd have.
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure,
So to me if you meau to be kind,
You muſt ranſack old Crump's ruſty treaſure,
And give me whatever you find.

With a large heavy purſe ſo I fold thee,
I then my dear Maudlin, am thine;
In ſatins and ſilks I'll behold thee,
No ducheſs e'er dreſſed half ſo fine:

But our pocket at preſent but thin is,
And ſoon what we have will be ſpent,
Then prithee give many more guineas,
Or you'll find I ſhall ne'er be content.

Count the rouleaus at Almacks they're ſtaking,
Count the bets laid in Newmarket fields,
Count the caſh at the bank they are taking,
Count the gold that rich Lombard-ſtreet yields:
Give a peep at the India-houſe coffer,
Go number the treaſury's ſtore,
And when ſo many guineas you offer,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THOUGH pleaſure's eaſily defin'd,
Droll mortals ſo employ it,
Scarce any two among mankind
Go the ſame way to enjoy it.
With ſome a dying parent's groan,
With others ill got treaſure,
A friend betray'd, a widow's moan,
An orphan's tears are pleaſure.
From no ſuch ſource my pleaſure's flow,
Unfaſhionably happy;
Reaſon ſupplies the joys I know,
Their zeſt a jug of Nappy.

Their country's downfall, Faction's elves,
For fun, would be purſuing,
Though, Samſon like, they were themſelves
Cruſhed in the mighty ruin.
Let them go on, they doubtleſs ſee,
Congenial to their natures,
Some pleaſure in that miſery
They wiſh their fellow creatures.
For me, protected while I ſing,
My wife and children happy,
My favorite toaſt, church, ſtate, and king,
Shall ſweeten my brown Nappy.

Love, as facetiouſly we're told,
Has bleſſings out of meaſure,
And hearts put up, and bought, and ſold,
Confer a world of pleaſure.
Then for the joys that wine promotes,
Who dares, a lie preſuming,
Deny that brawls and cutting throats,
Are ſomething more than human?
Why love and drink's the zeſt of life,
When Reaſon bids be happy;
With hallow'd lips when a lov'd wife
Bleſſes the ſmiling Nappy.

Yet every mortal to his taſte:
O'er others no dominion
Do I uſurp, I've only traced,
With deference, my opinion;
And, if mankind in folly ſunk,
Find glorious fun in treaſon,
In vicious love, in getting drunk,
And taking leave of reaſon;
E'en let them think ſo, ſince they will,
My own way I'll be happy;
Of Reaſon's pleaſures take my fill,
And drink my jug of Nappy.

BALLAD—IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE Yarmouth roads are right ahead,
The crew with ardour burning,
Jack ſings out as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half tack turning;
By the dip eleven!
Laſh'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis ſwinging;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly ſinging,
By the mark ſeven!
And now leſt we run bump aſhore,
He heaves the lead, and ſings once more,
Quarter leſs four!

About ſhip lads, tumble up there, can't you ſee!
Stand by, well hark, hark; helm's a lee,
Here ſhe comes, up tacks and ſheets, haul, mainſail haul,
Haul off all:

And as the long loſt ſhore they view,
Exulting ſhout the happy crew;
Each ſinging, as the ſails he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls.

The next tack we run out to ſea,
Old England ſcarce appearing;
Again we tack, and Jack with glee
Sings out as land we're nearing,
By the dip eleven!
And as they name ſome beauty dear,
To tars of bliſs the ſummit,
Jack joins the jeſt, the jibe, the jeer,
And heaves the pond'rous plummet;
By the mark ſeven!
And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
Jack cries, leſt we run bump a ſhore,
Quarter leſs four!

About ſhip lads, tumble up there, can't you ſee!
Stand by, well hark, hark; the helm's a lee!
Here ſhe comes, up tacks and ſheets, haul, mainſail haul,
Haul off all:

And as the long loſt ſhore they view,
Exulting ſhout the happy crew;
Each ſinging as the ſails he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls.

Thus tars at ſea, like ſwabs at home,
By tack and tack are bias'd,
The furtheſt way about we roam,
To bring us home the nigheſt;
By the dip eleven!
For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
Shall we, in a few glaſſes,
Now make the land both true and kind,
To find our friends and laſſes;
By the mark ſeven!
Then heave the lead, my lad once more,
Soon ſhall we gaily tread the ſhore,
And a half four!

About ſhip, &c.

NEW [AMERICAN]

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

SONG

ADAPTED TO THE

PRESIDENT's MARCH.

HAIL Columbia ! happy land,
Hail ye Heroes, heav'n born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cauſe,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cauſe,
And when the Storm of War was gone,
Enjoy'd the Peace your Valour won,
Let Independence be our boaſt,
Ever mindful what it coſt ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the ſkies—
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and Safety we ſhall find.

Immortal Patriots ! riſe once more,
Defend your Rights—defend your ſhore ;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the ſhrine where ſacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering Peace, ſincere and juſt,
In Heav'n we place a manly truſt,
That truth and juſtice will prevail,
And every ſcheme of bondage fail—
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of Brothers join'd,
Peace and ſafety we ſhall find.

Sound, ſound, the trump of fame,
Let Waſhington's great name,
Ring through the world with loud applauſe,
Ring through the world with loud applauſe,
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Liſten with a joyful ear—
With equal ſkill with godlike pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eaſe,
The happier times of honeſt peace,
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a Band of Brothers join'd,
Peace and Safety we ſhall find.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more, to ſerve his country, ſtands
The Rock on which the Storm will beat,
The Rock on which the Storm will beat,
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you—
When Hope was ſinking in diſmay,
When glooms obſcur'd Columbia's day;
His ſteady mind from changes free,
Reſolv'd on Death or Liberty—
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a Band of Brothers join'd,
Peace and Safety we ſhall find.

THE NEW-YORK PATRIOTIC SONG,

CALLED,

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION BOYS AND LIBERTY FOR EVER.

POETS may ſing of their Hellicon ſtreams,
Their Gods and their Heroes are fabulous dreams,
They ne'er ſang a line
Half ſo grand, ſo divine,
As the glorious toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and *Liberty* forever.

ADAMS *the man of our choice*, guides the helm,
No tempeſt can harm us, no ſtorm overwhelm :
Our ſheet anchor's ſure
And our bark rides ſecure,
So here's to the toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and the *Preſident* forever.

A free Navigation, Commerce and Trade,
We'll ſeek for no foe, of no foe be afraid ;
Our frigates ſhall ride
Our defence and our pride;
Our Tars guard our coaſt
And huzza to our toaſt
The' *Federal Conſtitution*, *Trade* and *Commerce*, forever.

Montgomery, Warren, ſtill live in our ſongs,
Like them our *young heroes* ſhall ſpurn at our wrongs,
The world ſhall admire
The zeal and the fire
Which blaze in the toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and its *advocates* forever.

When an enemy threats all party ſhall ceaſe,
We *bribe* no intruders to buy a mean peace,
Columbians will ſcorn,
Friends or foes to ſuborn ;
We'll ne'er ſtain the toaſt
Which as freemen we boaſt—
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and *Integrity* forever.

Fame's trumpet ſhall ſwell in WASHINGTON's praiſe,
And *Time* grant a furlough to lengthen his days ;
May health weave the thread
Of delight round his head—
No nation can boaſt
Such a name—ſuch a toaſt—
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and WASHINGTON forever.

BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune, Anacreon in Heaven.

YE ſons of Columbia who bravely have fought
For thoſe rights, which unſtain'd from your ſires had
deſcended

May you long taſte the bleſſings your valour has bought,
And your ſons reap the ſoil which your fathers defended,
Mid the reign of mild peace, may your nation increaſe,
With the glory of Rome, and the wiſdom of Greece;
And ne'er may the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the ſea rolls in waves.

In a clime whoſe rich vales feed the Marts of the world,
Whoſe ſhores are unſhaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce ſhould never be hurl'd
To incenſe the legitimate powers of the Ocean,
But ſhould Pirates invade,
Though in thunders array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade—
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our Laws the mild ſway,
Had juſtly ennobled our Nation in ſtory,
Till the dark clouds of faction obſcured our young day,
And envelop'd the Sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told
Who their country have ſold,
And barter'd the God, for his Image in Gold—
That ne'er will the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And ſociety's baſe, threats with wide diſſolution,
May Peace, like the Dove, who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Conſtitution,
But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the Boon we diſclaim,
If bought by our ſov'reignty, juſtice or fame:
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of colliſion!
Let them bring all the vaſſals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourſelves, and diſdain a diviſion!
While with Patriot pride,
To our Laws we're allied,
No foe can ſubdue us—no faction divide.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Our Mountains are crown'd with Imperial Oak,
Whoſe roots like our Liberties, ages have nouriſh'd,
But long e're our nation ſubmits to the Yoke,
Not a tree ſhall be left on the field where it flouriſh'd,

Should Invaſion impend,
Every grove would deſcend,
From the Hill tops they ſhaded, our ſhores to defend.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Let our Patriots deſtroy Anarch's peſtilent worm,
Leſt our Liberty's growth ſhou'd be check'd by corroſion;
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the ſtorm;
Our realms feel no ſhock, but the earth's own exploſion.
Foes aſſail us in vain
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our Altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain,
And ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Should the tempeſt of war overſhadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple aſunder,
For, unmov'd at its portal, would Waſhington ſtand,
And repulſe, with his breaſt, the aſſaults of the thunder!
His ſword from the ſleep
Of its ſcabbard wou'd leap,
And conduct with its point, every flaſh to the deep.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Let Fame to the world ſound America's voice;
No intrigue can her ſons from their government ſever;
Her pride is her Adams—his Laws are her choice,
And ſhall flouriſh till liberty ſlumber forever.
Then unite, heart and hand
Like Leonidas' band,
And ſwear to the God of the Ocean and Land,
That ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the ſea rolls in waves.

SONG.

OUR country is our ſhip, d'y'ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of Columbia's crew,
Each man whate'er his ſtation be,
When duty ſtern commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cauſe demands,

Among ourſelves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a route;
And having nothing elſe to do,
We fairly ſcold it out :—
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we ſoon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cauſe defends.

SONG.

COME all Grenadiers whom your country invites,
To aſſemble in arms in defence of her rights,
Here let us determine to ſtand or to fall,
By that glorious cauſe which makes brothers of all,
No force here compells us our paſtimes to yield,
Ourſelves by ourſelves are call'd forth to the field,
Then let us all range round Columbia's laws,
Reſolv'd to live free or die in her cauſe.
Then let us, &c.

Remember our fathers with Waſhington fought,
And for us Independence moſt cheerfully bought,
Let us to our children be equally good,
And tranſmit it, if needful, enrich'd with our blood.
That bleſſing by *union* for us was procur'd
And by *union* alone can by us be ſecur'd.
Then let us all range, &c.

"*Divide and exterminate*" long will prevail,
As the maxim of tyrants where power may fail.
No force from their baſe can our liberties tear,
If *united* the banners of freedom we rear.
And though ſentiments multiply under the ſun,
Americans ſurely can now have but one.
With courage to range, &c.

Could Montgomery, Mercer, and Warren behold
With what joy we the banners of freedom unfold,
Their bleſt ſhades would rejoice and with rapture exclaim—
"Our example is follow'd, and guarded our fame."
Let their conduct be held by each patriot dear,

And their virtues be equalled by each Grenadier.
While we manfully range, &c.

Then brother with brother our arms we'll entwine,
And courage and diſcipline cheerfully join;
Let our ſteadineſs prove thoſe opinions are juſt
Which place in our conduct unlimited truſt:
Nor ſo hard is the taſk for mankind to be free—
Let's *determine* to be ſo, and pride bends the knee.
Then let us all range, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—PRESIDENT'S MARCH.

"LO! I quit my native ſkies—
To arms! my patriot ſons ariſe.
Guard your *freedom*, *rights* and *fame*;
Guard your *freedom*, *rights* and *fame*;
Preſerve the clime, your fathers gave;
Heaven's ſacred boon from *villains* ſave—
Leſt ſuch daring, impious foes,
Your grandeur in oblivion cloſe—
Your virtue, wiſdom, worth decline,
And gaſp, convuls'd, at *freedom's* ſhrine.
Riſe! my ſons, to arms ariſe!
Guard your heaven deſcended prize;
Prove to France, the *world*, and me—
COLUMBIA'S SONS ARE BRAVE AND FREE."

We hear, bleſt ſhade, your warning voice;
Approve your call—purſue your choice—
With hearts united, firm and free.
With hearts united, firm and free.
The ſacred boon your valour won,
Shall wake to arms each patriot ſon;
And glowing with the glorious cauſe,
Of *freedom*, *country*, *rights* and *laws*—
The ſtorm of worlds our arms will brave,
Or ſink with freedom to the grave.
Peaceful, ſeek your native ſkies—
Lo! to arms your ſons ariſe;
Firm and fix'd our foes to brave,
Till heaven's trump ſhall burſt the grave.

" Worthy ſons of glorious ſires;
Behold, the warning ſhade retires;
Pleas'd your martial fame to ſpread—
Pleas'd your martial fame to ſpread—
Where immortal patriots ſtand,
Watching freedom's fav'rite land;
Charm'd to hear ſuch deeds of fame,
In holy choir they'll breathe your name,
Till ancient heroes catch the ſound,
And thus the heavens with joy rebound—
Happy nation! brave and free;
Friends to man and liberty—
Long enjoy the ſacred boon,
Which immortal valour won."

Illuſtrious ſhade, to thee we ſwear,
To freedom's altar we'll repair;
And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
To Pluto's realm each foe convey—
O'er lawleſs tyrants bear the ſway—
Till freedom's banner is unfurl'd
And waves around the darken'd world;
Till from the centre to each pole,
In rapt'rous ſounds ſhall conſtant roll—
Hail! ſweet freedom, gift divine—
Lo! we bend before thy ſhrine,
Firmly fix'd on this decree—
To FOLLOW DEATH OR LIBERTY.

SONG.

Tune, Yankee Doodle.

COLUMBIANS all, the preſent hour,
As Brothers ſhould Unite us—
Union at home's the only way,
To make each nation right us.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yankee Doodle, Dandy—
Fear not then nor threat nor boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The only way to keep off war,
And guard 'gainſt perſecution,

Is always to be well prepar'd,
With hearts of reſolution.
Yankee Doodle, let's Unite,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
As patriots, ſtill maintain our right,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Great WASHINGTON, who led us on,
And Liberty effected,
Shall ſee we'll die, or elſe be free—
We will not be ſubjected.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
Fear not then nor threat nor boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A Band of Brothers let us be,
While ADAMS guides the nation;
And ſtill our dear bought Freedom guard,
In every ſituation.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
Fear not then nor threat nor boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

May ſoon the wiſh'd for hour arrive,
When PEACE ſhall rule the nations—
And Commerce, free from fetters, prove
Mankind are all relations.
Then Yankee Doodle, be divine,
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
Beneath the Fig-tree and the Vine,
Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

S O N .

TUNE—HEARTS OF OAK.

WHILST Europe is wrapt in the horrors of war,
And our ocean is ſpread with their fleets near and far;
Shall we live undiſturbed, or ſhall party from hell
Divide all the men who their country wiſh well?
No! we all ſhall be ready—ſteady, boys, ſteady;
We have fought—if we fight, we ſhall conquer again.

Tho' attachments to France boaſted legions of friends,
She has baſely deceived them to gain her own ends;

Let her threat, let her wheedle, cajole, we diſdain
All her ſchemes and her power—we're united again.
Let our union be ready—ſteady, boys, ſteady,
And our ſoldiers gay clad, ſhall pluck laurels again.

No nation on earth muſt diſpute our ſtrong powers;
Our reſources, our calmneſs how dark e'er our hours;
Nor deſpots in maſs, nor e'er one on a throne,
Shall tear from our boſoms one terrify'd groan.
For whoe'er dare invade us, our ſons will not degrade us,
Nor their fathers' white tombs with black infamy ſtain.

Let hunger—let cold with his icy clad ſtorm,
All their horrors with fury unitedly form;
For our country we rank, and our children ſhall know,
That the ſnakes 'midſt ourſelves are our deadlieſt foe.
In vain ſhall they hiſs, they ſhall certainly kiſs
The rod, that their en'mies do not merit in vain.

To our Government juſt, Conſtitution and Laws,
Let us pay the free tribute of virtuous applauſe:
No tribute extorted by bribes from a foe;
But ſuch as to merit will cordially flow,
To the honeſt and juſt, to the men we can truſt,
To the men we can drink without feeling diſdain.

If our Country muſt bleed, let its pureſt of blood
Tell the earth theſe thy ſons, undivided have ſtood;
And for every bleſt drop let a laurel ariſe,
Whoſe gallant gay green ſhall poſterity prize.
Secure in our aid, on our hill and our glade,
And fight as we have fought, united again.

To the band that ſhall bind us in freedom divine
Let the tribute ſo chaſte be libated of wine—
that wine be as ſound as our hearts without fear,
reſolved from diſſen[illegible] and faction to ſteer.
[illegible]r my toaſt then [illegible]e ready—ſteady, boys, ſteady,
[illegible]t us live, fight, or die all united again.
U[illegible]

S O N G.

COME genius of our happy land,
And bleſs this feſtive day;
Thy ſons are we, a loyal band,
Who love thee and obey:

For ſhould the blaſt of war be heard,
To threat impending harms,
Secure beneath thy vet'ran bird,
We'll brave the world in arms.

Bold as our Sires, nor born to yield,
But ſcorn for ſcorn beſtow;
The blo'ſoms which adorn our fields,
Bloom not to deck a foe.
For ſhould the blaſt of war, &c.

From traitor friends, with ſerpent ſmile,
We'll rend the thin diſguiſe,
Who ſpeak of faith, and love the while
They pillage and deſpiſe.
For ſhould the blaſt of war, &c.

Here once, by folly's ſons diſplay'd,
The Gallic ſtandard ſhone;
No ribband now our feaſts invade,
There waves our flag alone.
And ſhould the blaſt of war, &c.

With generous wine your bumpers fill,
Where purple joys reſort;
Peace to the Sage of Vernon Hill,
To Adams here's ſupport.
Then ſhould the blaſt of war, &c.

O D E

FOR THE 4*th* OF JULY 1798.

THERE's *Ichabod* has come to *tawn*,
From Philadelphia city,
He's ſtroll'd the ſtreets all up and *dawn*,
And brought nice tales to ſit ye!
He's been among the *peopliſh* folks,
And *vaws* they're *rotten* clever,
They talk ſo cute, and crack ſuch jokes,
Would make you ſtare for ever.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy.
When times look blue,
The heart that's true,
Is ſweet as Treacle Candy.

Some ſay, you lie—then Order cry;
Some ſpit, ſome *Notions* eating;
Some move, ſome ſit as mute and ſly,
As Chairman at Town-meeting.
Some talk like *yes*, and come *aut no*:
Some laugh at French invaſion;
But in a little while—or ſo—
We'll ſee what's the occaſion.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Yet we'll love Yankee land the beſt,
Stand by her *ſtout* as *ſtingo*,
Tho' ſorely ſtump'd with ſuch a peſt,
As folks with foreign lingo.
Theſe cry for *peace*, who once croak'd war!
And make tarnation wonder,
Becauſe we can no longer bear
Our Friends to rob and plunder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

There's ſome *saunt* coſt with ſwamping rant,
Theſe crawl, that they may clamber,
And ring the room with *peopliſh* cant,
Tho' big as our *barn chamber*.
To ſpare ſome cents, they twiſt and turn,
Tho' fleets and armies crave them;
And ſhould our *towns* be like to burn—
They can't afford to ſave them.
Yankee doodle, &c.

For time ſome talk, and ſome for ſpite,
They wince and *growl*, when ground hard,
And hobble, when they *muſt* go right,
Like our *old Ball* that's founder'd.
Tho' ſome be weak yet more are ſtrong
As flip, with rum and cider,
And if they all can get along
Our ſhip—why let 'em guide her.
Yankee doodle, &c.

If ſomething's wrong, there's more that's right,
The leaks will ſoon be ſpy'd out,
And, with our veſſel ſtaunch and tight,
The gale we'll ſcud, or ride out.
Our YANKEE CHIEF ſhall con our courſe,
Though foes may gibe or rate him,
And, while he ſteady keeps, the worſe
The *Serpents* hiſs, and hate him.
Yankee doodle, &c.

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Ic ſaw our Envoy ſound and true,
Who left the Cits a frothing,
And is among the *nation* few
One likes—for doing nothing:
If nothing 'tis t' *aſſert* our Right,
When hollow Friends would ſhake it,
And bring th' old Sarpents ſchemes to Light,
Nor give a Bribe, nor take it.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He tells us of one Talleyrand
Who ſtrove to hum and fob us;
And if we'd *give* our purſe, and ſtand—
Mayhap—they would not rob us.
But let us now *tackle to*
And join all hands at muſter;
We'll keep our caſh to fight the crew;
Nor fear their threats or bluſter.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Let's all with honeſt heart and ſoul
At ſoldier's trade be handy;
Curſe *Ca Ira* and *Carmagnole*,
And march to Doodle Dandy:
Then let them come, with force or hum,
If they'll fight fair, we'll beat 'em:
And for their "ſkill" and tricks—but mum—
By *Zeounds*—we've Folks can cheat 'em.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our tried old chief is coming forth,
Again to lead and ſave us;
Again to ſhew his ſtrength and worth,
When foes inſult and brave us:
Our nation's boaſt—his name a hoſt;
Let foes and traitors fear him;
Be Waſhington each patriot's toaſt:
Then riſe to hail and cheer him.
Yankee doodle, doodle do
Yanky doodle dandy,
When times run tough, the hearts that's true
Is ſweet as 'laſſes-candy.

PRICE

OUR COUNTRY'S EFFICIENCY!

Tune—"*To Anacreon in Heaven, &c.*"

YE ſons of Columbia, determin'd to keep
Thoſe choice Bleſſings and Rights, that for years h
deſcended,
From the battles and blood of your ſires—who now ſleep,
And who gain'd by the ſword, what with life they defende
Swear, and ſhout in the ſong,
In a ſtrain loud and long,
Until heaven like, earth, ſhall its echo prolong—
That ne'er ſhall Columbia be robb'd of a Right
While the ſun rules the day, or the moon rules the nig
Since the period, paſt, when our ſires won the Priz
Which fair Freedom and Juſtice decreed as their portion
Lo! their plant, grown a tree, tow'rs o'er earth to the ſkies!
And commands from the world, admiration, devotion;
Its once young tender rind,
Felt the blaſt of each wind;
Now its roots firm are fix'd—nor heeds torrents combined!
And ne'er, &c.

The mild ſway of our laws, like the fame of our arms,
Has ariſen ſuperior to hate and detraction:
Here, Virtue and Reaſon need feel no alarms,
From [illegible]reats of French gas, nor the pow'r of French
*old B*laction:
[illegible]e a World ſeparate,
[illegible]ingdom each ſtate—
And in numbers, and means, are invincibly great.
And ne'er, &c.

France ſays we're Divided! and views us her prey!—
But to ſhew her our ſcorn, and convince her of error,
'Tis the pure fire of heaven now lends us its ray,
Light up Truth in her glory, and Vice ſtrikes with terror;
The — She ſhall ſee, feel, and fear,
Our That the moment is near,
Tho[illegible]hen our country will live, herſelf ſink, diſappear!
And *That ne'er, &c.*
The great chief of Columbia, JOHN ADAMS, ſhall be
[illegible]ported by All who deteſt broil and faction:

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